

THE CHRISTIAN

PARLOR BOOK.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

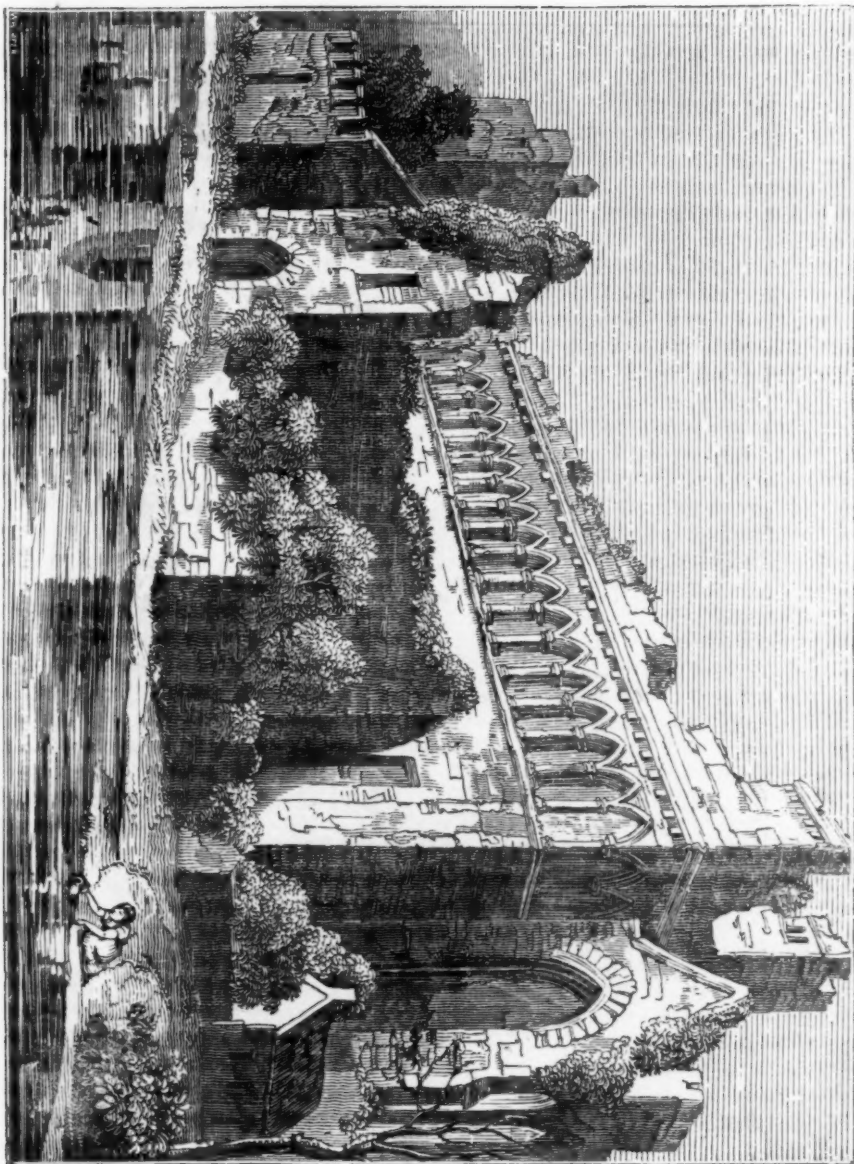
NEW YORK:
EDWARD H. FLETCHER,
117 NASSAU STREET.
1855.

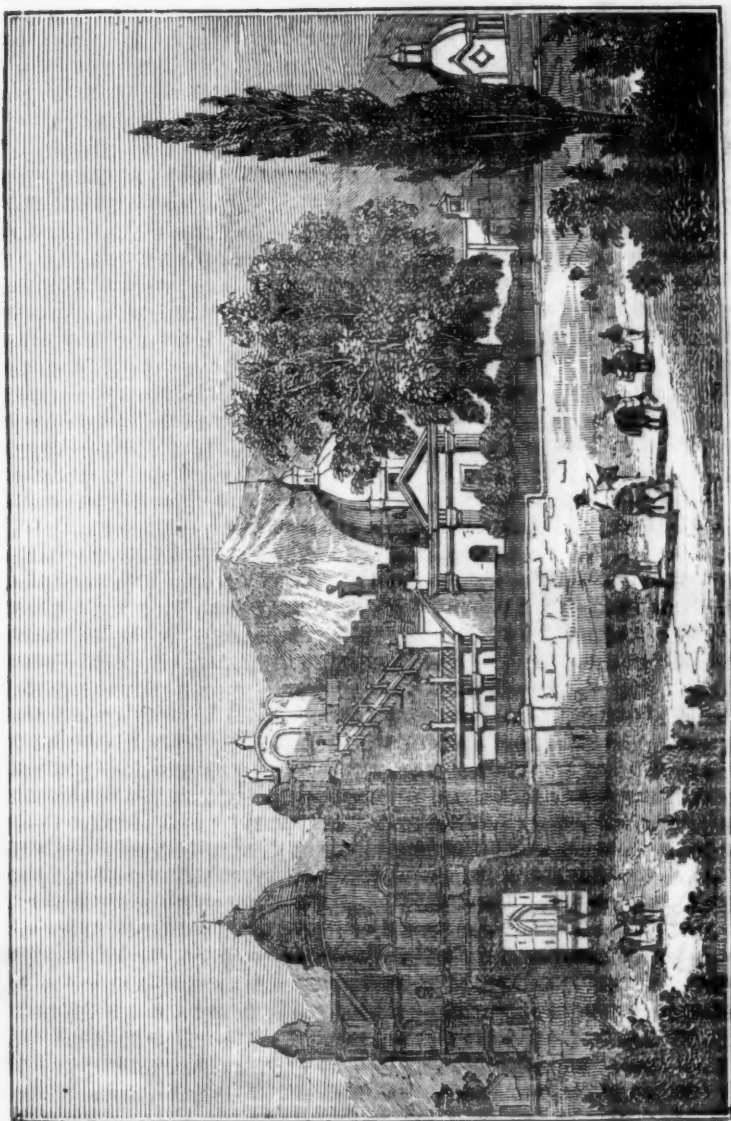
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RUINS OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, AT ST. DAVID'S.





CHURCH OF NUESTRA SEÑORA DE GUADALUPE, NEAR MEXICO.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF NEW YORK.

SOME forty-odd years ago there was to be seen in the court-yard of an English nobleman in Park lane, London, a parcel of "mutilated fragments" of marble, that were objects, in one way or another, of the greatest interest to different individuals. The noble lord who claimed to own them, but who in fact had rifled them from the works to which they belonged, wished to crown the vandalism of the deed by the enterprise of a Yankee, and sell them to the English government for the round sum of \$175,000. Lord Liverpool and his cabinet were very much in doubt whether they were worth so much, and while they were confounded at the din, and surprised at the public excitement which the mass of fragments had created, they were shy of the bargain, and met Lord Elgin's proposals as a Virginian might an invitation to trade, made to him by a gentleman from the eastward with tin and wooden ware. So there they lay in the palace-yard of the nobleman, to be sold—if a purchaser would appear—but meanwhile visited by all classes, and speculated upon by various persons, various moods and tastes. Foolish critics profaned them. Gaping academicians undervalued them. Blundering antiquaries misnamed them. But there was one artist who recognized in them a master's hand. He had recently returned from the Continent, where he had admired the noblest productions of modern art, and having just commenced a painting of his own, he went to see these marbles. Their power over him was electric. He went home, seized his brush, and, in a fury of disgust, dashed out the figure he had begun. And now his thoughts by day and his dreams by night were upon an excellence and perfection that achieved their work more than two thousand years before. For months we find him studying at Lord Elgin's, and, with those marbles before him, drawing fifteen hours daily. Benjamin Robert Hayden was ready to tell the English cabinet that they were not buying wooden nor even marble nutmegs, when bargaining with Lord Elgin.

But whence came these fragments that the traveller now gazes upon, restored in the British Museum to their pedestals, and stretching on along the walls where they have been ranged, like a majestic and sublime vision—the loftiest ideal of the excellence of human art ever made real—whence came they? Let us trace them back to the place where the English nobleman found them.

Passing the Pillars of Hercules, we enter that sea which was the ocean of the ancient world—the highway of its commerce, the scene of all its naval conflicts. We sweep along almost in sight of ruined Carthage, that once disputed with Rome the supremacy of the world; we leave behind us the dark smoky pillar of cloud that tells us of Etna, clothed in the associations of ancient fable even yet; we pass the Adriatic, which Venice with her commerce claimed as bride; we enter the Grecian Archipelago, and turning towards the north, enter the Saronic Gulf and steer our course for the harbor of the Piræus, once thronged with the sails of commerce, and bristling with life and industry. But a single vessel perhaps lies at the wharf, and a few ruined pillars scattered here and there remind us of the change that has taken place since hundreds of vessels crowded the once broad but now narrow and shoal harbor. We leave behind us the sea gemmed with islands, whose waves, undulating in the light of a Grecian sunset with all various and beautiful colors, seem like a shoal of dying dolphins, and approach the shore. The poetry of the waters, with the music of their waves, and the purple shadows of their depths, disappear before the commonplace of a harbor as prosaic as the well-slated storehouses and customs offices that line the quays can make it. There is a veritable gin-shop, perhaps, from which only a Byron could extract any poetic elements, and yonder is an omnibus waiting to whirl you along a macadamized road of six miles for a shilling fare. And yet it is a beautiful and pleasant ride, notwithstanding the omnibuses and gin-shops

and turnpike-gates. Nature is there still in all her loveliness, as she was two thousand years ago, when either side of the road was guarded by a lofty wall, on whose broad top two chariots might meet and pass. You reach your destination, and are set down under the shadow of a large structure that seems to you a libel on Grecian taste, but which they tell you is the palace of King Otho. With scarcely a pause, your curiosity leads you to the famed Acropolis, whose rocky heights rise towering before your eye, and which neither time nor the invader have been able to level. From the ruins of the Agora where Paul once stood and preached to the Athenians of the "unknown God whom they ignorantly worshipped," you mount by the same path by which he was conducted, along a flight of steps cut in the rock, trod by the traveller of to-day as they were by Demosthenes or Pericles two thousand years ago, to that summit of Mars' hill, where Paul addressed the assembled citizens. And here a scene spreads out before your eye, even now, after centuries of time and barbarian hordes have done all in their power to injure and deface it, magnificently impressive.

The beauty of nature and the grandeur of ruined art are all around you. Yonder is the Parthenon—Minerva's temple—glorious even in its desolation; a beauteous shrine which Athenian genius consecrated as a worthy offering to the Goddess of Intellect. On your right is the Agora, or Forum, where Grecian eloquence swayed the "fierce democracy" of Athens. On your left, at a little distance on the plain below, the ruined temple of Theseus, once a perfect model of architectural symmetry and beauty; and still beyond is the ocean where Plato found his Academy and Aristotle his Lyceum, while yonder to the south-east, in lonely and awful grandeur, are the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus—the whole scene embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills and mountains of exceeding beauty, save where, at the west, the waters of the distant harbor sparkle in the sunlight. Some twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants are scattered over the plain at your feet, once thronged by more than a hundred thousand of the most quick-witted and enterprising nation in the world. But let us draw near the Parthenon. Here it is yet, surpassingly beautiful—a monument of the highest art and genius—surviving in finished symmetry all the ruthless vandalism of ages—and the friezes of its columns surmounted by the most exquisite sculpture in the world. It was here that the English nobleman stood and or-

dered his plunderers to the task, tearing down from their places the beautiful marbles designed by the genius of a Phidias, and executed with a skill that fills all later times with wonder.

But, standing upon this lofty summit, what thoughts of the past come crowding upon our mind! The time was, when the sun in his whole circuit around the globe found no spot so deservedly illustrious for genius and learning and the highest art. The time was, when around yonder Bema thousands of free citizens listened to an eloquence that has never been surpassed if it has been equalled in the history of the world. The orator could not ask a fitter stand, nor a fitter audience. There was an inspiration to stir his very soul in the panorama itself spread out beneath his eye. The city itself, with its crowded streets and splendid temples, the one spot of all the world where freedom found a home: yonder the harbor of the Piræus, alive with vessels that had made the name of Athens a terror to distant coasts, that once in the critical moment of her destiny were her "wooden walls;" and there again, almost in sight, the battle-field of Marathon, glorious with memories of which every Athenian was proud; in a word, every object, every hill, every foot of soil, rich with associations that stirred the heart and soul to patriot enthusiasm; all, all conspired to lift the orator above himself, and make his audience like tinder for his words of fire. In such a day, what must Athens have been! How we should love to call the buried past back from its tomb, and reclothe it in the habiliments of life!

Athens in the days of Socrates interests us most. It was her golden age. Then her riches of art and genius overflowed. She was then to her own past and future, what England was in the days of Cromwell, and Hampden, and Milton, and Bunyan, and Baxter, and Howe, and Owen. It was the harvest-hour of her intellect, it was the maternity of her genius; and we read over with admiration and wonder the list of great and powerful minds that in rapid succession adorn her annals.

Socrates was born in the year 469 B.C., and was contemporary with Malachi, the last of the Old Testament prophets. His life extends over the period in which Athens attained the culminating point of her greatness. More than one hundred years before his birth, Solon had given the impress of his wisdom to her legislation. Soon after, comedy, and a few years later, tragedy, were introduced upon the stage. Only forty years before the birth of Socrates, the free

spirit of the Athenian democracy flung off the tyranny of Hipparchus and Hippias. His father Sophroniscus was perhaps a soldier of the republic at the celebrated battle of Marathon, and undoubtedly his heart glowed with the enthusiastic pride of a Grecian patriot when he heard the story of Leonidas and his brave little band of three hundred, withstanding the whole Persian host at the pass of Thermopylæ. It is not impossible that he too was on board of the fleet at Salamis, when Athens betook herself to her wooden walls, determined to defeat her foe, or be buried beyond the tyrant's power to disturb her death-rest in her own waters. And now it is in the zenith of her political fame that Athens adds to the laurels of the warrior the more enduring wreaths of talent and of genius. Her Anacreon comes forward to lay upon the altar of her fame the charm of a poetic melody to which the world has given his own name. Philosophy could already boast of distinguished teachers—Thales, Anaximander, Xenophanes, Anaximenes, Heraclitus. The enthusiasm of mind communicates itself to mind. The little republic of less than two hundred thousand souls is moved like a single mind by the same interest, and impelled by the same passions. The eminence of one man fires others with ambition to be his rivals—an ambition that had not yet learned to pass the limits fixed by the welfare of the state. The hero of Marathon rouses up and educates the hero of Salamis. Themistocles exclaims that the laurels of Miltiades will not suffer him to sleep. Aristides—known to all after-ages as "*the just*," who shared with Miltiades the honor of Marathon—hears in his unjust exile the voice of his ungrateful country, and, too great and just to deny her call, hastens back to head her armies. And now Greece is safe, for a time at least, from the overpowering hosts of Xerxes. Her feeble bands have foiled an army that might have deluged her territories, and outnumbered their whole population. Pindar, the sacerdotal poet of Greece, may at once instruct and arouse by lyrics that flatter no tyrant and palliate no vice. Æschylus, with the gloom and power of a Dante, brings before us the lofty and terrible imaginations of a mind familiar with all that is grand or darkly fearful in the sternest mythology of his native land. Leaving the fields of Marathon and Plata, where he bravely fought, he seizes the pen, and in his hand it becomes a magic wand, at whose motion the genius of tragedy springs forth, all perfect, into being—like the fabled Minerva from the head of Jove. Sophocles, with

a more refined art, with greater purity and simplicity of diction, and with a touching pathos, and Euripides, with an ingenuity and brilliancy never perhaps surpassed, follow with worthy effort the Shakspeare of their age, who by a few years only preceded them. Socrates is yet a boy, when Herodotus—the father of history, as he has justly been called—returned from his travels in foreign and distant lands, sits down to narrate in that simple and graceful beauty which is his characteristic, the story* of what he had seen and learned—the story which Greece listened to with wonder, and which we read to-day with an interest scarcely less than theirs. And soon comes Thucydides, the philosopher contemporary, whose history of the Peloponnesian war is a model of concise and clear and forcible narration—the work by which Demosthenes formed and improved his own style. And already there may be seen gathered around the philosopher in the streets and the orator in the Forum, men of whom Athens will be proud, and whose names will live to the latest time in the history of the human intellect. Plato, no unworthy disciple of Socrates, on whom the sage's mantle fell, and the charm of whose genius all after-ages have been constrained to acknowledge—of whom it was said, that if the gods were to speak to men, they would use Plato's language; Aristotle, whose philosophic system was perpetuated through centuries, and held Europe as by a magic power, till the great Bacon broke the spell; Xenophon, the soldier, statesman, philosopher, novelist—these and others link the glory of the age of Socrates and Pericles to that of Demosthenes, whose unrivalled eloquence was for Athens the notes of the dying swan—the unwonted brilliance that illumined the hour of her expiring freedom, and which consoled the agony of her disgrace by a dirge whose power and beauty have challenged the admiration of the world.

It was during this period that intervened between the birth and death of Socrates, that most of the great works of art and taste of which Athenian pride could boast were devised and achieved. It was during his lifetime that the marble palaces and temples, whose ruins to-day fill the traveller with wondering admiration, were planned and constructed. The philosopher must have seen their materials as brought from their native quarry and shaped by skilful hands into forms of grace and beauty. He must have seen Phidias at his work while he fashioned that sculpture for the Parthenon, whose fragments

now are treasured as prizes of the highest art, in the halls of the British Museum. He must have seen the construction of the third wall to the Piræus, by which the harbor of Athens and her communication with the sea were made secure. He must often have visited the harbor itself, crowded with vessels from Syria, and Egypt, and Lybia, and Italy, and the islands of the Mediterranean. He must have seen the evidences of a commerce unexampled in the whole previous or subsequent history of his adopted city. Often would he witness the spirit of the public assemblies kindled by the pride of country, of prosperity and power; listen to the eloquence of Pericles, second in Grecian history to Demosthenes alone—Pericles, at once the ruler, the general, the statesman, and the orator, under whose sway Athens overflowed with wealth, and saw, as by enchantment, marble palaces and temples springing up around her. It is possible that he may have heard that speech of the great statesman, recorded by Thucydides, which has been pronounced the most remarkable of all the compositions of antiquity; the full transfusion of which into a modern language, in its beauty and power, is an impossibility; in which at once he develops his own intellectual and moral characteristics, and the wisest policy of the Athenian state. He must have visited the theatres when the masterpieces of those tragedians, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, were produced, and when *Aristophanes*, that unrivalled master of comedy, turned the tide of popular ridicule upon the philosopher himself. On every side he must have seen the evidences of the prosperity and power of that young republic, at the mention of whose name the Persian tyrant, with all his millions, turned pale and trembled on his throne. Everywhere the marks of luxury and wealth as well as of taste and genius met his eye. The power of Athens was at its height. Her galleys swept the eastern Mediterranean. She was what England was forty years ago—mistress of the sea. Her merchantmen engrossed the traffic of adjacent countries. The magazines of Athens abounded with wood, metal, ivory, ebony, and all the materials of the useful as well as ornamental arts. She saw among her imports, the luxuries of Italy, Sicily, Cyprus, Lydia, Pontus, and Peloponnesus. She worked with increasing profit the silver-mines of Mount *Larium*. She had just opened the marble veins of Mount *Pentelicus*. The honey of *Hymettus* and the fruit of the cultured olive were among her most valuable exports. The people of Athens, successful

in every enterprise, whether against foreign or domestic foes, seemed entitled to reap the fruits of her dangers as well as victories. For the whole space that Pericles was at the head of the government, the city presented a perpetual scene of triumph and festivity. Dramatic entertainments, to which the citizens were passionately addicted, were no longer performed in slight, unadorned edifices, but in stone and marble theatres, embellished with all the beauties of art, as they were erected at enormous expense. The treasury of the state was opened, to provide decorations for this favorite amusement, and make it free to the humblest citizen. The treasure of tributary states and colonies was employed to feast and delight his ear and taste with the combined charms of music and poetry. Innumerable temples, statues, altars, baths, gymnasia, porticoes, satisfied the pride of the Athenian citizen, and gave meaning to the boast that Athens was the eye and light of Greece.

Never before had the world seen such a display of luxury in combination with such genius and taste. The pomp of religious assemblies, which were twice as numerous and costly in Athens as in any other city of Greece; the extravagance of entertainments and banquets which on such occasions always followed the sacrifices, the increased ostentation of private wealth, which naturally accompanied this public profusion, exhibited perhaps as much the flush of plethoric disease, as the glow of health. Instead of the simple fare of bread and herbs which *Solon* had recommended, the Athenians availed themselves of their wide-spread commerce to import the delicacies of distant lands. The refinements of cookery seasoned and prepared the most luxurious food. The wines of Cyprus were cooled with snow in summer; in winter the most delightful flowers adorned the tables and the persons of wealthy citizens. But to be crowned with roses did not suffice, without being anointed also with the most precious perfumes. Parasites, dancers and buffoons were the usual appendage of every costly entertainment. To all these scenes of brilliant prosperity, might be offset the formidable train of vices that kept them company. And yet no age of the Athenian republic can rival that which *Socrates* witnessed in his more youthful days.

(To be continued.)

A CLEAR conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

TO MY INFANT BOY.

BY REV. FREDERICK JANES.

The shades of thought pass o'er thy brow,
 Thou cherub loved, thou spirit fair,
 Thou starlike, shining one!
 Thy smile is sweet, and true thy vow,
 Whose love is won.

We see thee, sweet and darling son,
 Now pined for distant lands,
 For dreamlike here's thy stay:
 When all thy wondrous work is done,
 Thou'lt speed away.

Swiftly gird with high endeavor,
 The warp and woof of life to weave;
 Thine arduous task perform,
 Then rise to live and love for ever,
 An angel form.

To love in faith thy Saviour-Lord,
 While thoughts are fresh and heart is pure,
 And all thy wish is love,
 With beauty rare, divine accord,
 In heaven above.

He stoops thy suppliant hand to see,
 Thy young aspirings swift to aid,
 To draw thee near the skies:
 From sparkling joys and lusts now flee,
 And upward rise.

Young, hopeful, darling boy!
 If tears and griefs around thee spread,
 Endure thy cross; above
 There are no bitter sighs, but joy,
 Sweet peace and love.

Thy valiant warfare early wage;
 Let spring-time with thee ever last
 Through scenes of doubt and fear:
 Ye'll never feel the frost of age,
 Who Christ revere.

THOUGHTS ON THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

BY CAROLA WILDBROUKE.

It is the dying-day of Summer. The hour of her exit is close at hand. But scarcely will the rosy-cheeked and cherry-lipped queen have let fall her drooping sceptre and breathed out her last warm breath, ere that sceptre shall be fully possessed and her place duly occupied by sober-visaged Autumn. With grave and measured tread he ascendeth the throne of his deceased predecessor, yet so noiseless his step, we hear it not, and at first we are not conscious of a new sovereign's sway in the kingdom of the seasons. Not long, however, will we be in doubt, for soon will his martial band, the winds, the storms, and the

tempests, strike the loud march that celebrates his reign; and his faithful standard-bearer, sly Jack Frost, will have hung his monarch's flag in every tree, and summoned the mighty ranks of nature to don that gay uniform of many colors which best indicates true allegiance to the royal power. The clouds, too, will have caught the shadow from his brow, and each of their leaden-hued plates will image to our eye his dark miniature, or full-length, forbidding portrait. In fact, he will appropriate to himself the whole broad canopy above as one huge picture-gallery, in which he will everywhere hang against its soft azure his own sombre daguerreotypes of every possible size, thus completely shutting back the sweet blue sky from our earnest, passionate gaze. If by chance one little speck of the clear, heavenly cerulean should peep out between the gloomy figures, it will at once be frightened back again to its far retreat by just one glance at his closely knit brow. The bright, laughing sunbeams, terrified by his lowering visage, will betake themselves to their safe hiding-place, nor venture forth at all to encounter his fits of deepest sullenness; while whole troops of animated little beings that basked in their cheering presence, flitted gayly about at Summer's court, living, joying in her smiles, will be frowned out of existence by the austere ruler. Countless myriads of sweet musicians who untiringly tuned their minstrels for their summer-queen, who in merry bands escorted her every step through her kingdom, and in their gladness struck the clear, soul-stirring notes of harmonious strains, or from her spacious orchestra pealed out the thrilling chorus-song of joy, and who nightly sang for her a sweet serenade, will by one blast of Autumn's warlike band be stunned into eternal silence. At a peculiar wave of his tyrannical sceptre, the mighty trees, in their haste to do obeisance, shall rudely shake to the ground their entire foliage, and be left to stand up mere vegetable skeletons, dismantled of all their grace and loveliness. The last acts of his reign shall be to benumb the skipping rills, stiffen the leaping streams, hang icicles in the place of flowers, sprinkle thick amid all nature's locks that silver-gray which betokens old age, rain upon her brow pelting hailstones instead of the refreshing dew, and seal close up all her fountains of life and beauty.

Such is the prospect before us; such will be the deeds, such the reign of the new king. Is it a wonder that we shrink from Autumn's sway! that we cling closer than ever to our loved maiden queen, the bright, warm-hearted Sum-

mer; and that in her expiring hour she seems more dear than ever before? Her rich verdure, balmy air, beautiful flowers, sunny skies, her scenes of joy and gladness, are treasures we cannot resign without at least a sigh.

A better acquaintance now with the new sovereign, a careful, an impartial study of his real politics, and what the result? Why, Autumn indeed ruleth in kindness and in love; he scan- neth every department of nature, and care- fully prepareth each to sustain Winter's rude shocks; he sealeth up her fountains of life, that life may be safely preserved in those fountains for another year. His ample hands, too, are full of blessings; the rich harvest season, the full storehouse and crowded garner, the abundant fruits and choice nuts, the long evenings with their happy social gatherings, confirm this asser- tion. Let us learn not to judge hastily, or from mere externals; blessings are often found where least expected. Yea, through all our life, the darkest clouds oft break upon us in the most fertilizing showers; the heaviest trials we endure, and the most adverse scenes which weigh us to the very earth, oft prove to our spirits their choicest blessings. Let us learn to trust the wise government of God in all its phases; let us find smiles in frowns, treasures in losses, joys in crosses, serenity in storms, sunshine in darkness, blessings in afflictions, and ever feel that true goodness and perfect, holy love sway the sceptre of the universe.

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

BUT few persons are aware of the minute ac- curacy with which many of the prophecies of the Old Testament have been fulfilled. The re- searches of travellers and the progress of science are continually bringing to light new evidences or illustrations of the truth of the predictions contained in the inspired volume. The attention of Christians has been more frequently directed to the prophecies respecting the Messiah and the destruction of Jerusalem, than to any others. We will therefore waive these more familiar topics, and present some facts of modern develop- ment respecting Edom, or Idumea. And in investigating this subject, we will pursue the following order:

1. The state of Edom at the time the prophe- cies were uttered.

2. The prophetic denunciation against it.

3. The fulfilment of the prophecies.

Edom, or Idumea, as it was also called, was an extensive country east of Palestine. Some thousand years before the birth of our Saviour, it was inhabited by the most powerful nation on the globe. Moses speaks of it, in his day, as "rich with the fatness of the earth and the dews of heaven;" as filled with fields, and vine- yards, and wells; as abounding with flocks and herds, and all the richest treasures which inex- haustible fertility and extensive commerce could pour into it. Even Virgil celebrates the luxu- riance of its vegetation; and Lucan, another pagan poet, who wrote about the time of our Saviour, speaks of it as one of the most wealthy and powerful of states. As it lay on the direct route between the great cities which lined the shores of the Mediterranean, and the wealth of the Indies, two important Roman roads had been constructed throughout the territory. It was, in fact, the great thoroughfare of the world's commerce, ever traversed by companies of merchants and long lines of caravans. The ruins of its cities, which have now survived the lapse of two thousand years, prove that it claimed preëminence over all the East, in its massive and splendid architecture.

Such was the state of ancient Edom. While in this state of fertility, prosperity, and high civilization, and while causes were in operation to render its downfall apparently impossible, the prophets of God announced to Edom and the world the following denunciations: "Be- cause Edom hath dealt against the house of Judah, therefore, saith the Lord, I shall stretch forth my hand against Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it, and will make it desolate from Teman; and cut off from it him that pass- eth out and him that returneth. I will make thy cities desolate. Thou shalt be desolate, O Mount Seir, and all Idumea, even all of it. From generation to generation it shall lie waste, and none shall pass through it for ever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, and the owl also, and the raven, and there shall the vulture be gathered. And he shall stretch forth upon it the lines of confu- sion and the stones of emptiness. They shall call forth the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And there shall come up in her palaces nettles, and brambles in the fortresses thereof,

and it shall be a habitation for dragons and a court for owls. Lo, I will make thee, Edom, small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness has deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou who dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high. Though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Edom shall be a desolation, and every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and no man shall abide there."

Such were the prophetic denunciations against Edom, when no human foresight could have predicted its downfall. Let us now see how the lapse of time has wrought out the fulfilment of this prophecy. For many ages Idumea had been in such a state that no traveller had visited it. Even as late as the time when Bishop Newton wrote his dissertation upon the prophecies, no information could be obtained respecting that country. But the enterprise of modern travellers has penetrated this region, and brought to the view of the world the most astonishing developments of the minute truth of the prophecy.

Volney, an infidel writer, unaware of the support he was giving to revealed religion, was the first who called public attention to Edom. He endeavored in vain to enter the country; for this great thoroughfare of the world's travel, these paved roads, which for ages had been thronged with merchants and travellers, and richly freighted caravans, were so utterly closed up by desolation and dangers, that he could not advance even upon its borders. How striking the fulfilment of the prediction, "from generation to generation it shall lie waste, and none shall pass through it for ever and ever."

"No traveller," says Volney, "has yet visited Edom. But it well merits such an attention; for, from the report of the Arabs, there are, to the south-east of the Red Sea, within three days' journey, upwards of thirty towns absolutely deserted." "Thy cities," said the prophecy, written a thousand years before, "shall be desolate." "The Arabs," he continued, "sometimes make use of the ruins to fold their cattle, but in general avoid them, on account of the enormous scorpions or dragons." The prophecy says, "it shall be a habitation for dragons."

It is with extreme difficulty and danger that any traveller now enters this region. Many have attempted it in vain. Others have just entered, and fled precipitately from its accumulated dangers. Burkhardt and Seetzew have explored this wonderful region, perhaps more

thoroughly than any others, and the account they give of it corroborates the words of the prophecy down even to the minutest particulars. The whole region they found to be a scene of entire desolation, with but one place of a few straggling inhabitants. That place was Teman. The prophecy says, "I will make thee desolate from Teman." They found here the ruins, the magnificent ruins of perhaps the most wonderful city known in the world; the ancient Petra, the once renowned metropolis of this populous and powerful empire. It is a narrow valley, surrounded by enormous perpendicular rocks. They found the remains of this city, with houses, temples and palaces actually hewn out of the solid rock. There were halls, and chambers, and corridors, with every variety of architectural ornament, with statuary, and columns, and gorgeous carvings at all heights, from the level of the valley up to an elevation in the clefts of the rock which appeared utterly inaccessible. A theatre was found, cut out of the solid rock, capable of containing three thousand spectators. In one of the excavated residences, there was found a chamber sixty feet in length, and of proportionate breadth. How strikingly do these facts illustrate the otherwise obscure prophecy, "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill, though thou shouldst build thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down."

In the account given by Irby and Mangle of their visit to this wonderful capital of desolate Edom, they state that the base of these precipitous cliffs was wrought out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades, and pedestals, and ranges of corridors adhering to the perpendicular surface; flights of steps chiselled out of the rock; some excavated residences of large dimensions; many other dwellings of inferior note. The rocks were hollowed out into innumerable chambers of different dimensions, whose entrances were variously, richly, and often fantastically decorated with every imaginable order of architecture.

Thus stand these deserted halls, without a single human being in them, or near them. Three thousand years ago, opulence and fashion filled those dwellings, and the world's loud gayety resounded through those streets. In those halls, thus gorgeously furnished, young men and maidens met, with sanguine hopes, and bright imaginings, and throbbing hearts. But God had said, "Edom shall be a desolation; no man shall abide there." Centuries have rolled

over it in awful silence, and no footfalls have been heard in those deserted streets, save when the roving Arabs looked in upon them, and, frightened by the sepulchral silence, hastened away.

EULULIE.

DEDICATED TO HER MOTHER, MRS. W. H. S.

BY MRS. M. C. TRACY.*

SWEET Lulie! my cherub,
 Best gift of the skies;
 With a brow like the morning,
 And thy deep azure eyes;
 Thy lips like the rose-leaf,
 Thy six pearly teeth,
 Thy cheek softly tinted,
 The long lids beneath.

Thou art to my spirit
 Like breath of the rose,
 When, glistening with dew-drops,
 Its petals uncloze;
 Thy blue eyes' soft love-light,
 The sound of thy voice
 Doth solace my sadness
 And heighten my joys.

I love thee, sweet Lulie—
 A thrill of delight
 Through every nerve trembles
 When thy form greets my sight;
 Thy blue eyes outgushing
 With love and with joy,
 'Tis a rill full of pleasure
 Unmixed with alloy.

My soul drinketh ever
 A full draught of bliss,
 When thy fond arms embrace me,
 And I feel thy soft kiss.
 No wealth of the Orient,
 No gems of the mine,
 No Arab's fragrance
 Yields joy so divine.

'Tis not thy sweet beauty,
 Though spring-like its glow,
 Nor the fairy-like softness
 On thy clear, lofty brow,
 That entrances my being,
 Enchained by a spell,
 As I gaze on thy image,
 And in thy love dwell.

'Tis the beauty of spirit
 That breathes from thy thought,
 The rare wealth of innocence,
 Treasure unbought—
 Thy mildness angelic,
 Thy infantile grace,
 The gentleness dove-like.

That dwells on thy face.

* Composed on her dying-bed.

As the years of the future
 Rise dimly to view,
 I tremble lest earth-winds
 Their blighting may strew
 On thy sweet cherub spirit,
 Like the heaven-light now,
 And dim its rich glory
 With base things below.

O holy Immanuel,
 Shepherd divine,
 Take this lamb to thy bosom,
 In love make her thine.
 Oh! let not earth tarnish
 This beauteous gem,
 But in glory reset her
 In thy diadem.

What joy and what blessing,
 What rapture of bliss,
 In the bright world to meet her
 Translated from this!
 Oh! vision of beauty,
 That bright cherub throng,
 As in heaven's green bowers
 Jesus leads them along;

Where the soft light of heaven
 The balmy air fills,
 And o'er the bright plains
 Flow the clear sparkling rills;
 Where flowers waft their perfume
 O'er beauty-crowned fields;
 Where each thought is gladness,
 Life's tree only yields;

Where the pearl gates are open
 By night and by day;
 Where the zephyrs of heaven
 O'er the dewy hills play;
 Where the cooing dove nestles
 In each shady tree,
 And Eden's bright birds
 Tune their sweet minstrelsy;

Where the trees with their leaves
 For the healing of woe
 Shade all the green banks
 Of Life's river below;
 Where the little ones bask not
 In sunbeams' bright,
 For God is their glory,
 The Lamb is their light;

Where the trees with their leaves
 For the healing of woe
 Shade all the green banks
 Of Life's river below;
 Where the viny bowers open
 The long winding way,
 And each dimpled hand
 Bears the rich fruit away;

Where on green mossy knoll,
 Or in deep quiet dell,
 Where the soft-gushing springs,
 Dreaming melodies tell;
 There in holy reposing
 They slumber serene,
 Fanned by hovering angels
 In silvery sheen;

Where eye hath not witnessed,
Nor ear ever heard
The joy that surrounds them,
The saved of the Lord;
Where no blighting shadows
Nor sorrows e'er come,
But peace, high and holy,
Pavilions their home.

My soul pants with ardor,*
And longs to be gone,
That vision of sweetness
To view round the throne;
With radiant glory,
And love in each eye—
With lily wreaths crowned,
And their palms waving by;

With beauty seraphic
Enstamped on each brow;
With white robes celestial
Defiled never now—
Oh! to see those bright myriads,
With praise sounding high
Through the clear arch of heaven,
It were blessed to die!

Fond mother! weep never,
Though thy darling should be
From thy yearning heart severed
In her sweet infancy.
With transports of pleasure
That jubilant throng
Shall greet thy loved nestling
Their bright ranks among.

And the sweet bud of beauty
That lay on my breast,
But far o'er the ocean
Was borne to her rest—
My sore-stricken spirit
Shall leap in its joy,
As she mingles her warblings
In their blest employ!

Ne'er tell me, no infants
In heaven are found;
'T would dim the bright joy
Of Immanuel's ground;
In heavenly wisdom
For ever they'll grow,
But their infantile sweetness
No change shall e'er know.

THE world useth a man as ivy doth an oak—the closer it gets to the heart, the more it twists about the affections. Though it seems to flatter much, yet it doth, indeed, but eat his real substance, and choke him in his embraces.

* Yes, her panting soul was soon permitted to witness "that vision of sweetness." After dictating the above lines, Mrs. Tracy continued to decline till one o'clock A.M., on the morning of August 29th, when she breathed her last, in the full hope of a blessed immortality. She died at Mount Vernon, Knox Co., Ohio. C. F.

RELIGION PREFERABLE TO GOLD.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

THIS is not the judgment of the world. That is decidedly against the declaration. *They say* that gold is decidedly the best of the two, and feel and act accordingly. For gold they thirst, for gold they labor, for gold they part with home, friends, and kindred, for gold they expose themselves to perils on sea and land, and for gold they often sacrifice their lives. But RELIGION—that is accounted of minor consideration, is neglected and rejected. It is superior to gold, nevertheless. See if it is not verily so.

Gold cannot procure the favor of God,—religion can.

That there is a God, none can doubt;—nor can any doubt that it is extremely desirable to have his favor. If it is desirable to his favor, on whom we are dependent for every temporal blessing;—to have his favor, on whose will our eternal destinies are suspended, who can elevate us to the possession of the highest enjoyment or plunge us into the deepest sorrows; then is it desirable to be on terms of friendship with God! But how is this friendship secured? Can gold buy it? No. His favor, whose are "the cattle upon a thousand hills,"—who said,—"*Were I hungry, I would not tell thee, for the world is mine and the fulness thereof,*"—is not to be so purchased. If it could be, Dives might have purchased it with his wealth. But it cannot be thus obtained. It can be obtained only by becoming reconciled to him in the gospel mode,—by being "brought nigh through the blood of Christ,"—by exercising repentance towards God and faith in that blood,—by "acquainting ourselves with God and being at peace." But this is religion,—the commencement of it in the soul. He who is, as all mankind are, alienated from Jehovah by the apostasy, a stranger to Him and unreconciled to him; by seeing, acknowledging and mourning over his own guilty position, and relying on the alone merits of Christ for salvation, is in this way, and only in this way, restored to his Maker's favor. Religion, then, does this great thing—a thing utterly beyond the province and power of gold to effect. Hence it is "better than gold!"

Gold cannot procure peace of mind—religion can. The word peace, as found in the Bible,—and it is in this sense that we use it,—is a most expressive word. It expresses more than mirth, hilarity, merriment, or pleasure. It is something deeper and more substantial. It is what the

immortal nature of man demands to make him truly happy, and what this immortal nature must have, or feel an aching void to be supplied. Now gold cannot fill this void. It is not adapted to fill it. Gold is material, but the soul is spiritual; and all that gold can purchase, is like itself material—capable, therefore, of reaching only what is outward, of providing only for the animal senses, leaving the heart without any satisfying good. The wealth of Cræsus did not impart peace to Cræsus, nor the wealth of Solomon—"the silver and gold, the peculiar treasure of kings and provinces," which he said he gathered—peace to Solomon. And if observation proves any thing, it proves that the most opulent are not the most happy. Indeed, the possessor of a bare competency is often happier than he who rolls in riches.

But these boundless desires of an immortal mind, which gold cannot fill, religion can. Religion brings to the soul a God for its portion! an ever-living fountain of bliss, that never deceives, and never fails. In his existence, perfection, government, plans and works; in his numerous and precious promises of good; in these communications of light and joy which he makes to the soul, and in those hopes which he kindles up in the bosom, of dwelling with Him, and beholding His glory for ever, the weary, longing heart of man finds peace, pure, substantial, inexhaustible peace. While "he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase," and while, without such satisfaction, there can be no true happiness; "the work of righteousness," which is religion, "is peace, and the effects of righteousness," which are the fruits of religion, "quietness and assurance for ever." Hence is religion to be preferred.

Gold cannot sustain the soul under afflictive dispensations of providence; religion can.

Such dispensations of providence may be expected to come. We cannot escape them. "Though a man live many years and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they are many." Now when these days of darkness come upon us, we shall need something to support us under them. And what shall that something be? If it be something that shall effectually do it, it must be something besides gold! Gold cannot ward off disease; gold cannot buy off from the clutch of the King of Terrors, a partner, a parent or child, nor, when we stand over their mortal remains, can it infuse again into those remains the breath of life, or

dry those tears, or stanch that tide of anguish which the departure of that breath causes to flow. A miserable comforter is gold, in circumstances like these! It has no power over the spirit, to retain it or recall it, and no power over the gushes of grief which burst from the smitten heart. Not so religion. That then comes in, and gives ease to the tortured affections. In these "days of darkness," this is a star on which the eye may fix, and which flashes its genial, cheering light across the soul. I appeal to the records made when disappointments, sadness, and woes have come, when couches have been spread for the sick, and the earth opened its bosom to furnish graves; I appeal to the records which have been made in times like these, whether they are not an impressive commentary on the truth, that "wisdom is better than gold!"

Who was it that said, "The Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" A Christian. Who was it that said—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the depth of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof?" A Christian. Who was it that said—"Though the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; though the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat, yet will I joy in the Lord, I will rejoice in the God of my salvation!" One who possessed religion: one who "sanctified the Lord God in his heart," found sources of consolation and support in him, and through him—his grace—triumphed over trials. Has gold such records to show? Then produce them, or if you cannot, admit that "religion is better than gold."

Gold cannot avail aught in the hour of death: religion can.

See that mortal on a bed of pain, panting away his breath: what are his possessions worth to him? Wealth he may have; a magnificent mansion he may have, a gorgeous retinue of servants he may have, a splendid equipage he may have; but what are these all now worth to him? Which of them, separately or combined, can close the gate of the sepulchre, that he may not pass through it? or, compelled to pass through it, which of these can he carry with him? "Thou fool," was one told, who boasted himself in the abundance of his possessions; "thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and then whose

shall those things be which thou hast provided?" Yes, whose shall they be? Not his. Riches, then, change hands and owners, for "naked came we into the world, and naked must we depart out of it." "Millions," exclaimed a dying prince, when writhing under the agonies of death and a fearful looking-for of judgment—"millions for one inch of time;" but millions could not purchase that one inch! The man with bags of gold is too poor to buy one inch of time. When we have tracked our way to the beach where the ocean of eternity rolls, and, drawing nearer step by step, have reached the spot where by divine appointment the plunge is to be made, no wealth can hold us back, or bribe the advancing surges to retreat. We must go, go from all we have, plunge in, and disappear for ever! Gold cannot defy death; ah, no; and there is but one thing which can, and that is piety, religion. "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is this, an interest in the blood and intercession of Jesus—in other words, religion, which takes from death its sting, and from the grave its victory; and thus enables its possessor to say,— "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." It is the sole prerogative of religion to do this, and this makes it of more value than gold. We add that

Gold cannot purchase admission into heaven, religion can.

So far from gold doing this, it is an actual impediment, a formidable obstacle to its being done. "How hardly," is the language of one that knew and was well qualified to speak on this subject—"how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." But religion—he who has that, has the kingdom of God already within him; carries in his heart the essential elements of heaven's reward and of heaven's felicity; and a fit recipient for the impression of that spiritual glory with which heaven is filled, will assuredly be transported to the mansions of the celestial. "Blessed;" blessed are who! The prosperous, the opulent, those who have gathered heaps of shining ore; is this what inspiration says! No:—"blessed are the poor in spirit," "blessed are the pure in heart," "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Religion has "promise of the

life which now is, as well as that which is to come;" has "its fruit unto holiness, and its end is everlasting life." "How much better," then, "is it to get religion than gold!" If religion can procure the favor of God, and gold cannot; if it can procure peace of mind, and gold cannot; if it can sustain the soul under afflictive dispensations, and gold cannot; if it can support in the hour of death, and gold cannot; and procure admission into heaven, while gold cannot; who shall say that it is not worth more than gold, or that it is not better to possess it? And yet how strong the desire for gold, and how feeble the desire for religion!

It is an affecting exhibition of depravity, that we should be so eager to accumulate earthly treasure, and so heedless of the rewards of heaven.

Mines of gold are discovered in California, and immediately on the fact being known, multitudes are in a blaze of excitement. It is the theme of conversation, papers are filled with it, and thousands upon thousands are going and have gone to that land of promise! And this, though gold cannot satisfy, nor save; though health and life are perilled to obtain it; though the charge from our Creator is, "Take heed and beware of covetousness;" and though we are solemnly told, that "he that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent,"—and that "they who will be rich, fall into temptations, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition." On the other hand, here is heaven, "a city garnished with all manner of precious stones, a city whose gates are of pearl, and whose very streets are of pure gold," according to the testimony of God himself; and yet how little is it thought of, spoken of, and striven for! How can you account for this? Why, in the judgment, sentiments, and affections of men, does the perishable so predominate over the imperishable, the temporal over the eternal! Alas, alas, we are depraved, deluded creatures!

Would we be rich! Let us not embark in speculations, but "buy of Christ gold tried in the fire;" and then we shall be rich indeed; "rich towards God," rich in a portion commensurate to the wants of the soul, heirs to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away!"

Push not then into the contest for gold, but for a prize of far greater value; the glories and treasures of an eternal kingdom. Remember, too, that while the gulf of perdition yawns under the feet of those "who make gold their hope, and say unto fine gold, Thou art our confidence;"

our Saviour and Judge has put a question which it becometh us well to ponder; "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

THE CRUSADE OF ALBI.

BY REV. J. T. TUCKER.

BUT in a land of happy shepherd-homes,
On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,
With their bright hearth-fires mid the twilight glooms,
From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shining;
A land of legends and wild songs, entwining
Their memory with all memories loved and blest—
In such a land there dwells a power, combining
The strength of many a calm but fearless breast;
And woe to him who breaks the sabbath of its rest!
LEAGUE OF THE ALPS.

THE vine-clad hills and valleys of Provence and Languedoc were the home of French civilization and refinement, while yet the northern provinces of that country were not emerged from barbaric rudeness. With a genial climate and natural scenery whose loveliness and luxuriance have been celebrated in countless lays, the character of the inhabitants possessed a singular sprightliness and exuberance, a glow of sentiment, a buoyancy of intellect, an elegance of taste, which, at that period of mental dulness and coarseness, was like a grassy fountain amidst desert wastes. Lying near the Mediterranean Sea, communication with the classic countries of the Levant was easy and frequent; and the troubadour, returning from his pilgrimages to Greece, Palestine, and Italy, brought back many a rare germ of intellectual and social improvement which were not vainly cast into his own rich soil. While wealth was flowing into the country from its active commerce with the East, a literature grew up in the purest spirit of chivalric honor; forming as it grew a language for itself, which was the very embodiment of graceful, harmonious, tender, impassioned thought. The genius of the people blended the vivacity of their own Gallic stock with the gorgeous imaginativeness of the Saracen, and the Greek love of beauty. Their court was the most brilliant in Europe, where princes and nobles sought no higher renown than to enrol their names as patrons of elegant art and letters. So national was this ambition, that the name *PROVENÇAL* became interchangeable in common use with that of *POET*. Even down to our times it breathes an

odor of delicate, high-souled romance, suggestive of all things lovely in sentiment and social culture. Withal, an early movement in the direction of religious freedom showed itself along with this general mental activity. The gospel found sympathy in this fair land. So soon as the middle of the twelfth century, a purer faith, a simpler worship than Rome taught or tolerated had strongly entrenched themselves among this interesting people; and the *heresy of the Albigenses* began seriously to attract the notice and alarm the fears of the lords temporal and spiritual of the Papal See.

The ancient city of Toulouse, built on the banks of the Garonne, was the capital of this general division of France. Its population numbered sixty thousand. Here the Counts Raymond held their court, and administered a mild and paternal jurisdiction over the adjacent districts. Though themselves adhering to the Romish Church, they granted a large degree of tolerance to their dissenting subjects, whose superior probity and intelligence shed lustre upon their government, and prosperity over their realm. That the crimes and impieties so commonly alleged against the Albigenses by irresponsible Papal writers, were wholly fictitious and slanderous, is abundantly easy of proof from concessions of such reliable Catholic authorities as Bernard and Thauanus, who, while combatting their supposed errors of doctrine, have had the manliness to acknowledge their exemplary virtues.

In A.D. 1179, against these inoffensive worshippers of Christ, the successor of St. Peter had fulminated his spiritual thunder after this most *anti-petrine* fashion: "We subject to a curse, both themselves and their defenders and harborers; and under a curse we prohibit all persons from admitting them into their houses, or receiving them upon their lands, or cherishing them, or exercising any trade with them. But if they die in their sin, let them not receive Christian burial, under any pretence whatever, and let no offering be made for them." So spake Pope Alexander III. at the third Lateran Council. Following this edict, partial persecutions and martyrdoms were enacted. But these measures not progressing with sufficient speed to satisfy the sanguinary temper of the Church, another and more summary method was set on foot to extirpate this annoying disturber of its iniquitous repose.

The Count of Toulouse, upon whose head this storm of ecclesiastical wrath was about to burst, was Raymond VI., a pacific and beloved prince.

Commanded by the Pope's Legate to undertake the destruction of his subjects, he refused the bloody task; whereupon he was at once excommunicated the Church, and his realm laid under the ban of Rome. One of his retainers, incensed at the insolence and violence of the Pope's agent, Peter de Castelnau, slew him. This placed the torch to the magazine of Papal vengeance.

A CRUSADE was proclaimed—a religious war—with all the terrific accompaniments of Romish retaliation, in those ages of her unchecked despotism. From every quarter armies were invoked to blot this plague-spot from the earth. Pardons, indulgences, passports to heaven were promised with lavish liberality to all who should take arms in the quarrel. Their orders were to pursue and slay, without pity or relenting, these enemies of the Church, "with more vigor (said his Holiness) than you would the *Saracens themselves*."

This appeal of the Pope to the worst passions of human nature was promptly answered. In a few months, five hundred thousand armed fanatics poured themselves into Count Raymond's states. Then, midst her glistening streams and sunny glens, the blood of the brave and beautiful of that land of song and romance flowed out like water; while priestly cunning and hireling ferocity hunted the helpless fugitives—maidens and mothers, and fair-haired children—to their most secluded hiding-places, and slaughtered them there with indiscriminate barbarity. The Crusaders threw themselves upon the city of Beziers, with the Pope's Legate—another Bedini—at their head; and sixty thousand persons gathered there, including every human being within its walls, perished by sword and conflagration; one bleeding, burning altar of sacrifice.*

A leader was needed to finish this piratical foray, and one was found quite equal to the infamy. Simon de Montfort, a cold hearted bigot, an Englishman, and a fair specimen of a race of soldiers, disgracing the name, ever ready to sell their bravery for gold, now took command of the exterminating war. With the pledge of the lordship of the ravaged lands for his hire, he stormed through the heretical provinces, sparing nothing, and turning the face of the most luxuriant of regions into a savage desert. Himself killed by what might well be called a judgment of God, the campaign still

moved onward. Until the year 1226, this accursed havoc continued to desolate the South of France; when, after hundreds of thousands on both sides had perished, and with them the miserable Raymond, broken-hearted for his ruined kingdom, a suspension of hostilities was concluded, his son Raymond VII. purchasing peace with the Church at an enormous price, and ceding a considerable part of his domain to the French monarchy of the North. Yet even then the thirst of Rome for Albigensian prey was not satisfied, and to the Inquisition and monks of St. Dominic was left the gleanings of the scattered grapes of the bloody vintage. The mountains of Piedmont sheltered the last remnant of this noble race, burying amid Alpine glaciers the memories and traditions of their age of glorious chivalry, and more glorious religious heroism; and soon the land of their nativity ceased to retain a vestige of their existence. It was the complete expulsion of a people from its ancestral soil; an exode of blood and returnless banishment.

It would be invidious to reproduce from a past day these tragic passages of papal domination, if the spirit which produced them had ever been ingenuously disavowed. *What fixes them as a fair index of the current temper of that rule is the never-recalled claim that its controlling animus changes not.* In this, Rome is entitled to know her own policy, and to be accredited. It is no uncharitableness to say what she says in the premises. The main effect of the advancing culture of the world upon her spirit has gone no farther than to sharpen her adroitness in fitting her machinery to surrounding circumstances. Where freedom bounds in every bosom—freedom to be an independent man in thought, word, and act, whether in secular or spiritual concerns—there Papacy, yes, Jesuitism even can wear the bland and smiling and liberal garb of republican simplicity, marching in Fourth of July processions to the strains of democratic music. But there are spots where, even in this late century, she does not trouble herself to put on the thinnest covering of deceit. Innocent as a large proportion of her *laity* may be of the charge, the true spirit of the papal priesthood, the governing hierarchy, is unchangeably and incurably that of intolerance, persecuting absolutism. Hence, these glimpses into old historic outrages upon humanity are pertinent, in her case, to the true ascertainment of her existing relation to the well-being, the right progress of mankind. They must not be forgotten.

* J. C. L. S. de Sismondi: History of Crusades against the Albigenses. Chapter I.

QUINNEBAUG LYRICS.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

I'm sick of love for thee, my native river,
 Twelve moons and more it is, how long!
 Since raised from couch of pain by the Great Giver,
 I stole away from city throng—
 Remember'st thou how soon thy scented bowers,
 My pilgrim footsteps sought to thread,
 And how I laid myself along on leaves and flowers,
 With canopy of pines o'erhead?
 I would abide with thee and dwell for ever,
 Upon thy green and gladsome banks,
 Bring back my boyhood's days in which I never,
 Elsewhere essayed my sports and pranks:
 I'd live them o'er in noontide's sunny shimmer,
 Beneath the branching sycamore,
 And plash thy limpid stream a dexterous swimmer,
 'Midst central waves far out from shore.
 No more the game that doth the corpse inhabit,
 Would I molest or make afraid,
 And partridge, quail, or snipe, or long-eared rabbit,
 Unharm'd might roam the tangled glade—
 What cruel boy I was with deadly rifle,
 And still and slow and measured tread,
 To take dear life away as if a trifle,
 And feel not as they fell quite dead.
 Forgive such barbarous deeds, most Gracious Heaven,
 For then I knew not what I did,
 Heed this my prayer and let me be forgiven,
 And of such wrongs my soul be rid—
 From all around may I this great truth gather,
 And by it regulate my life.
 Thou art of all things, Universal Father—
 A truth that ends all bloody strife.
 I long to visit thee, old crooked river,
 And wander up and down thy dales,
 I'll break my hands—from them myself deliver,
 And tread once more thy intervals,—
 Long time, indeed, 'twould take to tell the reason,
 Wherefore I'm sick of love thee,—
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, every season,
 With thee once brought some joy to me.
 I'm bound with spells, fast held at certain places,
 Along thy zig-zag winding ways:
 Their names start forth to view familiar faces,
 That met me there in other days:
 The Whirlpool, Salmon-Rock, if I were able,
 Together with the Button Woods,
 Should live in song in classic page, or fable,
 Like Scylla's shelves—Charybdis' floods.
 The Eel-Rocks, olden place of picnic pleasure,
 And Shad-Ground only just above,
 I traversed oft in childhood's hours of leisure,
 And with their scenes fell deep in love
 Methinks I see festooned on branch and bramble,
 The vine all full of clusters hung,
 As here and there along the slopes I ramble,
 And Eshools eat old seers once sung.
 I see the Battle-Ground once red and gory,
 Beside which flows a babbling brook—
 It hath a hallowed place in early story,
 And legends consecrate the nook—

The Pequod maid there wailed her dusky lover,
 Whose corse in shroud of bark or boughs,
 They laid beneath the hemlock's shady cover,
 And o'er his grave renewed her vows.

I seem to stand where sleeps the forest rover,
 Whose wigwam home was on thy marge,
 Who swam thy waves and stilly glid them over,
 In swift canoe or birchen barge—
 Pray tell how long ago—the years—the ages—
 Since here were made these Indian Graves?—
 Tall trees that on them grow are truthful pages,
 To teach how long have slept these braves.

Blest river, say, why comes o'er me this longing,—
 This mind to sing thy scenes and tales,—
 These thoughts of other days, and memories thronging
 Of landscapes fair as Tempe's Vales?—
 These visions of my haunts beside thee chosen,
 Just as they were long while ago?—
 Thy voices hushed and stream all numb and frozen,
 Or rushing on with quickened flow?—

A HEART GROWN OLD.

BY PARSON QUILL.

WE sometimes hear of "old heads on young shoulders." The expression, however intended, is one of equivocal eulogy. But it is sadly true that the heart may become old, long before the head is silvered. It is like a field from which a dwarf crop is reaped in early summer, and which lies fallow and barren for long months before winter comes. It is an expanse of stubble—one of the most dry, uninviting, repulsive objects in the world. Whatever life or sensibility it had is gone. Its sympathies are frozen up. It is a wrinkled, shrivelled, decrepit thing. It is a sort of automaton that has survived itself as a human fossil. It is the petrified relic of another generation. It is like a tree in the "sere and yellow leaf," amid the freshness and budding promise of young spring. There are men whose years do not count by scores as yet, whose hearts are more than a hundred years old. Like summer in high northern latitudes, their spring time, by a narrow transition, passed into autumn. They are like the dark sharp limbs of the forests, stripped of their verdure by "November's surly blasts." The painter who could transfer their hearts to the canvas, would present us a picture of sternest desolation. All the sap of life and living feeling has gone back to the roots. Like the "aged hemlock, dead at the top," the winds of a premature autumn whistle through their branches. They seem to be among men, but not of them; walking sarcophagi in which a dead humanity is embalmed. The mummy may be

wrapped up in costly linen and spices, but it is a mummy still. It moves through the world like a graven image, endued with the powers of speech, reason, and locomotion, but with nothing else. It ciphers, calculates, suspects, but never feels. As the coralline or fossil encrinite grew to its rock, and fastened there, so they have grown to the yard-stick, the counter, or the desk. It is ossified, and never beats with the pulsations of a generous sympathy. It can revisit the scenes of early and hallowed association, without one quicker throb of feeling. It can read the inscription on the head-stone of a father's or mother's grave, and remain as impassive as if that inscription were traced in hieroglyphs. It can meet an old friend or associate, and pass him with the coldest salutation. If it weeps, it is crocodile-like, for effect. Its tears, if they fell fast enough, would form icicles. As it is, they are hailstones for the plate of charity. As they strike the money that others have contributed, there is a ring of metal, but that is all. Bestowed on others, they chill the warm grasp and exhale.

A young heart made prematurely old, is one of time's saddest as well as most magical transformations. It is as though we felt the warm hand of friendship changed to ice or stone in our grasp. Where there was a human being that we could love, there is nothing left but a pillar of salt. Some Midas' finger has touched each warm living sympathy, and turned it into gold.

No wonder the poet should say.

"I saw two children intertwine
Their arms about each other,
Like the little tendrils of a vine
About its nearest brother ;
And ever and anon,
As gayly they ran on,
Each looked into the other's face,
Anticipating an embrace.
I marked those two when they were men :
I watched them meet one day :
They touched each other's hands, and then
Each went on his own way.
There did not seem a tie
Of love, the lightest chain,
To make them turn a lingering eye,
Or press the hand again."

And then, as the years come pressing around such, and isolating them still more from the days and scenes of youth and hope, what a sad sense of loneliness and desolation must be theirs, "from all the cheerful ways of men cut off!" They are tired of life, and while they strangely cling to it, quit it in disgust. They feel that a new generation sloughs them off like the cast skin of a serpent, an antiquated, obsolete, superseded

thing. They forget that they have committed the wrong which society unconsciously but instinctively resents, and that what they suffer is the retribution of their own crimes. They chose to be hermits among men once, and men will leave them such now.

How far different is that quick, ever-youthful susceptibility which some men carry with them to the limit of their "threescore years and ten." Willis has well described it in one of his poems. It is in the language of an old man gazing upon a scene of children at play.

"I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray.
"For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.
"I have walked the world for fourscore years,
I'm old, and 'I hide my time,'
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.
"Play on, play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
"I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall."

Old age is pitiable without respect or love, when the snows of age have fallen on the heart as well as head, and left it chilled and frost-bound. And yet to such a lot multitudes are hastening. Our systems of education and family training are in fault. The child is taught to aim at wealth or distinction, to seek the riches that belong to the intellect or the pocket, while the claims of the heart are neglected. It is forgotten that he is preëminently and emphatically the *poor man*, who is poor in the sympathies of that friendship which, like the ivy about the crumbling tower, should wreath his old age with the gentle clasp of a beautiful fidelity. Our children at the earliest practicable age are sent away from home, thrown among others, like pebbles on the sea-shore of time, to be ground down to a smooth and polished isolation, developing to an extreme the individuality of a cold selfishness. Ere they can grow attached to any one spot, or clasp any one object, even home, with the tendrils of a true and strong affection, they are transplanted and hurried through the scenes that are to prepare them to "act for themselves,"—an expres-

sion which often means, becoming moral Ishmaelites. The heart is left uncultivated. The intellect is trained out of all proportion. Prospects of success in business are kept ever before the eye. And then business itself succeeds, pursued with a steadfastness of purpose, or an all-absorbing greed, that admits of no relaxation. Life has no oasis. It is one wide desert of money-making or money-losing. A man is merely a machine to manage stock in trade, and he who can make it most productive is counted most of a man. Heart-experience is a chapter of asterisks in the volume of life. It is carelessly skipped over, as though what should be found there was altogether unimportant. Can we wonder that old age is so often wretched—a hollow, heartless trunk, without a living branch or a green leaf to cast a shadow about its parched roots?

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."—1 Cor. vii. 31.

A ROSE upon her mossy stem,
Fair queen of Flora's gay domain,
All graceful wore her diadem,
The brightest mid the brilliant train;
But evening came, with frosty breath,
And ere the quick return of day,
Her beauties in the blight of death
Had passed away.

I saw, when morning gemmed the sky,
A fair young creature gladly rove;
Her moving lip was melody,
Her varying smile the charm of love.
At eve I came—but on her bed
She drooped, with forehead pale as clay:
"What dost thou here?"—she faintly said,
"Passing away."

I looked on manhood's towering form,
Like some tall oak, when tempests blow,
That scorns the fury of the storm,
And strongly strikes its root below.
Again I looked—with idiot cower,
His vacant eye's unmeaning ray
Told how the mind of godlike power
May pass away.

Of earth I asked, with deep surprise,
Hast thou no more enduring grace
To lure thy trusting votaries
Along their toil-worn, shadowy race?
She answered not—the grave replied,
"Lo! to my sceptre's silent sway
Her boasted beauty, pomp, and pride,
Must pass away."

THE SPELL OF LOVE.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

DUPPLICITY, under any circumstances, never fails to engender in the minds of the frank, honest, and ingenuous, a feeling of deep disapprobation. Accustomed in their own conduct to put that construction and interpretation on words and actions which usage, under the circumstances of the case, and legitimate inference universally allow, they are slow to tolerate a departure from the same in others. The acuteness of this feeling is in exact proportion to the degree of their frankness, honesty and ingenuousness; and its depth correspondent to the discrimination exercised in refusing their assent to conduct which they condemn. He whose shuffling actions and ambiguous words affect only the sordid interests and relations of man, sinks in their esteem proportionately to the value placed upon the object affected by such conduct. If property in goods and chattels only be the end to be attained by the adoption of such means, they involuntarily feel strongly to disapprove. But how much stronger are their feelings, and with how much more intensity burns their indignation, when the fresh, pure, priceless, unsullied and unpractised affections of woman's heart are taken captive by the artful double-dealing barterer in sham, false and spurious pretensions!

In matters of such moment as the enlistment of the love of a female, it would seem that no one could so far forget his humanity, as deliberately and with set purpose to kindle and foster an affection which is never to be reciprocated by conjugal vows. But such there are and have been, who have delighted to impassion the soul and secure its idolatry, for no higher purpose than the ascertainment of their power over the heart, or the indulgence of a fitfulness of fancy or freakishness of gallantry. Practised in the school of deception, they are careful that their language be susceptible of no positive signification. Although the gift be offered under circumstances strongly marked, and which the love-impassioned maiden can construe into nothing but a token of love and affection, yet cautiously is she charged to receive it only as a fraternal oblation. The kiss, though sealed upon her lip with a lover's fondness, albeit must be considered as a brotherly salutation. Their every movement is indicative of some reservation, and their declarations always seasoned with some-

thing of obscurity. Nothing is palpable—nothing is tangible: concealment of purpose, darkness of design, and softness of innuendo, are the traits which mark their character. Their answers, like those of the oracles of the ancients, are clothed with bifold meaning, and uttered with Delphic uncertainty. Aware that, though love is fabled blind, it is no less fact and reality, they too often, therefore, gain the vantage-ground, and conquer only to batten in triumph and ignoble victory.

Too often is there painful evidence that one skilled in the language of passion, and an adept in the legerdemain of love, can come off victorious over the female heart that is unhackneyed, and untaught of the disastrous consequences of credulity, without uttering a syllable that shall any the least expose him to the amercements of the law. Though black with hatefulness and depravity, chameleon-like, he can appear bright and beautiful in the assemblage of graces which is clustered upon him. Though the features of his character may resemble the hideous visage of the veiled prophet of Khorassan, yet he may still, like him, draw innocence and purity around himself to offer up their love and adoration. Without a promise or any committal, he may elicit pure, fresh, and immutable affections; he may deeply drink from the springs of feeling, those fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness; he may fling around his object a spell that shall tell on her future years and undying memory; he may light up a pure, unquenchable flame, whose immaculate glow shall be constant, and flicker only in death; he may strike a chord which will vibrate amid desolation and ruin; he may gain mastery over the feelings of the heart, which will gush forth as a torrent, in despite of earthly consideration or friendly wisdom. The idolatry of Mecca's prophet is less devout than the love which he can command; the gems of Goleonda less priceless than the heart which pulsates at his bidding. An infatuation absorbing and concentrating all the warmth of the heart, all the emotions of the soul, steals in at his behest. Sole monarch of an empire of feeling, possessor of impassioned and high-souled devotions, he sits on his throne of subdued affections, bidding defiance to legal enactments, and laughing at the credulity of his captive. In guise of an angel of light he imparadises himself in the soul, whispers softly of happiness, causes dreams of felicity, and charms and entrances the enraptured maiden; nor knows she of the reptile, till desertion, like the spear of Ithuriel, starts up and

reveals the infernal. Dissimulation base, perfidy most foul!

"Loved by a father and a mother's love,
In rural peace she lived, so fair, so light
Of heart, so good and young, that reason scarce
The eye could credit, but would doubt, as she
Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose
From morning's dew, of its reality
Of flesh and blood, or holy vision saw,
In imagery of perfect womanhood.
But short her bloom, her happiness was short.
One saw her loveliness, and, with desire
Unhallowed burning, to her ear addressed
Dishonest words. 'Her favor was his life,
His heaven; her frown his woe, his night, his death.'
With turgid phrase, thus wove in flattery's loom,
He on her womanish nature won, and age
Suspicionless, and ruined, and forsook.
For he a chosen villain was at heart,
And capable of deeds that durst not seek
Repentance."

Expectation cut off, and the hazy dreams of happiness now becoming stern realities, disappointment, with its train of woes, plunges the hapless and too credulous maiden into the abyss of despair.

"Disappointment rather seemed
Negation of delight. It was a thing
Sluggish and torpid, tending towards death.
Its breath was cold, and made the sportive blood
Stagnant and dull, and heavy round the wheels
Of life; the roots of that whereon it blew
Decayed, and with the genial soil no more
Held sympathy; the leaves, the branches drooped,
And mouldered slowly down to formless dust;
Not tossed and driven by violence of winds;
But withering where they sprang, and rotting there
Long disappointed—disappointed still,
The hopeless maid, hopeless in her main wish,
As if returning back to nothing felt;
In strange vacuity of living hung,
And rolled and rolled her eye on emptiness,
That seemed to grow more empty every hour."

The man who can thus sport and trifle with the sacredness of woman's love; who will bask in the phosphorescent light of woman's countenance, that light so kind and genial, though "unborrowed of the sun," with no intent of answering the expectation which he has caused to spring up in the soul, deserves little less of execration than he whose character is soiled and polluted with seduction.

SPEAKING of the goods of life, Sir William Temple says: "The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend."

GOD'S HAND IN THE REFORMATION.

If the Reformation was not without preparation, it was manifestly without human prearrangement. He who has all minds under his control, caused many to move at once in reference to this matter. The great moral earthquake shook spots both distant and dissimilar, revealing the oneness of its hidden cause. "Germany," says D'Aubigné, "did not communicate the light of truth to Switzerland—Switzerland to France—France to England: all these lands received it from God; just as no one region transmits light to another, but the same orb of splendor dispenses it direct to the earth. Raised far above men, Christ, the day-star from on high, was at the period of the Reformation, as at the first introduction of the gospel, the Divine source whence came the life of the world." And if we look at the Reformers individually, we shall find that, for the most part, when they began their protest, they did not know what it would include, or where it would end. They were led, if ever men were led, "by a way which they knew not." They entered on their course in the spirit of earnest and honest inquiry after truth, and, walking in the light which they had received, they increased it. One true idea prepared their minds for other and greater ideas, until they attained to the great principles of the whole counsel of God. They did the will they knew, and thus, according to the promise, they learned the doctrine they knew not. Could they have foreseen, at first, the whole result to which they would be afterwards committed, they might have been unfitted by the prospect for the issue; but they were taught and guided by Him who "sees the end from the beginning," and who shows to his people the "many things he has to say unto them," as they are able to bear them. The religious history of Luther's mind was that of many others. That remarkable man used the following striking language in reference to himself:

"I began this affair with great fear and trembling. What was I at that time? A poor, wretched, contemptible friar, more like a corpse than a man. Who was I to oppose the Pope's majesty, before which not only the kings of the whole earth trembled, but also, if I may so speak, heaven and hell were constrained to obey the slightest intimation of his will! No one can know what I suffered those first two years, and in what dejection—I might say, in what despair, I was often plunged. Those proud spirits who afterwards attacked the Pope with such boldness, can form

no idea of my sufferings; though, with all their skill, they could have done him no injury, if Christ had not inflicted upon him, through me, his weak and unworthy instrument, a wound from which he will never recover. But whilst they were satisfied to look on and leave me to face the danger alone, I was not so happy, so calm, or so sure of success; for I did not know many things which now, thanks be to God, I do know. There were, it is true, many pious Christians who were much pleased with my propositions, and thought highly of them. But I was not able to recognize these, or look upon them as inspired by the Holy Ghost; I only looked to the Pope, the cardinals, the monks, the priests. It was from thence that I expected the spirit to breathe. However, after having triumphed, by means of the Scriptures, over all opposing arguments, I at last overcame, by the grace of Christ, with much anguish, labor, and great difficulty, the only argument that still stopped me, namely, 'that I must hear the Church,' for, from my heart, I honored the Church of the Pope as the true Church, and I did so with more sincerity and veneration than those disgraceful and infamous corrupters of the Church, who, to oppose me, now so much extol it. If I had despised the Pope, as those persons do in their hearts, who praise him so much with their lips, I should have feared that the earth would open at that instant, and swallow me up alive, like Korah and his company."

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

A CAREFUL observer of human nature, as he casts his eye over different classes of society, sees that their peculiar sins differ rather in kind than in degree. And they who are generally deemed most guilty are often in the eye of God the most excusable.

The wandering vagabonds of earth, the blood-thirsty savage, the ragged, bloated beggar, the prowling gangs of riot and violence, are not those upon whom God's frown will fall most severely in the day of judgment.

They have generally been nurtured in the school of vice, from the cradle to the grave; their minds are uninformed, their hearts uncultivated, and their moral accountability is only to be measured by the good influences they have resisted and trampled upon. Guilty and degraded as they are, they are far, very far from being

the most deplorable sinners in the left-hand throng.

It is the man who has a cultivated mind, and who has been trained up in the midst of churches and Bibles and Sabbaths—who has been warned from the pulpit, and warned by conscience, and has felt and resisted the pleadings of the Spirit;—it is the man who turns in cold unconcern from the sacramental table, and utters no voice of morning or evening prayer in his family, and sets his children the example of rejecting the Saviour, and of a prayerless life—who has no pious emotion to throb in sympathy with a Christian friend, but who contributes by his own spiritual death to the desolation of the soul, to the stupefaction of the spiritual feelings of all within the reach of his paralyzing influence—whose lips never teach his infant child to lispen prayer, or with paternal warnings guide its youthful spirit to penitence and the Saviour;—it is the man who *knows* God, but does not *love* him—who has the Bible, but will not read it—who is familiar with God's commands, yet refuses to obey them—who has heard of a Saviour's love, and carelessly disregards it—who sees the wants and woes of a lost world, but has no prayer for its relief, and no effort for its redemption: *this is the man* upon whom will rest doomsday's heaviest penalty. *He is*, of all the world, God's most implacable foe. He has shut his eye against light, and steeled his heart against influence, and betrayed immortal souls; and in judgment's hour, his cry of despair will be the loudest.

The indictment in that day preferred against the sinner will be, "God, in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified."

The poor benighted Hindu woman, who rises in the morning, and from the mud, at the door of her hovel, squeezes out the image of her god, and bows before it in worship, has a more devout spirit than many a man in New England, whose mind is enlightened by all the revelations of philosophy, and who knows the requirements of religion. Even in this act of brutal blindness, of degrading superstition, she rises in moral dignity above that man who has known God, and yet has glorified him not as God.

We are apt to make altogether erroneous estimates of the comparative degree of sin. We look into the brothels of pollution—into the grated cells of crime, for the worst specimens of human depravity; and we see there, indeed, the most brutish ignorance, the most disgusting degradation and the direst wretchedness; but we do not

see that which God regards as the most atrocious sin.

Most of these wretched victims, cradled in vice and nurtured in crime, have many extenuating pleas to move the compassion of God. But his eye rests with a frown which compassion does not soften, upon the man whom he has blest with a home of every comfort, whose mind he has enlightened by free access to knowledge, whose manners he has refined by giving him his birth in a Christian land, and who is nevertheless living without God in the world. His neglect of God has no extenuation. His ingratitude is unparalleled in its enormity. Retribution's blackest cloud hangs over him. Eternity's heaviest thunder will peal upon *his* soul. Most emphatically is it true that it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for him.

Do you feel the glow of love and gratitude towards your heavenly Father? Do you carefully cherish every religious emotion which the Holy Spirit excites in your mind? Do you honor the Saviour by meeting him at the sacramental table and unreservedly dedicating your all to him? Do you love the sweet hour of secret prayer, and that commingling of Christian sympathies which is the communion of the saints? Do you choose for your friends your heavenly Father's friends, and in their congenial Christian sympathies find your chief joy? Do you love to talk of heaven, and try to encourage and animate your friends to press onward in the divine life? Do you weep over a perishing world, and devote your energies to reclaiming a lost race to God? These are the tests of character which will be applied at the judgment!

The consciousness of preparation for this great day is the only solace of life.

Life is filled with scenes of trial, where nothing cheers but hopes of heaven. The mind has its storms as well as the material world. At times the clouds will gather, we know not why; the horizon of hope is shut in by the gathering gloom; all the inward thoughts and feelings begin to swell in wild commotion, and then the tempest rages, day after day, and night after night, with unabating violence. In vain we ask whence came these darkening clouds, these troubled waves! All our endeavors to assuage this elemental war, to calm this agitating storm, are unavailing; it rages like the ocean tempest, till apparently it exhausts itself, and then the vapors are gradually dissipated; rays of light break in; the clouds scatter and roll away, and the soul reposes in sunshine and lovely calm.

POETRY.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

SOME seek for the surface of beauty,
 Oft dazzling, enchanting, and bright,
 While the deep and the pure gems of nature
 Lie buried and hidden from sight.

There's a love in the wide throng of fashion
 For that which is gorgeous and gay,
 While feelings and objects well worthy
 Might wither and taste of decay.

Oh, where are the true sons of feeling?
 Their spirits recoil at the thought:
 'Tis the ocean's fair surface that sparkles,
 But its wealth must from fathoms be brought.

Say, why should mankind lightly value
 What Heaven's so richly bestowed?
 Our world has deep treasures and beauties,
 Though many would make them but void.

'Tis true earth has wonders and treasures,
 But we ask now, in what they consist?
 Is it gold and bright pearls which should charm us?
 Will they impart life, joy, and peace?

Oh, there's *MIND* in each bosom implanted:
 Could the tongue of an angel plead more?
 Is not this enough to inspire one
 To search, to strive, and to soar!

LAST MOMENTS OF CRANMER.

SHORTLY after the accession of Mary, Cranmer was earnestly warned by his friends to fly, as many others were preparing to do, from the approaching persecution. No advice or entreaty could shake his resolution to remain at his post. He displayed on this occasion a fortitude worthy of the brightest periods of primitive self-devotion. It is true, that when his heaviest trials came upon him, they were at first too sore for his spirit—and he fell. He signed his recantation, (whether once, or twice, or seven times, is scarcely worth inquiry,) and yet he was brought to the stake. We will not dwell on the refinement in barbarity which spared no insidious blandishment, first to awaken his love of life and his dread of a tormenting death, then to lure him to set his hand to his own infamy, and which did not drag its victim forth to execution till he was steeped to the very lips in humiliation. We pass by the detestable mockery of citing him to Rome, when he could not stir beyond the walls of his dungeon; of pronouncing upon him a sentence of contumacy for disobeying the summons; and of going through the forms of a trial, when the accused was physically incapable of defence, or remonstrance, or even of personal appearance before the tribunal. We turn at once to his demeanor in the last agony,

as represented to us by a Popish spectator; to his self-possession and alacrity at the stake; to the fortitude which enabled him steadily to hold his *offending hand* in the flame without a movement or a cry; to his "patience in the torment, and his courage in dying, which," says the Catholic reporter, "if it had been taken either for the glory of God, the wealth of his country, or the testimony of truth, as it was for a pernicious error, and the subversion of true religion, I could worthily have commended the example, and matched it with the fame of any Father of ancient time." Such was the departure of Cranmer. And when we recollect his constitutional defect of firmness, nothing is more astonishing than the heroism of his last hour. It has been most invidiously alleged that his retraction at St. Mary's was merely the consequence of his despair of pardon. But his despair of pardon never could have inspired this "*timid courtier*" with invincible firmness while the flames were devouring his flesh. His courage in the midst of suffering (which might well extort shrieks and groans even from men made of more stubborn stuff than Cranmer) could never have been the effect of hypocrisy and dissimulation. The most perverse malignity will hardly maintain that he was playing a part when he held his hand immovably in the fire that was scorching every nerve and sinew, accusing that hand as the guilty instrument of his disgrace. We have here, at least, a substantial proof that, at that moment, every other anguish was trifling, compared with the agony of his deep but not despairing repentance. We have here an exhibition which pours contempt upon the hateful and flippant surmise, that had his life been spared, he would have heard mass like a good Catholic; and that he would afterwards have purchased, by another apostasy, the right of burning braver and better men.

What then is the truth of this whole matter? We have here before us a person endowed with many inestimable qualities, though not, perhaps, with that iron fortitude, that constitutional force of character, which, combined with higher principles, bears men uniformly and stiffly up under the sternest trials of this life. The fatality which placed him in a court, and especially in such a court as that of Henry, was most unfortunate for his quiet and his happiness. He was there like a man shut up with a half-tame lion, who would sometimes fawn upon him, and sometimes be ready to fly upon him. During the rest of his days he was doomed, more or less, to live in

a menagerie of ravenous beasts—in the very midst of the impurity and the violence of the capricious savages. A more inauspicious and comfortless position for human virtue cannot well be imagined; and the consequence has been, that some spots and blemishes have broken out upon his character, which those who best knew his substantial merits must always look upon with the bitterest regret. But then, on the other hand, it will ever remain indelibly true, that the obligations of his country to him are “broad and deep;” that to his conscientious labors, and to his incomparable prudence and moderation, England mainly owes the present fabric of her Church; and that his sincerity and faithfulness were triumphant in the hour of death.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY J. O. PERCIVAL.

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down the ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way.
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither—
Then, like visions, hurry by.
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

THE opinion, we fear, is too prevalent among the youth of our land, that to become truly educated, it is necessary to spend some time at some well-established college or seat of learning. Now, it is far from our intention to underrate institutions so elevated in their character and so laudable in their aims, or to withhold from them that tribute of praise to which they are so justly entitled. We most readily admit that their advantages will be felt through coming ages; but, at the same time, we deem it our duty to state that it is in the power of every youth in our land, however humble may be his sphere of action, and however unpropitious the circumstances by which he is surrounded, to acquire a

highly respectable education by his own private exertions.

If we consult the history of distinguished individuals, we shall find, that in most cases they had, in early life, to pass through circumstances the most adverse and unpropitious. Pope Adrian the Sixth, the son of a poor barge-builder of Utrecht, was so persevering in his pursuit after knowledge when young, that, it is said, he used to take his station with his book in his hand in the church porches, or at the corners of the street, where lamps are generally kept burning, and to read by their light. Mr. Gifford, who was for several years the learned editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He has given us the following touching account of his poverty and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge at the time of his apprenticeship. He had a strong desire to be acquainted with mathematics. “But I possessed at this time,” he observes, “but one book in the world—it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenuing's Introduction; this was precisely what I wanted—but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, I had completely mastered it; I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,) were for the most part as far out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.”

We might have brought forward numerous other instances, but we deem the preceding sufficient for our purpose. A writer on education, speaking of self-improvement, very justly remarks: “When there is a strong determination to attain an object, it rarely fails of discovering the requisite means of doing so, and almost any

means are sufficient. We mistake in supposing there is only one way of doing a thing, namely, that in which it is commonly done. Whenever we have to prove it, we find how rich in resources is necessity; and how seldom it is that, in the absence of the ordinary instrument, she has not some new invention to supply its place. This is a truth of which the studious have often had experience, and been all the better for experiencing; for difficulties so encountered and subdued, not only awaken ingenuity, but strengthen a man's whole intellectual and moral character, and fit him for struggles and achievements in after-life, from which other spirits, less hardily trained, would turn in despair."

We have no hesitation in saying, that if the youth of our land, surrounded as they are with educational facilities of the highest order, would steadily devote but one hour a day to self-improvement, and be judicious in the selection of their books, placing the Bible first, they would find, in the course of a few years, there is no leading fact in history with which they would be unacquainted—there is no principle in any science that they could not understand—there is no truth in morals or religion of which they would be ignorant. By way of encouraging them in this important undertaking, we would remind them of the honors and pleasures that invariably attend all efforts at moral and intellectual improvement. How dignifying to human nature, and how bliss-inspiring to the human heart, to be employed in obtaining a knowledge of the natural and moral history of our world—of the construction and laws of the universe—and, moreover, of looking

"Through Nature up to Nature's God."

But we fear there are thousands of our young people, even in this highly-favored and enlightened country, who pay more attention to the decoration of their persons than the inward adornings of the mind, and who spend more time in trifling and vanity than in the pleasures of science and religion. We perhaps cannot do better than set before such the example of the great Roman orator Cicero. What a nobleness of being and what a loftiness of aim he evinces in the following words: "What others give to their own affairs, to the public shows, and other entertainments, to festivity, to amusement—nay, even to mental and bodily rest, I give to study and philosophy." Can any one wonder that Cicero became a great man? And will Christians of the

present enlightened age permit themselves to be surpassed in devotion to self-improvement by a heathen philosopher?

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

THE bottom of the ocean is like the surface of the dry land. Islands are but the summits of mountains rising above the waves. If a person were wafted along in a balloon just above the region of the clouds, the Alps and the Andes would be the islands of his vapory sea. In some places from his airy flight he would in vain drop the sounding-line, and again, when passing over some high land, with the lead and line he would find soundings. Thus it is with the navigator of the ocean. He sails over lofty mountains and deep valleys, and mighty monsters gambol in these valleys, and roam in the fastnesses of these submarine mountains. Sometimes the lofty summit of some tablemountain presents a shoal upon which the navigator anchors his ship. Again the precipitous summit of some granite cliff pierces through the surface of the ocean, and when the ship is dashed by the storm against this rock, the drowned mariner rolls down the declivity of the mountain till he finds a grave far below, in the depths of the valley at its base. Again, the summit of the ocean mountain rises above the wave, and becomes the fertile island, thronged with inhabitants and all the variety of animated life. In most parts of the open ocean, it is so deep that no bottom has been found by any line yet used. In consequence of the great depth of the ocean, it has frequently been called bottomless, and by the ignorant it has been supposed to be literally without a bottom. The mountains of the dry land do not rise above 30,000 feet; and reasoning from analogy, it is exceedingly improbable that the depth of the ocean, in any part, can exceed 30,000 feet. But it would hardly be in our power to find the bottom even at one-third of that depth. Lord Mulgrave, who had distinguished himself upon the floor of Parliament, as well as upon the deck of his ship, threw a sounding-line in the Northern Ocean, of greater length than had ever before been used. He heaved a very heavy sounding-lead, and gave out along with it a rope of 4680 feet. But he found no bottom. This is the greatest depth that has ever been tried to be measured, and it is very possible that if the rope had been four times as long, the attempt would have been equally unavailing.

Editorial Miscellany.

OUR THIRD ENGRAVING.—At a short distance from Mexico, on the rocky hill of Tepayacac, stands the church of "Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe," Our Lady of Guadalupe, which is celebrated throughout the whole of Mexico for its miraculous origin, and the possession of an equally miraculous picture of the Virgin. The absurd legend occupies a huge folio volume. It may be briefly noticed in a few lines, thus: Soon after the conquest, a vision of the Virgin appeared to an Indian peasant, and ordered him to go to the Bishop of Mexico, relate what he had seen, and order the prelate to build a chapel on that very spot in her honor. The man approached the episcopal palace, but was intimidated by the state and magnificence that surrounded the bishop, and retired accordingly without obeying the orders he had received. On his return he again saw the vision, which rebuked him for his disobedience, and delivered a more positive command. The peasant asked for some token to show that his mission was authentic: he was ordered to climb to the summit of the rock, and told that he would there find the sign which he required. The man obeyed, and though it was in the midst of winter, he found the heretofore desolate spot covered with flowers. He gathered some, went instantly to the palace, obtained admittance, related all that had happened, and then presented the flowers. The tale was instantly credited, a procession to the rock set forth, and the picture was discovered. The church was immediately built and munificently endowed.

Such is the ridiculous fable which is implicitly believed by the inhabitants of this country, as the real history of the origin and foundation of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. So strong is its influence, that even to this day offerings are sent from every part of Mexico to this shrine of the Virgin. The first chapel was built on the top of the hill; a large one at its foot is now the principal one, and within its walls the picture is preserved.

A JOURNEY TO CENTRAL AFRICA, by BAYARD TAYLOR, is the title of a very graphic and interesting work recently issued by G. P. Putnam & Co., No. 10 Park Place. It is a lively description of life and landscapes from Egypt to the

negro kingdoms of the White Nile. We know so little of Central Africa, that any new developments of the interior of that vast continent are invested with peculiar interest. This is Mr. Taylor's best book of travel. And we have thought a few sketches from it, as specimens of its style and spirit, would not be unwelcome to our readers, and help to spice our Miscellany. The work is illustrated with some beautiful lithographs, and also a number of wood-engravings. A few of the latter we are permitted by the publishers to insert here. The book contains a vast amount of valuable information, and the style of the writer is clear and glowing, as will be seen in the few quotations which we make. The first picture is a view of the traveller's barge ascending the Nile.

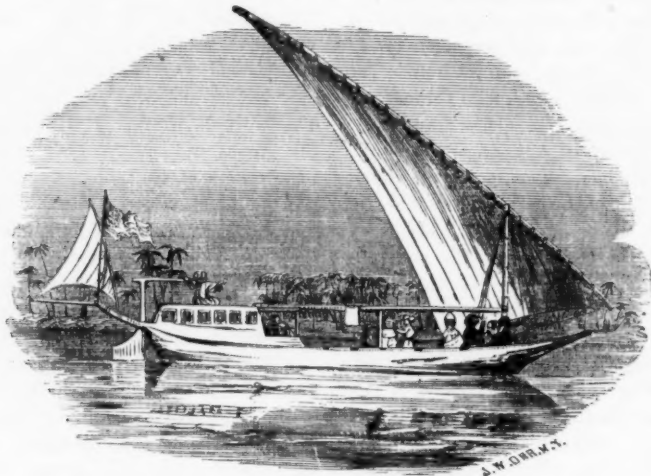
"The Nile is the Paradise of Travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveller's restless life could reach—enjoyment more varied and exciting, but far less serene and enduring than that of a quiet home—but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of nature. Every day opens with a jubilate, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me, thus far, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.

"The *Cleopatra* is a *dahabiyeh*, seventy feet long by ten broad. She has two short masts in the bow and stern, the first upholding the *trinkeet*, a lateen sail nearly seventy feet in length. The latter carries the *belikôn*, a small sail, and the American colors. The narrow space around the foremast belongs to the crew, who cook their meals in a small brick furnace, and sit on the gunwale, beating a drum and tambourine, and singing for hours in interminable choruses, when the wind blows fair. If there is no wind, half of them are on shore, tugging us slowly along the banks with a tow-rope, and singing all day long: '*Âyâ hamâm — ayâ hamâm!*' If we strike on a sandbank, they jump into the river and put their shoulders against the hull, singing '*Hay-haylee sah!*' If the current is slow, they

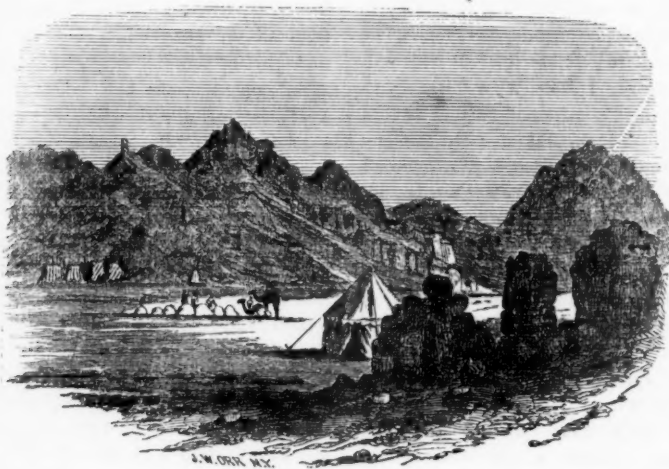
ship the oars and pull up stream, singing so complicated a refrain that it is impossible to write it with other than Arabic characters. There are eight men and a boy, besides our stately raïs, Hassan Abd-el Sadek, and the swarthy pilot, who greets us every morning with a whole round of Arabic salutations.

"Against an upright pole which occupies the place of a mainmast, stands our kitchen, a high

wooden box with three furnaces. Here our cook, Salame, may be seen at all times, with the cowl of a blue capote drawn over his turban, preparing the marvellous dishes, wherein his delight is not less than ours. Salame, like a skilful artist as he is, husbands his resources, and each day astonishes us with new preparations, so that out of few materials he has attained the grand climax of all art—variety in unity.



THE CLEOPATRA, IN WHICH THE AUTHOR NAVIGATED THE NILE.



THE WELLS OF MURR-HAT.

Achmet, my faithful dragoman, has his station here, and keeps one eye on the vessel and one on the kitchen, while between the two he does not relax his protecting care for us. The approach to the cabin is flanked by our provision-chests, which will also serve as a breastwork in

case of foreign aggression. A huge filter-jar of porous earthenware stands against the back of the kitchen. We keep our fresh butter and vegetables in a box under it, where the sweet Nile-water drips cool and clear into an earthen basin. Our bread and vegetables, in an open

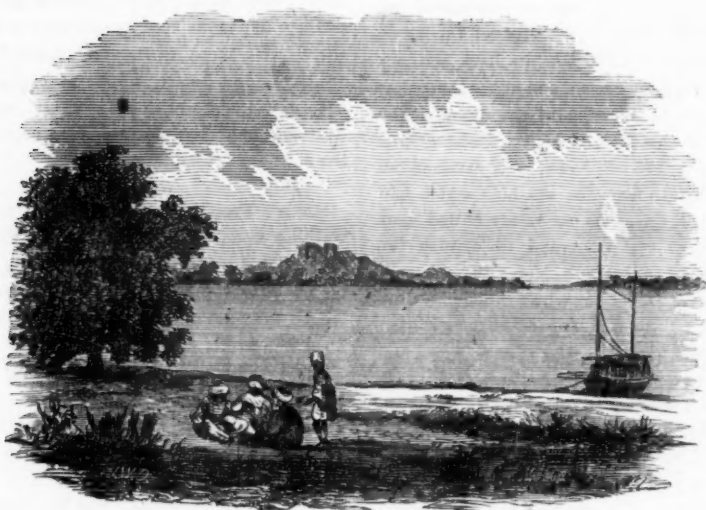
basket of palm-blades, are suspended beside it, and the roof of the cabin supports our poultry-yard and pigeon-house. Sometimes, but not often, a leg of mutton may be seen hanging from the ridge-pole, which extends over the deck as a support to the awning.

"The cabin, or Mansion of the Executive

Powers, is about twenty-five feet long. Its floor is two feet below the deck, and its ceiling five feet above, so that we are not cramped or crowded in any particular. Before the entrance is a sort of portico, with a broad cushioned seat on each side, and side awnings to shut out the sun. This place is devoted to pipes and medita-



MOONLIGHT ON THE ETHIOPIAN NILE.



THE WHITE NILE.

tion. We throw up the awnings, let the light pour in on all sides, and look out on the desert mountains while we inhale the incense of the East. Our own main cabin is about ten feet long, and newly painted of a brilliant blue color. A broad divan, with cushions, extends

along each side, serving as a sofa by day and a bed by night. There are windows, blinds, and a canvas cover at the sides, so that we can regulate our light and air as we choose. In the middle of the cabin is our table and two camp-stools, while shawls, capotes, pistols, sabre, and

gun are suspended from the walls. A little door at the farther end opens into the wash-room, beyond which is a smaller cabin with beds, which we have allotted to Achmet's use. Our cook sleeps on deck, with his head against the provision-chest. The rais and pilot sleep on the roof of our cabin, where the latter sits all day, holding the long arm of the rudder, which projects forward over the cabin from the high end of the stern."

The Wells of *Murr-hât* are situated in the desert encircled by the great bend of the Nile, about half-way across from Korosko to Abou-Hammed. "A few shallow pits, dug in the centre of the valley, furnish an abundance of bitter greenish water, which the camels drank, but which I could not drink. The wells are called by the Arabs *el morra*, "the bitter." Fortunately I had two skins of Nile-water left, which, with care, would last to Abou-Hammed. The water was always cool and fresh, though in color and taste it resembled a decoction of old shoes."

A moonlight on the Nile is thus described: "At such times I selected a pleasant spot on the western bank of the river, where the palms were loftiest and most thickly clustered, and had the boat moored to the shore. Achmet then spread my carpet and piled my cushions on the shelving bank of white sand, at the foot of the trees, where, as I lay, I could see the long, feathery leaves high above my head, and at the same time look upon the broad wake of the moon, as she arose beyond the Nile. The sand was as fine and soft as a bed of down, and retained an agreeable warmth from the sunshine which had lain upon it all day. As we rarely halted near a village, there was no sound to disturb the balmy repose of the scene, except, now and then, the whine of a jackal prowling along the edge of the desert. Achmet crossed his legs behind me on the sand, and Ali, who at such times had special charge of my pipe, sat at my feet, ready to replenish it as often as occasion required. My boatmen, after gathering dry palm-leaves and the resinous branches of the mimosa, kindled a fire beside some neighboring patch of *dookhn*, and squatted around it, smoking and chatting in subdued tones, that their gossip might not disturb my meditations. Their white turbans and lean dark faces were brought out in strong relief by the red fire-light, and completed the reality of a picture which was more beautiful than dreams."

At the junction of the White and Blue Nile,

the writer says: "Here the colors of the different streams are strongly marked. They are actually blue and white, and meet in an even line, which can be seen extending far down the common tide. . . . The stream, which is narrow at its junction with the Blue Nile, extended to a breadth of two miles, and the shores ahead of us were so low that we appeared to be at the entrance of a great inland sea. . . . During the whole forenoon we sailed at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, in the centre of the river, whose breadth varied from two to three miles. The shores no longer presented the same dead level as on the first day. They were banks of sandy soil, ten or twelve feet in height, and covered with forests of the gum-bearing mimosa, under which grew thickets of a dense green shrub, mixed with cactus and euphorbia."

HATS are an article of head-covering in which there is as great diversity as there is in foot-covering. But an easy, light, handsome, durable hat is by far the most to be desired. Great efforts have been made of late years to make hats beautiful, elastic, light, and easy to the head as a lady's bonnet. Our friends Beebe & Co., No. 156 Broadway, have succeeded in this to perfection, as all can testify who are accustomed to use their hats. They have a very ingenious machine for fitting a hat to the head as naturally as if it grew there. We most heartily recommend them, as we have done before, to our numerous friends, both in the city and in the country, being confident that a more pleasant and durable article of the kind cannot be found.

SATAN'S FISH-HOOK.—I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing-boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said:

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "They are codfish."

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," was the answer.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

I inquired, "With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yea."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams, too?"

"Oh, no," said he, "they will not bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?"

"Yes," said he: "I was out last year, and one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook fell

into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, Sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn, and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister."

Book Notices.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER; or, the Way of Peace.—A most excellent little work for children and youth. The story is full of interest, and withal so easy and natural, that the reader is captivated and instructed by it. Youthful piety is portrayed in one character, and some childish follies in another. Both tend to create a love of virtue. Religion appears exceedingly lovely in young persons. Here is a picture of the way of peace that ought to be in every family in the land, and in every youthful library.—R. Carter & Brother.

SABBATH MORNING READINGS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.—This production is confined wholly to the book of Exodus, and consists of expositions of it, elucidating customs and explaining difficulties with great clearness. It is not a dry statement of the past, but is full of practical applications to us. The reader is surprised to find so much rich instruction drawn out of this part of the Pentateuch, which the world generally regard as so obsolete. The Jew has yet to learn a more majestic exodus. We Gentiles are now accomplishing ours. The book is one of the most valuable of the author's works.—John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. Sold by Sheldon, Lamport & Co., New York.

LIFE OF JOHN CHRYSOSTOM. By F. M. PERTHES.—This is a translation from the German. It is based on the investigations of Neander, Bohringer, and others. It is not a romance, but a remarkable piece of biography handed down from the fourth and fifth centuries. The subject of it has been called the Christian Hero. And truly he was a bold preacher. He lived in stormy times, and it was needful that he should be bold as a lion. The book is full of stirring incidents, and will well repay perusal.—Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Co.

A LETTER TO THE POPE PIUS VII. By C. M. TALLEYRAND, Bishop of Autun.—This celebrated letter, which we are glad to see translated from the French, gives a grand exposure of some of the dogmas peculiar to the Romish Church. If Talleyrand speaks with indignation, we must remember he had severe experience. This little book contains some startling facts that ought to be studied. No one can read it without abhorring the monstrous pretensions of the Mother of Abominations.—Published by A. N. Sprague, 22 Beekman street.

THE WESTMINSTER SHORTER CATECHISM.—A very neat little book with this title has been prepared by Rev. James

R. Boyd, with analysis, scriptural proofs, explanatory and practical inferences and illustrative anecdotes. It contains 264 pages. The plan is admirable. It is an expansion of the good old Catechism in the right direction. The inferences under each question are pointed, pithy, and instructive; while the numerous anecdotes and striking facts alone are worth three times the price of the book. While the Catechism is thus made highly entertaining and attractive to children and youth, it is also a source of great profit to mature minds. The publisher has done a noble service in bringing out this work.—M. W. Dodd.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.—The great question, "Is Christianity from God?" is here discussed in a very logical, concise, and systematic manner. The arguments are absolutely convincing to every candid mind, and utterly incontrovertible by the sceptic. The reasoning is characterized by great force, brevity, and variety. It is an excellent hand-book for every man who feels it important to think upon his origin and destiny—of what he is and what he must shortly be. Thanks to God that his truth has such deep and strong foundations, so as to resist the assaults of infidelity and the cavils of the gainsayer.—M. W. Dodd.

FRUITS AND FARINACEA. By JOHN SMITH.—This book advocates an exclusively vegetable diet. It is an attempt to prove from history, anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, that this is the best food for man. These views are opposed to the habits and customs of society, and the theories of other writers on dietetics; but the author has certainly made a strong and ingenious argument. He speaks from experience. He fortifies his position from a variety of sources. The point is clear to his own mind, and he lays the whole animal and vegetable kingdom under contribution to make it clear to others. The work is illustrated with cuts. But whether we agree with the author or not, the book contains a vast amount of valuable information.—Fowlers & Wells.

OFF-HAND TAKINGS; or, Crayon Sketches. By G. W. BUNGAY.—"Noticeable Men of Our Age" is a more intelligible title to this book. But the book itself is certainly rich in matter. The preface calls it a picture gallery, and with some propriety; for it contains twenty fine steel engravings of distinguished men of our times, of whom we should be proud. But the pen-and-ink portraits are equally well executed. We are here silently introduced to these men; we look at their faces, and in a short time become

so well acquainted with their characters and doings, that, though we live thousands of miles off, we feel no longer like strangers. It is a book well worth possessing. It deserves an extensive sale.—Dewitt & Davenport.

PROGRESS AND PREJUDICE. By MRS. GORE, authoress of several interesting works well known to the public. The present production is one of those books that well illustrate its title. There is progress in society where good manners are cultivated, and no social hinderances in the way. Prejudice, however, is the bane of society, as we see from the pointed examples here given. The story is told in a lively, attractive style; and the book is fully up to the standard of Mrs. Gore's works.—Dewitt & Davenport.

ORGANIC CHRISTIANITY; or, the Church of God. By LEICESTER A. SAWYER.—This is the most able, thorough, and systematic work on church polity that we have seen for a long time. It embraces a critical examination of the Church, as instituted by its divine Founder, and as it was administered and extended by the Apostles. The different sects are arranged and carefully described. The whole forms a complete system of ecclesiology and church polity. It is a subject of great importance, especially to ministers. The book is evidently the product of great labor and research, and will be found a valuable acquisition to the private library.—Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Co.

THE CITY SIDE; or, Passages from a Pastor's Portfolio, gathered by CARA BELMONT.—This book is a beautiful picture. It is the brightest side of Sunny Side. If every settlement of a young minister were equally successful and happy, the pastoral office would be bereft of its self-denials and hardships. While the reader is deeply interested in the story, he cannot but wish that all poor parishes in the country were blest with such a minister. This is a rare case. Few young men are settled in the city at first. The standard is therefore set too high. Aside from this, the book is highly instructive and valuable.—Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: J. C. Derby.

LADY WILLOUGHBY.—This book has been republished from the second London edition. It is the well-known "Diary of Lady Willoughby," purporting to be the journal of a high-born and pious lady of the seventeenth century, an eye-witness to the scenes of the British revolution. It is written in antique style, but possesses so much tenderness, simplicity, and piety, as to captivate the reader's heart, and make him overlook the political heresies which he finds there. On the whole, it is a rare book.—A. S. Barnes & Co.

RAYARD TAYLOR'S ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.—This is most decidedly the best of Mr. Taylor's books of travel. The easy style of the writer, and the scenes of novelty which he witnessed, make it a book of rare entertainment, as well as of instruction. We refer the reader to our Miscellany for some extracts from it.—G. P. Putnam & Co.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.—This work has been translated from the German, by Thomas C. Porter. It is a prose

translation of the exquisite poem of Goethe. The peculiar beauty of the original is lost in the translation. A golden statue, wrought out with curious and elaborate skill, by the hand of a master, loses its artistic beauty in the furnace, but the gold remains. So with Goethe's poem when melted into English prose.—Riker, Thorne & Co.

NOW-A-DAYS. By LAURA J. CURTIS.—The authoress has here given a few faithful pictures of life. It is a pleasant and profitable book to read. The writer draws from nature, hence every thing appears natural. All the scenes she describes seem to be familiar, without the aid of imagination. The style is easy, flowing, and lively.—Riker, Thorne & Co.

SCRIPTURE PORTRAITS. By REV. JONATHAN BRACE.—We have examined with great pleasure the work just published with this appropriate title. It is a book greatly needed, and cannot fail to be highly appreciated by ministers, Sabbath-school teachers, and Scripture readers generally. The chapters are short and to the point. There are no redundances; just enough is said to throw much light on each character, and deduce the rich moral lesson afforded by it. The author has evidently studied each portrait with a painter's zeal, and drawn out the features of each with artistic care. It is one of the best things we have seen from his gifted pen. He has done a noble service to Bible literature. There are twenty-two portraits of the most prominent characters of the Old Testament, from Adam to Daniel. We earnestly hope the author will give us another volume of New Testament characters.—M. W. Dodd.

KANSAS AND NEBRASKA. By EDWARD E. HALE.—A very neat volume, describing the history, geographical and physical characteristics, and political position of these Territories. The author is the Secretary of the Emigrant Aid Society, and the variety of information which he gives may be considered full and reliable. It will undoubtedly give a new impulse to the great enterprise of peopling those fair regions of the West with a free population. It contains a full account of the workings and projects of the Emigrant Company.—Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: J. C. Derby.

LAST OF HIS NAME. By ELBERT PERCE.—This is a pleasant story, which the author says he does not entitle a romance, but has attempted to narrate events as they might naturally occur in the history of a family. In the perusal of the book the reader will find many scenes and incidents that render the ties of home stronger and more endearing.—Riker, Thorne & Co.

TOTEMWELL. By GEORGE LAYTON.—A work with this singular title has just been published. It is unpretending, yet it is full of bewitching entertainment and flowing wit. There is plenty of other reading more solid, but if any one wishes a little pastime of laughter, he might profitably use this book to drive away the blues. The author is an off-hand writer, and his style is lively, and his wit sparkling.—Riker, Thorne & Co.

Little Gipsy Jane.*

Written by EDWARD FITZBALL

Composed by C. W. GLOVER.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the right hand, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F4. The left hand accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G3-A3-B3-C4-D4-E4-F4-G4. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

The vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a quarter note F4. The left hand accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G3-A3-B3-C4-D4-E4-F4-G4. The piano part is marked *p* (piano). The system ends with a double bar line.

1. I'm a merry Gipsy Maid, From my tent in yon-der glade, Selling ballads is my trade—
2. With the lark I greet the morn, When the dew is on the rye ; With the milk-maid, 'neath the thorn,

The piano accompaniment for the first verse, continuing the steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and providing harmonic support for the vocal melody in the right hand. The system ends with a double bar line.

ad lib.

The piano accompaniment for the second verse, continuing the steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and providing harmonic support for the vocal melody in the right hand. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fortunes, too, I tell ; For village maids, I've comfort bland, Of sweethearts who complain. You've
Stealthi-ly am I ; For her, I've tales of house and land, And husbands rich to gain ; She

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LITTLE GIPSEY JANE.

A piacere.

on - ly just to cross the hand Of lit - tle Gip - sey Jane. Tra, la, la, la,
 has but just to cross the hand Of lit - tle Gip - sey Jane.

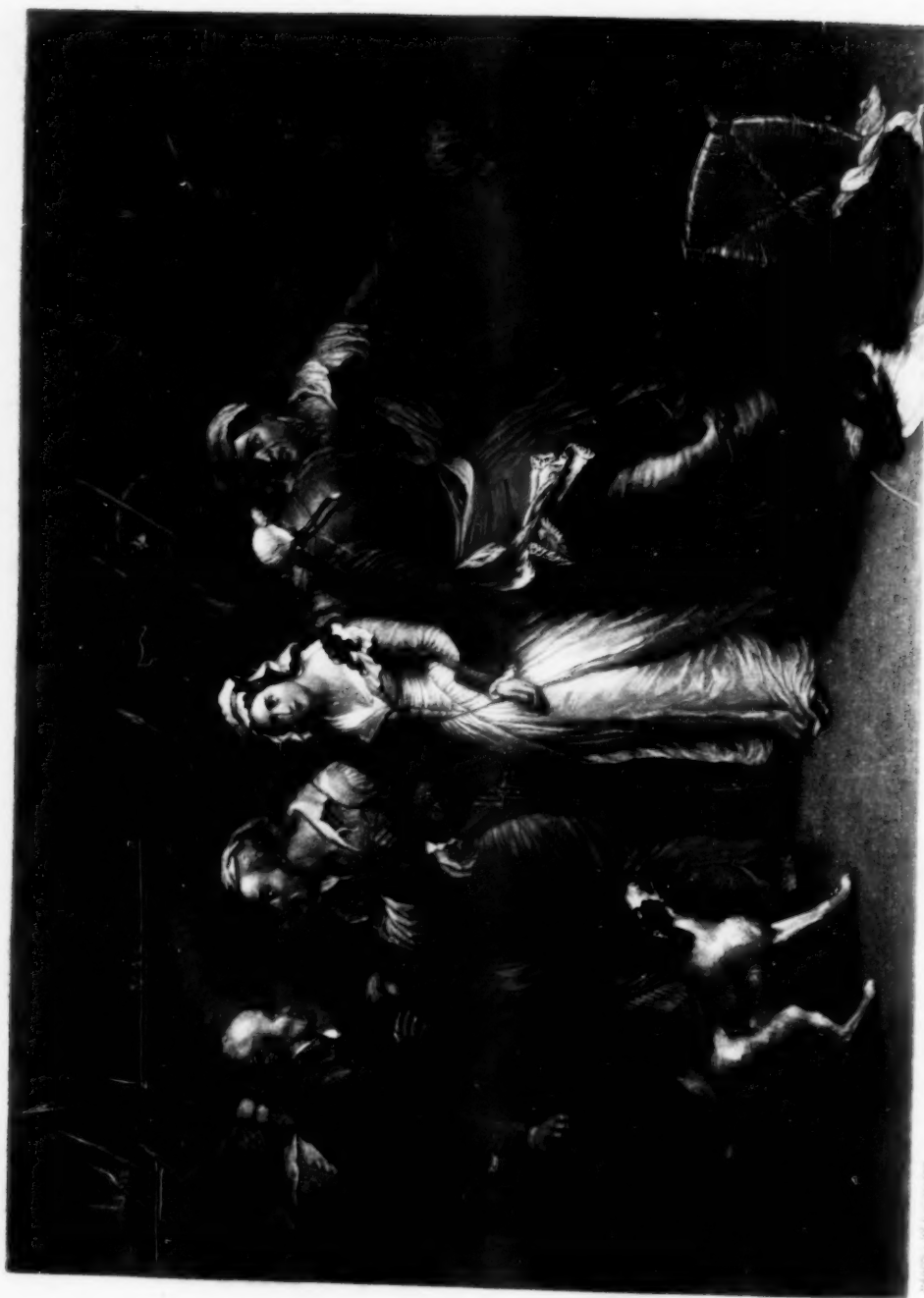
la, la, la, la, la; Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

p

f

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'A piacere'. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The piece concludes with a double bar line.



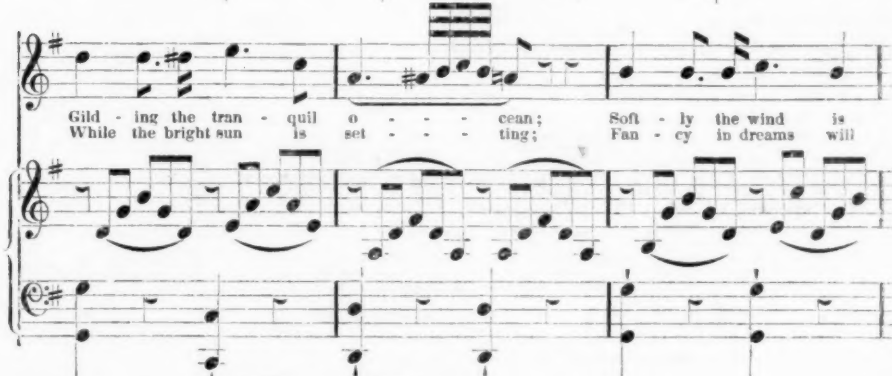
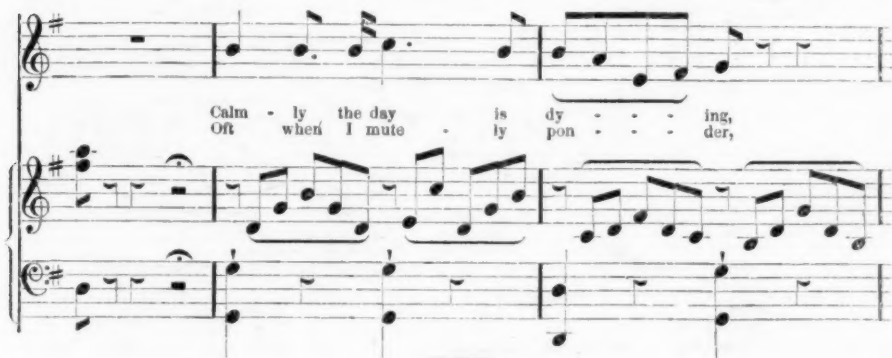
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. SANCHEZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. SANCHEZ

Calmly the Day is Dying.

Andante espressivo.

Written and arranged (from Bellini) by G. Linley.



CALMLY THE DAY IS DYING.

Wel - come this hour of pure plea - - sure, Wa - king the heart to de -
Where dawns a morn full of glad - - ness, Where I, past sor - row for -

vo - - tion, Ah! now, on those I trea - - sure, Sad mem'ry
get - - ting, Freed from all gloom and sad - - ness, Might find a

fond - ly loves to dwell, Sad mem'ry fond - ly loves
home of peace and rest, Might find a home of peace, peace to and

dwell.
rest.

EARLY LIFE IN THE CITY.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

IN a couple of previous papers I have endeavored to give my reminiscences of early life in the country, with a slight sketch of country matters in general. Let me pursue the thread of my existence in this paper, and give my first impressions of the city, and city life. I love, dearly love a great city. Think not, however, that all my previous rhapsodies on the country have been affected and sentimental. By no means. I love the country also, and perhaps the best.

"God made the country, and man made the town." But while I love the country, there is room enough in my heart for the city, for an infinity of cities, with their long dusty streets, and crowds of toiling men. We should always love God and his handiwork, but never to the forgetfulness of man and his; for man is the only visible image of God, and his works are the highest manifestations and embodiments of divine ideas.

Who does not remember in his juvenile days the delight, the wonder, and almost awe with which he beheld a great city for the first time? It was an epoch in the calendar of youth never to be forgotten, a day to be marked with a white stone. How the heart bounded, and the eye dilated, as journeying along the country road, which had been traversed a thousand times before, the miles lessened between one's home and the object of the day's travel. And when, like an immense cloud, heavy, and dark, and irregular, a wall of blue vapor on the rim of the horizon, the city first rose to view, with its tall steeples shooting above its mass of buildings, it was as if one had come back to the very gates of Eden itself. And if there was a toll-gate or two to be passed before one reached it, and the tollmen were surly, and change hard to be obtained, the excited imagination of the child easily filled up the surroundings and difficulties which stood like Fate before the portals of Paradise.

But perhaps it was at night that the city first met the eye. Then how wonderful and strange and fairy-like it appeared in the distance, with its myriad of lights, flickering in all directions—now lost, and now seen again, as a turn in the road changed the point of view. Or it may be that the

lamps were not lighted for moonlight. How soft and indescribably beautiful then the misty splendor which bathed the roofs of the houses, and the tall chimneys, and the trees in the streets, waving and swaying their shadowy images on the pavements. Here one would see a great space of light, a breadth of silver radiance, there a close gulf or wall of darkness. Life and Death were not closer wedded than light and shade, and the light and shade shifted their ground as the moon clomb higher and higher in the infinite chambers of air, as life and death shift theirs, till the city at last rested in one boundless sea of light and sleep.

There is and always will be a great charm in cities for the young and ambitious; a love of their lustre and excitement, which develop some of the best and some of the worst of man's manifold passions. Over all is "a light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud." Buchanan Read some years ago wrote a poem on the distant mart, a stanza or two of which come in here very appropriately. Speaking of the city at night, he says:

"And youths and maids, with strange desires,
O'er quiet homes and village spires
Behold the radiance grow;
They see the lighted casements fine—
The crowded halls of splendor shine—
The gleaming jewels, and the wine,
But not the woe!

"Take from yon flaunting flame the ray
Which glows on heads untimely gray,
On blasted heart and brain!
From rooms of death the watcher's lamp,
From homes of toil, from hovels damp,
And dens where Shame and Crime encamp
With Want and Pain!

"From vain bazaars, from gilded halls,
Where every misnamed pleasure palls,
Remove the chandeliers;
Then mark the scanty, scattered rays!
And think, amid that dwindled blaze,
How few shall walk their happy ways,
And shed no tears!"

True, Thomas, the city is full of sorrow and suffering, but you will never make Youth believe it, though you sing and preach till doomsday. To Youth you will be the knight of the sorrowful

countenance, and your warning will fall unheeded. Brave, brave Youth! Brave, brave city! Put the sorrow out of sight; we shall find it and feel it soon enough; away with it!

"What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly in the shade."

I shall never forget my advent, and the first few days, I may almost say years, of my city life. The most minute circumstance connected with it is indelibly impressed upon my memory. The heart of the child receives impressions, as if it were wax, with the lightest touch: the heart of the man is stone, and events must be deeply cut into it to remain. Time "writes his name in water." Sometimes in tears.

To keep up a little show of mystery, I will not name the city of which at the age of eight I became an inhabitant. Why need I name it? One city is as like another, in generalities, as two peas. Are not houses, houses, pavements, pavements, and men, men, all over the world? But it seemed to the child that there were no such houses elsewhere; no such dingy, black, moss-roofed dwellings; no such narrow lanes and streets; no such strange men, and such strange little boys as my playmates. The child knew not the charm of change and novelty, and the value of a fresh simple heart. The man would like to know it now. It would make the burden of life lighter, and would sow the void of sky with innumerable stars.

We lived in a small and neat, but very old house, at the north end of the city. In its earlier days, before the Revolution perhaps, it had doubtless been a cottage, and had stood apart by itself; but the city had grown up around it, and jammed it at last between a mass of flat walls, until it was nearly stifled for a breath of pure air, and nearly dead for a look at the free blue sky, and the white clouds. The roof was flecked with tufts of moss, matted and closely knit together, and of a most beautiful and vernal green. There was something to remind one of the country beyond, in those plumes of verdure. The shingles were very old, and very black; they had been drenched with the rains and snows of more than half a century. I clomb to the roof one day, and sat there in the deepest wonderment, carving my initials in sundry places with a broken jack-knife. I wonder where that knife is now, and whether my initials have been obliterated. They must be gone long ago.

The position of the windows in front and rear, the angle of the water-spout from the roof, the measurement of the butt beneath it, (for we had

no cistern there, the yard was so small,) the number of the flagging stones before the door, the old shed where my toys and playthings were heaped in confusion, and where I used to be monarch of all I surveyed—all these things are for ever impressed upon my mind. There is but little poetry in these enumerations, but little poetry, perhaps, and less art in anything so Flemish and commonplace; but the child does not know this, and will not know it at any price. The child will not suffer you to overcast

—"the hour
Of glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower."

I am not trying to *write* now, but to recall my childhood, and to recall the childhood of my readers. If I do that I shall be satisfied.

"The world is wide, these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are *all*!"

There was a kind of third or fourth rate hotel, or tavern, as we in our rural way used to call it, opposite our dwelling, which was always a source of wonder to me. What my ideas of a hotel like the Astor House would have been then, is inconceivable. Here was only a common hotel, a sort of overgrown boarding-house, and it filled me with rapture. The old sign swinging on the crane—it was one of those pewter mugs that always boil over with frothy beer—still swings in my heart. The drapery of the curtains in the parlor windows—I fear they must have been sadly worn and faded—is yet fresh and bright before me, and the plump maids who might be seen at all hours of the day, and late into the night, flitting about the kitchen, with sundry dishes, and towels which were always damp and brown, still scour and bake and wash, for moderate salaries, in the ordinary of my imagination. Somehow, we never forget the domestics of our early life, the old nurses and coachmen and butlers, which we never see in reality afterwards, but only read about in sketches like this, or in plays and novels which nobody ever thinks of believing. We only "make believe" believe them, and so lose half their interest.

The son of the landlord of this hotel was one of my play-fellows. I thought him then a very fine and smart fellow, probably because his father kept the hotel—I know of no other reason. Indeed, my general remembrance of him is that of a sneaking boy who used to steal my marbles, and lose my balls over somebody's fence next door; and once he broke a large window pane which was laid to me, the imputation of which pained me much, for I came in for a severe flogging from the

owner of the house, who came out in a rage at the accident.

Just below our house ran a winding street full of dock-yards, clothing stores, and sailor boarding houses. Hardly a house in it, for blocks around, but stands out sharply and distinctly in the landscape of my thoughts. It was a great pleasure to me to go up and down the spar-yards, and watch the carpenters hewing the long pine-trunks, and planing the half-made spars. In their dusty checked shirts, they seemed to me very picturesque. What labor was in reality I knew not; a few minutes' work with their planes and axes would have given the initiation which made me suffer so deeply in after years. Outside the yard, in the wide dock, the water was lined with timber, fastened in immense rafts just as it had come down the rivers of Maine, covered with seaweeds and snails. We boys made it one of our games to chase each other up and down the slippery logs, jumping over spaces of water that would frighten us to look at now. Many a time we fell into the mud, and were jammed among the rolling logs; but we heeded it not, unless we happened to disfigure and discolor the knees of our nankeen unmentionables: then our respected mothers had something to say about such sporting and carrying on! (Vide one's mother's last scolding!) But perhaps the great blacksmiths' shops gave me more pleasure than anything else. There was always something fascinating to me in the idea of working in fire, the first and most untamable of all the elements. Inside the wide doors, open summer and winter, I saw the swarthy sons of Vulcan limping about their anvils and forges, turning their "heats," and hammering away with their sledges on the skeletons of great anchors, long before this, perhaps, rusting on the bottom of the sea. The heavy sledges rose and fell with the regularity of clock-work, and the great anchors grew beneath their strokes. Around the doors were heaps and coils of chains, of all sorts and sizes, new and old, black and shining, or yellow with rust from the briny seas. The sparks flew around me, and the wind kept puffing out volumes of smoke, and volumes of smoke, cloudlike, rose into the sky above the forges. It was a strange and rare sight to the dreaming boy. The old smithy in Abington, with its wealth of horse-shoes and other country gear, sunk into unparalleled insignificance before it. The boy had begun to compare, and to underrate this past.

At the foot of the street in which we lived, was a small ferry which crossed the river to a little city on its other bank. How I loved that little outlet into the unknown world of land and

water. It was for a long time my "Pillars of Hercules," my "Ultima Thule." What lay beyond? The land seemed the same, the sea, the sky; but was it so? And the men and women on the other side of the unknown, what and who were they? "Humanity," says the man now; but the child could not, did not say so, so simple was he, and so strange his life in the noise, and whirl, and wonder of the city. Not till he crossed the ferry and mingled in the life beyond, did he understand it; and not till we cross the ferry of Death and mingle in the Life beyond, will we understand that mystery, and walk up the broad plains of Eternity with the pure white angels. Meanwhile we toil on the banks of Time, in sight of the dark river which we must soon cross.

But let me not forget the city school-house, a large three story brick building, in which some five or six hundred boys were supposed to be educated. That school-house was for a long time the dread and bane of my existence. I was always a fearful, nervous boy, with a feminine constitution, that shrank from any approach of physical pain; and the punishment which other boys only laughed at, not only melted me into tears, but left a shadow and a cloud on my mind long afterwards. I was never punished much, for I was generally perfect in my tasks, but the continual fear of the masters was always a source of unhappiness to me. All great school systems are necessarily faulty, and preposterous children are not made wiser, from committing to memory a certain amount of printed matter, from certain school-books, but by stimulating their minds by curiosity and kindness, both of which are discarded in large public schools and academies. Nor are the teachers so much to blame as one at first may imagine, for their duties are so multitudinous that they can hardly, unless they have the faculty of being everywhere at the same time, attend to the half that is expected of them. How in the name of common sense can two or three men educate, not properly, but at all, educate two or three hundred boys in any one branch of learning, let alone the half a dozen that are supposed to be, and professed to be taught in all large school establishments? The idea is absurd. They cannot, and do not attempt it; the greater part of their duties are deputed to monitors selected from the scholars at random, and equally neglected by them; in the first place, because they are still children, and do not love their tasks, and in the second place, because they cannot do what is expected of them. Between masters and monitors some little is taught, but for the most part children leave school no wiser than they entered

it. True, they have learned to read and cipher, and have acquired a slight knowledge of geography; but real knowledge and wisdom must come afterward, or not at all. The world and the boy's own heart must be his school and teacher when he leaves the school room and his well-thumbed and cordially hated horn books; otherwise he must be a dunce for ever.

Yet there is something pleasant, too, in a large school-room filled with boys, buzzing over their books, and whispering to each other slyly. It is pleasant to see so many children gathered in one place, doing their best, as many of them do, to become wise and learned. The hats and dinner baskets on the pegs, the slates in the long forms, the blotted copy-books, and the blackboards on the wall, cloudy with streaks of last year's chalk, and certain hieroglyphics which are supposed to represent numerals,—these are not without interest, especially to those who can find a fund of suggestiveness in common and familiar things. As much as I disliked my old school, I visited it last summer with a great deal of pleasure, and half wished that I was back again, even with my hard tasks and severe masters. Life is a harder task when one has grown up to manhood, and the heart and brain of the man a severer master. What have we learned, friends, since we left school for the world? Wisdom, or words?

But the Sunday school that I used to attend was more to my taste; my teacher was a fresh, genial, simple man, and very kind to his class. He must have been in tolerable circumstances, for it seems to me now that he must have spent a small fortune annually in the purchase of gift-books for us. Many a time have I gone home rejoicing with delightful stories of good children, and with childish histories of the Holy Land, and its martyrs and apostles. Blessings be on the head of my old teacher, and thrice blessed be all those who write children's books, and blessed be you above all others, dear Nathaniel Hawthorne, the king of all story tellers!

Our church must have been, it seems to me, Episcopal, for I distinctly remember its large organ, and the cherubims painted on the wall and dome. The pews in which we children sat were in the gallery, and were very deep, inasmuch that our heads were rarely visible over their tops. It was like going into a small alley to enter one. Yes, it must have been an Episcopal church, for I recall the old minister to my mind's eye, in his surplice and bands, a white-headed, thin-voiced old man on the verge of the grave. And the choir, and the loud, deep-toned

organ, how richly and beautifully do they linger in my memory. I have heard many choirs since then, and many organs,—even the deep sea roaring and sounding in storms,—but none that were so noble and heavenly as those of my childhood. Did the heart of the boy shed over the music a power and a spell which the heart of the man cannot? Or was the heart of the boy better and nobler than the world-tried heart of the man? But what was the music of voices and instruments, however divine, to the great bells which used to chime in the belfry an hour before morning and afternoon service, and at nine at night? Those glorious bells! they chime for ever in my heart! I heard them on the first morning that I awoke in the city, and they lulled me to repose on the last night that I ever slept in it. They were a part and parcel of my daily life for years, and the food and stuff of my thoughts. I used to hear them as I sat by my mother's knee on the Sabbath, and in a moment my fancy carried me back to the country that we had just left, and when I should have seen the streets, and the seaward flowing river, I saw an old homestead, with its woods and fields, and the little river behind the house, and the graveyard on the hill opposite; and methinks now that my mother must have seen the last two in her fancy, for when the dream broke with me, and I looked up into her face, her dark eyes were misty with tears, and her face was pale with sorrow. Those beautiful, rare old bells! they led me with their rich tones to the dim old church, which seemed then the very gate of heaven. They made me dream by day, and sleep by night, and I often heard them ringing in my sleep. I know not how it was, but they always reminded me of something sweet and pleasant over the sea, some home that I had left, some friend that I had lost. One of my school-books contained a poem by Tom Moore which seemed written for them. I learned it by heart:

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
Since I last heard their soothing chime."

Ring on, old bells! Ring for the service of God, and a merry peal over young hearts at the bridal altar, and ring merrier than all over the calm, pale, sinless dead, who slumber and rest in the green churchyard over which ye scatter your shower of sounds, your silver rain and cloud of melody; and when I am laid with them there, ring a peal over me as soft and solemn as the memories which ye stir in my heart of hearts—ye dear old bells of my childhood!

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE?

BY MRS. S. H. BRADFORD.

It was nearly midnight, and it was the night before Christmas. In a large and poorly furnished back room, in the second story of a house filled with many tenants, sat a pale but handsome *lady*, (for lady she was, though all around her told of poverty,) busily engaged in writing. She was carefully copying a law paper, by the light of one tallow candle; but while she diligently copied every word from one paper to the other without mistake or blot, she knew not what she wrote, for her thoughts were busy with other things and other scenes.

Sometimes she would stop writing for a moment, and press her hands upon her forehead and eyes, while the tears oozed slowly through the white and delicate fingers, from which all but the wedding ring had disappeared. Then wiping away the tears, she would again apply herself to her task. She did not know that all this time a pair of bright little eyes from the low trundle-bed were fixed upon her face, or that the gentle little one, who was lying awake there, was wondering what could be the cause of mamma's grief.

As the old town clock, which was near, slowly tolled the hour of twelve, the lady rose and left the room. And little Alice crept from the bed and followed her. She walked the whole length of the large, uncarpeted, unfurnished, and desolate-looking hall, till she reached the front window, which she threw open, and leaning out she looked long and earnestly up and down the street, for the bright moon shining upon the snow made it almost as light as day. Sometimes a footstep would be heard approaching the house, and the lady would draw in her head; but when it passed she would again lean out and look up and down the street. At length she closed the window, and heaving a deep sigh she turned to go back to her room, when for the first time she became aware of her little daughter's presence.

Starting, she exclaimed, "Why, Alice, darling, what are you doing here?"

"I saw you leave the room, mamma, and I came to see where you were going."

"But you should not do so, love; you will take a dreadful cold;" and taking the child up in her

arms, and laying her own thin cold cheek to hers, she carried her back and laid her in her little bed by the side of her sleeping brother, and resuming her seat at the table she again took up her pen.

"Mamma, are you not coming to bed? It is very late; I heard the clock strike twelve."

"I cannot come yet, darling; I must finish this writing before morning."

"But you get up so very early, mamma, you will have no sleep at all. Mamma, where is father?"

"I don't know, dear; you must not talk to me any more, or I cannot write."

When the paper was finished, the little bright eyes were still open, and so the mother came and laid herself down beside her little daughter on the low bed, and laid her cheek to hers.

"Mamma, tell me this: is it true, or have I only *dreamed* it, that we once lived in a beautiful house, and had pretty things, and you had people to work for you, and did not have to work so hard as you do now?"

"Yes, darling, that was so."

"Is not this Christmas Eve, mamma?"

"Christmas day has begun, sweet, and these little eyes should be closed in sleep."

"Well, just tell me this, mamma: did not we use to hang up our stockings on Christmas Eve, and did not you and papa put beautiful presents in them?"

"Yes, dear."

"Dear mamma, it is *very* different now. What makes the difference?"

The tears of the mother falling on her little one's cheek were the only answer to this question. It was one which the mother could not answer to her child.

Ah, what makes the difference in so many homes, once bright and cheerful?

What makes the difference in so many faces, once blooming with health and happiness?

What makes the difference in so many hearts, once filled with peace and joy?

Alice was too young to suspect the truth, but she saw that her question had caused her mother's tears to flow afresh, and she said no more.

When Alice awoke in the morning, though it was yet scarcely light, her mother was already up and busy about the room. Alice raised her head and looked into the large bed, and there she saw her father. He was sleeping heavily, and so he continued to sleep for a long time.

Alice arose, and dressed herself and her little brother, as she was accustomed to do, and then their mother gave them their simple breakfast; and having left all things in order, and something ready for her husband to eat in case he should wake and want it, she put on her hat and shawl, and taking the bundle of papers in her hand, she went out.

After she had been gone about half an hour, Alice heard a rustling of the bed-clothes, and looking up she perceived that her father was awake.

"Alice, where is your mother?"

"She has gone to take the papers home, papa."

"What papers?"

"Oh! I don't know, the papers she writes every night after we are all in bed."

"Does she write every night, Alice?"

"Yes, papa, whenever she can get any writing to do. She copies from one paper on to another, and last night I watched her a great while as she wrote. Oh, she wrote till long after twelve o'clock. Papa, what makes mamma press her hands over her eyes, and what makes the tears trickle down through her fingers?"

"Do they so, Alice?"

"Yes, papa; and last night when the clock struck twelve, she went to the front window of the long hall, and she looked up and down the street till we both got so very cold. Who was she looking for, papa?"

No answer.

"And when I asked her if we once lived in a beautiful home, and if we hung up our stockings on Christmas Eve, and had pretty presents, she said we did. But when I asked her '*what made the difference?*' she did not answer me, but her tears made my cheek all wet. Papa, will you tell me what makes the difference?"

It was very strange, Alice thought, that that

question should make both her parents cry—for her father was certainly sobbing now, with his face hid in the pillow, sobbing as if his heart would break.

The door opened and her mother came in.

"See here, Alice—see here, Willie," she said, in her subdued gentle voice, "I have brought you each a nice warm pair of mittens for a Christmas present."

"Oh, thank you, dear mamma; now we can play out doors without freezing our fingers!"

The father had now risen, and declining his wife's offer of breakfast, but in a kind and gentle tone, he took his hat and left the house. In a few minutes he returned, and saying to his wife, "Here, Agnes, is a Christmas present for you," he handed her a paper.

What was it that sent such a glow over the beautiful face of the mother, as she first raised her eyes in thankfulness to Heaven, and then threw her arms around her husband's neck?

Oh, there was a magic in that paper which all cannot understand.

It was a Temperance Pledge.

* * * * *

"Yes, Agnes, I have tried and tried, but it has been in my own strength. Now I hope in the strength of God, and with your prayers and counsel to aid me, that I may yet regain the place I have lost in the esteem and confidence of my fellow-men. Ah, when little Alice asked me '*what made the difference?*' I saw it all. The gratification of my own selfish appetite has brought us all, step by step, through sorrow and privation, to this wretched place where you should never be, dearest. No more copying of law-papers for you, Agnes. No more coarse fare and wretched clothing for the children. I know what I can do if I am true to myself, and I know now '*what makes the difference.*'"

He was true to his word and to his pledge. Ere long the family found themselves again in a comfortable home, and when the children asked, with wonder, "What makes the difference?" the father answered, "*The Temperance Pledge, my children.*"

BE STRONG.

HEART, with tumultuous tossings driven,
This thought for thy instruction take—
How stable are those stars in heaven
That tremble in the rippling lake!

A wavering hope may yet depend
On that which fails or wavers never;
Nor fully know, until the end,
Its strength—the Rock that stands for ever.

GOD IN DISEASE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

THE question touching the reason of the existence of evil has been discussed for many an age, and yet has been generally viewed in one or other of three ways. Let the reader ask why pain exists, and three answers will speedily be proffered. The first answer will declare that pain *is*, because man has offended God, and, through sin, is exposed to his wrath and curse. The second will affirm pain to be the natural result of certain agents on a nervous system, and an index, therefore, that a physical or moral law has been broken, but not that the Lawgiver has been offended. The third answer teaches that pain is the means which God employeth to *correct* the sinner, to lead him to reflection, to rouse him into sympathy, to urge him into fortitude; and because of these good ends by it effected, pain doth exist.

From pain, it is certain, there often issues a good *moral* effect. There is forced upon the mind, by the presence of disease and death, a conviction of the frailty of our bodies and the uncertain tenure of our life. The present, which in health is so absorbing and sufficient, loses its hold upon our heart in sickness. We perceive our nearness to the eternal state at every moment, and the wisdom of seeking now to obtain an earnest of the inheritance in heaven. Again, pain lowers the lofty tone, and softens the hard heart. Usually the mind is puffed up with pride; but let a few hours of sickness pass over us—let the weakness of an emaciated frame, the languor of protracted sleeplessness, or any acute pain be felt—how soon is the lofty spirit humbled and the boaster silenced. And, thirdly, through pain, sympathy and kindly feelings are excited and maintained. Expressions of solicitude for the patient are put forward, offers of assistance are made, old friendships are revived, and new ones are developed. And thus, by suffering, the noblest charities of our nature are exercised, and man is bound to man.

But, secondly, though we overlook the moral benefit of disease, we may still point to a class of beneficial effects—those bearing more especial reference to the physical structure. The first and most obvious purpose of pain, is to give us timely

warning of disease, and so to prompt speedy and effective measures for warding off the invasion which would otherwise sap the constitution. The doctor is summoned in time, and the patient is saved. A second purpose, served by pain, is to reveal, by its position, the seat of the attack, and, by its severity or character, the stage at which the disease has arrived. In this respect it is almost invaluable to the physician. And, lastly, it actually furthers the cure by restraining actions which the patient is tempted to perform, and yet which, if permitted, would produce most injurious results. Thus, if a man sprain his leg, and the parts become inflamed, he must cease to walk on it before he can get well. If the eye become attacked by ophthalmia, he must wear a shade, and give up reading. All this is proved by every-day experience; but men are naturally so impatient of all restraint, that, but for the pain, many persons could not be induced, by any moral consideration, to submit to the most trifling privation. But the suffering, that each indulgence is sure to entail, generally succeeds in constraining most men to act in a way consistent with their real interest.

The history of disease reveals many instances of the mercy of God. A man too much addicted to the pleasures of the table has been seized with fever. Mark the paleness of his visage, the twitchings of the mouth, the violent retching, the distressing nausea, and positive distaste to all kinds of solid food. How providential! Solid food, from complexity of composition and insolubility of form, requires to undergo changes before it can be taken up into the body, and these changes demand an expenditure of vital force. But little or no vital force can be spared while life is in danger; and, therefore, if food were introduced into the stomach, it could undergo no change, but would lie as a heavy mass, inconvenient from its weight, bulk, and tendency to corrupt. But reason has little control over most men, and so, right or wrong, the food would be swallowed, if this providential nausea did not prevent.

We pass on, and soon meet with a case of fainting—an event of every-day occurrence. Is it not lamentable, we ask, to see a man quitting

that erect posture wherein poets have placed our glory, and suddenly sprawling flat on the ground? But in this change of posture we discover another provision of a salutary kind. An attack of fainting occurs from many causes, but is *always* preceded by a reduction in the quantity of blood circulating in the brain. Now, so long as the patient preserves the erect posture, it must be obvious that the force of gravity acting upon the columns of blood that extend upward to the head, must have the effect of *diminishing* the quantity within the skull, and so of perpetuating the evil under which the individual is suffering; and if this state were to be protracted for a few moments, the consequences would be extremely dangerous, or even fatal. But as soon as the sick man falls down, the change of posture at once removes the force of gravity, and allows the fluids to return to that state of distribution which is necessary for the maintenance of the healthy functions of the brain.

We come to a third couch. Over the side half leans a man straining, or even vomiting. The doctor kindly advances, and, having seen the case before, whispers to us that it is a fit of the gall-stone, and that the vomiting is most providential; for the liquid bile which is stored in the gall-bladder is sometimes condensed into a stone too large to pass *through* the duct, but yet small enough to be floated *into* it by any strong current of bile which may be flowing towards the food. The pain is exquisite, for the muscular fibres which encircle the tube contract and hold the stone, as in a vise, between the sensitive inner surfaces. The stone can neither get forward, nor yet move back, till the patient is seized with an involuntary effort to vomit. This forcible emptying of the contents of the stomach produces a languor through the whole body, which, extending to the minute fibres of the gall-duct, unlocks the grasp in which the stone is held, and allows it to slip back into its former position in the gall-bladder.

From the cases mentioned, we may already infer that a painful affection, the result of disease, often preserves the body from more direful consequences. If a blow be aimed at one's head, he will instinctively put up his arm, and, at the expense of an ulnar bruise, will escape contusion of the brain: just so nature, or "God in disease," accepts for us the less pain to avoid the greater. Of this beneficent care, a further illustration is obtained from the history of pulmonary consumption. Of this complaint, the essential feature is the deposition in the lungs of tubercles of a morbid product which has no analogy with any of the constituent elements of the body. This bad stuff,

if circulated in the body, would occasion disease and death. But nature puts forth her arm and throws it off (by perspiration) upon the free or *aired* surface of the lungs, even as she throws off other bad stuff upon the surface of the skin. But as this latter stuff has still to be washed off with water, so the former must yet be swept off by air before the patient is safe. Still the deposition of tubercles is in itself the result of an effort to heal. However, if these tubercles are not swept off by the current of air, but increase in volume and hardness, they irritate the surrounding structures so as eventually to lead to the formation of ulcers, and the consequent destruction of considerable portions of the pulmonary tissue. This result is most dangerous. Formed for the purpose of depurating the blood by the simple process of exposure to the air, the lungs consist essentially of an enormous mass of blood-vessels, of texture the most delicate, to admit of the atmosphere taking effect through their walls. How, then, can any considerable extent of this spongy texture be removed by ulceration without the patient dying of hæmorrhage? Happily for mankind, such an accident is extremely rare. Were it otherwise, this complaint, even now so terrific from the *number* of its victims, would become still more so from the frightful *rapidity* with which it would hurry them to their graves. But, whenever the matter accumulates in any part to such a degree as to cause pressure on the adjacent tissues, the arteries that convey the blood in that direction become sealed up, and ultimately converted into a solid fibrous cord, so that no more *blood* can be carried through them; for, the sides of the vessel being forced together by the hardened tubercle, inflammation within the vessel is set up, and the opposite walls become glued together. It is for this reason that, when pathologists attempt to inject colored size into lungs that have been attacked by consumption, they find it impossible to force it beyond the limits of the healthy portion. Thus the tubercular deposit and the closure of the blood-vessels, although the effects of disease, and painful, are chosen by nature to avoid a more speedily fatal issue.

But another fact now claims our attention. We have hitherto only marked how nature, like a skilful general, parries impending total defeat by the sacrifice even of part of her forces. We have now to consider how, after partial defeat, she rallies, and repairs the loss. Let us take the case of a fractured bone. When such an accident takes place, the assistance of the surgeon is immediately secured, and the limb is put in a proper position for the bones to reunite; but, when

the surgeon has performed this duty, his work is at an end: it is the silent and unseen, but effectual operation of the living organism that must do the rest, and this is accomplished by an arrangement as beautiful as it is simple. A peculiar fluid is poured out in the immediate vicinity of the broken pieces of bone, which coagulates, and becoming organized, assumes the consistence of grizzle, and finally is converted into bone. In this process, there is adopted a contrivance analogous to what surgeons are accustomed to employ for giving support to the end of the fracture, only much more appropriate; for, while the surgeon adapts his clumsy splints to the side of the limb, and fills up the vacant spaces between the board and the integument with wadding or cushions, nature makes use of a circular ring, which invests the bone on all sides, and accommodates itself to its exact shape and necessities. Nor is this all.

There is another splint, if it may be so called, inserted into the hollow cavity of the *interior* of the bone, so as to increase its strength and stability, until the newly-formed portions have acquired sufficient firmness to need these artificial helps no longer. Both of these important securities—the external ring of osseous matter, and the internal deposit—remain a considerable time after the fracture has been satisfactorily united, because, whenever a tissue has been recently formed, it is deficient in consistence and tenacity; but, as the necessity for their continuance diminishes, they are gradually absorbed, until the bone is left in a condition similar to what it originally possessed.

Thus the aim of nature manifestly is to ward off from the body the blow of death, and to repair the ravages of disease.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Not amid sunshine, warm and bright,
Where nature revels in living light;
Not when the music of bird and bee
Is filling the air with melody;
Not when the busy world is rife
With the toil and the jar of human strife,
Mystical flower! dost thou unfold
Thy beautiful petals of white and gold.

But when the smile of the laughing day
Fades to the sadness of night away;
When mute lipp'd Nature sinks to rest,
Like a brooding dove in her downy nest;
When the rush of life is low and deep,
And the very winds have fallen asleep;
Thou, in thy beauty, unseen and lone,
Dost claim this hour as all thine own.

The praises won by the floral train
From the passing crowd, to thee are vain.
What carest thou for the love that glows
For the violet equally as the rose?
What carest thou for the breeze that sips
Sweets from a thousand perfum'd lips?
Or the indiscriminate sunlight's fall,
Or the bird, whose song is alike for all?

Such love is a worthless love to thee,
Who standest in virginal purity—
From the common throng a thing apart—
With the fragrance shut in thy rich, full heart;
With thy hidden glory, that only lays
Its splendor bare to the searching gaze
Of the eyes that deem it worth to wake
And watch through the midnight for thy sake.

When thine hour of lonely triumph goes,
And the sleepers rise from their dull repose,
They only behold thy withered stem,
Nor dream of the beauty unseen by them,
Nor know with what prodigal lavishness thou
(So pallid and ready to perish now)
Hast crowded into a few brief hours
The bloom and the breath of a thousand flowers!

And flowers of human growth there be,
Who may find their type of life in thee;
Who turn aside from the daylight glare
That the haunts of common natures wear;
Who close their ear to the charmed song
That lureth the careless crowd along,
And dwell in the shadow of thought apart,
To cherish the growth of a ripening heart.

The night of sorrow alone can bring
These buds to their perfectest blossoming:
For the spirit-dews of sorrow steep
Their leaves in an inspiration deep;
They claim not aught of the world's regard,
For genius hath ever its own reward,
As it shines in its consciousness of might,
Self-crowned with its own encircling light!

Like thee, the soul may be o'erwrought,
Till it sink with its burden of voiceless thought;
And heedless gazers may note its fall
As only the common fate of all;
Nor wot of the secret stores that lay
Wrapped up in the being thus passed away;
Nor dream that the life so quickly done
Concentred a wealth of lives in one!

THE POETRY OF COWPER.

BY AN ADMIRER.

As the character and peculiar circumstances of the poet affect the complexion of his productions, so the knowledge of these, on the part of his readers, will in many cases place them in a favorable position for appreciating what he has written. They behold the shadows which flit round the chamber of imagery from the point where the magician himself stands. They watch the beatings of that heart from which is heard the sigh of love, the loud lament of sorrow, or the lofty notes of passion. Or, to change the figure once more, they sit with the poet at his own fireside as favored guests, while, in his own voice, and with the accompaniment of his own expressive countenance, he sings his own song, or tells his own tale.

The great exception to this rule is in the case of the dramatic and epic poem. These *ought* not, at least, to bear the stamp of the author's individuality. In this kind of composition, the great art is to conceal the artist—entirely, if possible—while the various personages and events move along with all the life and truthfulness of an acted reality. The poet must no more appear in his drama, than the actor in his representation of it; otherwise, the illusion vanishes, and both poet and performer are hissed from the stage for attempting to deceive ineffectually.

The poetry of Cowper is precisely of the kind to which the sentiment adverted to applies. He is no dramatist; neither did he ever aspire to the lofty epic. It may be questioned whether he was capable of accomplishing anything in either of these departments. To us it appears that he was disqualified for both.

The dramatic poet, whatever his natural and appropriate character, (and this may be very varied,) must have the power of observing human nature in all its moods and phases, of passing through all those moods experimentally by aid of the imagination, and of embodying them in suitable forms of speech. He must lay aside his own individuality, while he actually personates in thought and feeling the individuality of others; not regarding the various personages and incidents of the drama as objective, but subject-

ive—entering into their very spirit, and for the time losing himself in the realization of the fiction which he elaborates from his own mind. Without this power there can be no great success in this, the highest department, perhaps, of poetic excellence.

It is this that makes a Shakspeare. Though called "sweet Will" by his contemporaries, and naturally of a quiet, placid disposition, we see at once that he had this wonderful power. Quick to discern the varieties of human character—utterly self-oblivious in his realization of them—he passes through them all subjectively; and hence the truth of expression and force of delineation with which he embodies them all. Whatever character may speak, there is truth in all that is uttered. Be it love or hatred, revenge or jealousy, rage or idiocy, that come before us in the poet's page, we never question whether they were genuine emotions that moved the poet's breast—not emotion strained after and caught at by dint of objective thought. When the poet sat down to write (no matter what, but say) "King Lear," for instance, he did not, as we imagine, endeavor to conceive how the abused monarch would speak and act under the influence of those bitter feelings of disappointment and anger, bordering upon madness, which the conduct of his daughters produced. No; but for the moment he was King Lear himself. He realized his very temper and position, and out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke. Hence the reality of the representation. And the same may be said of all, or nearly all, the characters in his various dramas.

Now this faculty was not the gift of William Cowper. He was always *himself*, and no one else. John Newton to him was John Newton, and Mrs. Unwin was Mrs. Unwin. He could feel for the slave, and write eloquently and most poetically upon the injustice of his wrongs; but he could not feel *as* a slave. Even in the supposed soliloquy of Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe, this deficiency of dramatic power is noticeable. The poet, in composing that, never realized Crusoe's circumstances—never for a moment was

Robinson Crusoe—on his lonely isle, with the "wide, wide deep" around him, and cut off from all communion with man. He was what he always was—William Cowper; straining through vacuity at that distant island, and laboring to conceive how Crusoe would speak in his solitary, sad position, were he to speak at all in regularly measured rhyme. The lines themselves are exquisitely beautiful, and highly poetic, but in no way dramatic. The whole is objective, and by no means calculated to deceive. In saying this we are not depreciating Cowper as a poet, but simply endeavoring, by ascertaining what he was not, to judge respecting what he really was, and wherein his poetic excellence consists.

Again: Cowper was no epic poet. Next to, if not side by side with, the dramatic, is the epic poem. When the theme is lofty, and the hero a great hero, and the tale well told, and the verse varied and harmonious, and the whole set off in the images of a pure and yet high imagination, nothing is more pleasing or elevating, nothing more worthy of a world's cordial reception. But every true poet even has not the power of sustaining the elaborate song. The world has only produced two epic poems of surpassing worth, and they are beyond all praise. The "Æneid" is but the Latin reflex of the "Iliad," and therefore we leave it out of the list. But these two, the "Iliad" and "Paradise Lost," "mankind will not willingly let die." Cowper had not the compass of mind to conceive any such poem, nor the skill to carry it into execution. It must strike every careful reader of his poems, that he was not in the habit, and perhaps had not the power, (except in a didactic manner,) of following out a systematic plan—of building up the fabric of the thought into a grand and consistent whole. Although he sings—

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which poets only know."

his poetic pains are limited to the transition from one passage to another, and to the details of composition; not to the elaboration of a great idea poetically conceived and expressed. He did not seem to aim at this. It was beyond his power. Perhaps his religious frame of mind unfitted him for it. However accounted for, it is evident that his was not the order of mind to conceive of any great poetic truth and embody it in epic song.

In other circumstances, perhaps, than those in which he wrote, he might have produced poems of a higher order. He was the subject of great melancholy. His sun shone through clouds. The shadow of another world partially, and at times completely, eclipsed it. Shrouded in such vapors,

his genius was never seen in its true native splendor. Some beams, however, did by fits pierce through, and enlightening, cheering, warming beams they are. No one can be acquainted with his history and writings, without loving and yet pitying the man. We know no spectacle of pity so sad as that of this sensitive soul, wasting itself away in a struggle with doubts and fears which coil closer and closer around him, until death alone opens an outlet. And then, to heighten our feeling of pity, so kind and warm a soul—so full of love to all living and even lifeless things. The harmless hare finds protection under his roof:—

"One sheltered hare,
That never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man exulting in her woes;
Innocent partner of his peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of his care
Had made at last familiar."

And how his heart flows out in sympathy with universal nature. His description of the poet's pastime is a faithful picture of himself:—

"From all he sees he catches new delight,
Pleased fancy claps her pinions at the sight,
The rising or the setting orb of day,
The clouds that flit or slowly float away;
Nature in all the various shapes she wears,
Frowning in storms or breathing gentle airs,
The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,
Her summer heats, her fruits and her perfumes,
All, all alike transport the glowing bard."

How genuine, too, and how universal his philanthropy. Man—man in all forms and classes, and of whatsoever color—finds a place in his heart. At a time when slavery was legalized, and before agitation against the slave-trade had become fashionable, how bravely does he blow the trumpet of indignant remonstrance, and how successfully rouse the nation to wage a ceaseless warfare against the monster evil!—

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me—to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake—for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned!
No! dear as freedom is—and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price—
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him!
We have no slaves at home! then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our country, and their shackles fall!
That's noble! and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire! That where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too!"

And yet, philanthropic though he was in the wider sense, his was not that order of philanthropy which abjures patriotism. It is charity beginning at home; and a true charity it is; it suffers long and is kind—bears all things—hopes all things—endures all things. Who has not felt a patriot's spirit while listening to his patriot song?—

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still—
My country—and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy climate
Be sickle—and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost—
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines—nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task!
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there!"

How sad that one thus gifted, with an eye to discern all loveliness, whether natural or moral, and a heart to love it, should be so much the subject of a sadness bordering upon despair. Who knows what he might have been—what energy he might have put forth in song—what great poem he might have produced—had not his course thus run through shadows as of night?

At the same time the admission must be made, that even his melancholy was not without its poetic advantages. He grew more loving and tender to others, perhaps in consequence of the dark and distressing view he took of himself. For his was not the melancholy of a haughty spirit—such as moves the heart of the philanthropist; but the melancholy of a soul humbled at its own littleness and impurity when tested by its own standard of perfection; the melancholy of a spirit which thought itself unworthy of future blessedness, and pined at its misconceived destiny. Even this state of mind has its poetic aspect and its poetic influence. It softened and subdued, and was in part the fountain of that pathos which so often melts the heart of him who listens to the sighings of the Poet of Olney. Indirectly, too, it worked for good. Unfitting him for active duty in the busy world, it made him retiring and contemplative; and eventually led to that quiet industry which completed the "Task" and other poems. Let us be thankful that so much good was brought out of evil.

How varied, and yet how evenly good are the productions of our poet! "Table-talk," "The Progress of Error," "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," "Expostulation," "Conversation," "Retirement,"

"The Sofa," "The Time-piece," "The Garden," "The Winter evening Walk," "The Winter morning Walk," "The Winter Walk at Noon," "The Review of Schools," together with smaller pieces, such as hymns, odes, stanzas, and ballads—such are the varied subjects on which he dwells. And yet you can seldom find an unmeaning or common-place line; never an uninteresting page. Even tried by couplets and single lines, Cowper will bear comparison with many who have, perhaps, been judged of more favorably. "There is more poetry," says Sir J. Mackintosh, "in many single lines of Cowper than in volumes of sonorous verses, such as those of Akenside." Take the following as a specimen of poetic power within the compass of a few lines, if not of a single one. Speaking of London, he says—

"There, touched by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected beauties. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone;
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips."

Speaking of London as the place where the telescope was first made in perfection, he says—

"Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disc,
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots,"

Speaking of the Jewish women in the days of Isaiah, he says—

"Her women insolent and self-caressed,
By vanity's unwearied finger dressed."

This last is one of Sir James's "single lines, so poetically expressive;" and a little before we have another equally so—

"Adultery neighing at his neighbor's door."

Again, speaking of the Israelites in the desert, he says—

"For them the rocks dissolved into a flood,
The dews condensed into angelic food;
Their very garments sacred—old yet new—
And Time forbid to touch them as he flew."

But it is unnecessary to quote more: the poems of Cowper abound in such lines. Indeed, sometimes the reader passes them over without sufficient notice, because they are so frequent, and at the same time so expressive. As in the case of some of Robert Hall's best figures, we forget the figure in the clear conveyance of the thought through its medium.

"Most readers," it has been observed, "judge of a poem by pieces—they praise and blame by pieces; it is a common practice." The critic is undoubtedly correct in this statement; while there

are many readers, there are few students of poetry. By the great majority a book is treated according to its superficial merits. If it strikes at first sight; if by turning over the pages carelessly, the eye may light upon pleasing passages here and there; the stamp is set upon it, and it passes for sterling metal. Certainly this is one way of testing poetry—and some poems will bear no other. It is a kind of test, however, that never suits a truly great poem, which must be viewed as a whole to be viewed aright, and must therefore be read and re read, and actually made a matter of study. How many have read Milton in this superficial way, and praise him; how many have failed to study, and therefore, though they praise, cannot appreciate. Now Cowper is not Milton, nor in any sense like him—saving that in his blank verse he has caught the echo of his rhythm and cadence more successfully than any other writer, not even excepting Wordsworth. He is not a great poet, in the proper sense of the word, but a pleasing and instructive one. We do not say that to study him would not be profitable; but he is so didactic and plain that he may be appreciated without. There is no need for mental effort to comprehend his meaning; and there is no poetic oneness in any of his pieces that summons the mind to a task in endeavoring to comprehend the whole.

And it is this circumstance that makes Cowper a favorite with so many. True, there are other qualities, without which this would not be sufficiently attractive to make him popular. With the pure-hearted and good, his piety and moral loveliness is his grand charm; with others, his simplicity and love of truth; with others, his love of liberty, and high-souled philanthropy; with others, his hatred of injustice and wrong; but with all, the rapid change of topic and illustration—his quick passage from one lovely or interesting theme to another—is the great source of allurements. Many of his poems are nothing more than a succession of varied pictures, each of which might stand apart from the rest, without great detriment to the whole.

It is no disparagement of them, however, to say this. Where shall we be able to find such a gallery of portraits and pictures as those which are contained in the "Task," drawn with such an air of freedom, so highly finished, and so richly baptized in the hues of heaven? How calm and Claude-like some of his landscapes. How Raphael-like, and at times how Hogarthian, some of his portraits; and now we have the rosy roundness of a Rubens, and now the dark etching of a Rembrandt.

In the preceding remarks we have regarded mainly the more lengthy productions of the poet's muse. Before we turn to the other and minor pieces, we must not omit to notice one or two short poems, which, although standing apart from, might have been included in them. They might have been introduced into the "Essays" or the "Task" without any impropriety, manifesting as they do the same characteristic excellences. The lines on the receipt of his mother's picture is one of these—so overpowering in its pathos, and so complete a development of the natural sensibility of the man.

Little need be said of Cowper's "Hymns." They are in constant use among many, if not all classes of Christian worshippers. Inferior in point of number to those of Watts and Montgomery and others, they equal them at least in poetic excellence. With some exceptions, they are of the plaintive kind, the outpourings of his own saddened but not undevout heart. There is nothing fictitious in them—no straining after a devotional feeling not actually cherished. In them, as in his other poems, he evinces his sincerity—speaking out that, and that alone, which moved his own soul. Indeed, most of his hymns might be illustrated by passages culled from his letters, with which they completely accord in sentiment. Never was there a more devout worshipper than Cowper. He prostrated himself before his Maker, as if it became a part of his being to do so. It was with him no secondary duty, no occasional homage; he lived in it, and found it bliss. In most of his writings, whether prosaic or poetic, we discern the spirit of the worshipper. From whatever quarter he starts, his resting-place is ever the same—the bosom of his God.

The "Castaway," the last product of Cowper's muse, is a melancholy termination to the poet's career. The stanzas are founded on an anecdote in Anson's voyages, which he had not read for many years. Remembering the poet's circumstances—how he was laboring under the gloom of the darkest distemper that ever afflicted man, how death was waiting for him at the door to release him from the clouded chamber of despair—we cannot but be struck with the wonderful pathos which could find an utterance in such a moment.

Who does not wish that he had been near to give him a helping hand? Who does not wish, rather, that the buoyancy of faith had been given him in that sad, billowy heaving of the mind, whereby to rise above and float upon the surge, to the haven of peace?

It is a relief to turn from this piece to the hu-

morous effusions of the poet's pen. What a contrast is there between "The Castaway" and "John Gilpin;" the "Lines on his Mother's Portrait" and the "Colubriad;" the "Address to Mary" and the "Report of an Adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books." The same kind of contrast, however, is observable between some passages of his larger poems. They are examples of the variety already referred to as characteristic of his productions—sometimes tender and plaintive, sometimes humorous; sometimes sublime, sometimes fanciful; sometimes overwhelming in pathos, sometimes crushing or scathing in satire.

Much might be said, if our space permitted, of the influence which Cowper exercised over the poetry—and even more than the poetry—of his age; of the many ways in which, though dead, he yet speaks to the country which ranks him

amongst the number of her best men and purest poets; of the beneficial moral tendency of nearly all that he wrote; and of the great religious good which has been effected by his writings. It is his honorable distinction (would that the general character of English poetic literature robbed him of the honor) never to have written anything that could excite an indignant blush on the cheek of modesty, or gratify the prurient tastes of a polluted spirit; and that not a single line of his (on this score at least) needs to be blotted out.

Sad at heart, he nevertheless could so far divert his thoughts from himself as to benefit his race; melancholy in his own mind, he sought to instruct, purify, elevate the minds of others. The poet of the heart, of conscience, of nature, of religion—such is the lofty and lasting distinction of William Cowper.

THE LOST CHILD.

ALL day the snow was falling, and the meadow tracks were lost,

And the spray on tree and hedgerow was leafy with the frost,

And the cottages seem'd nestling for shelter in the snow.
And the heavy teams pass'd noiseless on the dim roads to and fro,

And cheery, flickering firelight shone red in hut and hall,
And the moonbeams, cold and silvery, were resting over all.

'Twas then a weary traveller, with a weary way to roam,
And troubled look, and lagging pace, toil'd on to reach his home.

The hasty hours had hurried their darkness o'er the child,
And his young heart it failed him, alone upon the wild;
And then the night grew fitful with stormy gusts of snow,
And threat'ning clouds across the moon would darkly come and go.

And on, it seem'd for ever, stretch'd out the dreary waste;
And now, with sudden fear, he ran, all stumbling in his haste,
And now, in utter hopelessness, stood still to sob and cry,
Or listen for the sounds that swept with the wild wind whistling by,

Or peer on all sides to make out his father's little cot,
And oftentimes see it in the snow, to go and find it not;

Till, by a black crag on the moor, he sank and could not rise,
Or cry, or open more his tired, filmy eyes,
But, like an infant hush'd upon its mother's breast,
Asleep in careless innocence and plenitude of rest,
He gather'd close together each senseless little limb,
And with a glow of death sank gently over him.

Then came a change: light music stole sweetly o'er his sense,

And all his body seem'd to own its magic influence,
And shrink, and shrink, till smaller than his little finger's size;

And strange, unearthly light broke in upon his eyes:

It was not of a candle, and it was not of the sun,
Or the frail and silvery lustre of mortal moonbeams span.

It shone upon a pathway, cut in the rugged stone,
All trim and neat for fairy feet to lightly pass upon;
And, fairy in his stature, but perfect as before,
He went until he came to a tiny, open door,
All gothic, brazen-studded, and opening either way,
Whence shone the light so wondrous bright, and came the music gay.

And on he pass'd, till underneath a hall of stately height,
Broad, pillar-props, with marble floors, and costly work bedight,

And starr'd about with twinkling lights that swung in golden bands,
(Such fairy scene was ne'er, I ween, the work of mortal hands.)

And forms of lightest frame and mould came flocking all around,

And eyed the child with wondering looks, and his traveller's weeds unbound:

And ask'd him, in melodious speech, of his way, his friends, his home,

And led him onward through the length of the lofty entrance-dome

To a little inner chamber, where, on a snowy bed,
With pitying hands they laid him, and pillow'd soft his head,
And rubb'd his chilly limbs, all stiffen'd with the cold,
And gave him food in vessels of amber and of gold.

And then it seem'd he slumber'd, and all around did wane,
Till came in dreams about him his cottage-home again,
And his father stood beside him, and his mother wept and smiled,

And stroked his hair, and call'd him "her own dear darling child!"

And in his dream he started—and strangely it did seem,
The vision was the substance, and all the rest a dream

THE DYING CHILD.

A FAMILY SKETCH.

BY REV. T. T. LYNCH.

THE nursery of a Christian home is a holy and beautiful place, although friends who look in at an unhappy moment, as well as mothers, for whom it is not just a trim green-house, but a busy domestic workshop, sometimes see things there neither Christian nor beautiful. But as we prefer to turn ourselves towards what is bright when we can, that when what is dark turns itself towards us we may be able to bear it, we will enter Mr. Eldern's nursery at a good hour, first, however, telling you who Mr. Eldern is. He is one of those men whose presence in your house (unless he has come to dine with you on a gala day!) is a sign of evil, though it be also happily a token for good.

Mr. Eldern is a surgeon; and one of those for whom the work of healing is a work of love. He is, besides, a country surgeon, and though at the time of which we write, it was thought, and thought correctly, that his money income was not so great as the lawyer's or the builder's, it was known to all that no man in the town had a bigger income of love and respect. If the laborer is worthy of his hire, he is worthy of a good deal more than his hire: and if he does not get the hire that is his due, it is comforting to know that he gets, which is not always the case, that better part of his reward—just esteem. But we must come to the nursery, or Mr. Eldern will be there before us, for his horse has just stopped, of its own accord, at the garden gate. This nursery is a large airy room, and the windows look forth into a large airy garden, where now you may see clumps of evergreens with scattered snow on them. It is a day of the early winter, and the short afternoon is closing. Mrs. Eldern sits between window and fire, her infant on her knee, its head of course upon her bosom,

"That tender rest for tiny head
With every softness furnished."

Candles are not yet lighted, but the fire flickers brightly, as well as crackles cheerfully, seeming, indeed, sedately conscious of its own importance,

yet far more pleased with the acceptableness of its services, than with itself for rendering them. Tea is on the table, and around it are seated three elder children. As the mother now gives her tiny darling some soft baby nourishment, the other children lean towards her to watch its eager, animated face. The gusts of wind are certainly louder than they were, and a fresh snow shower is sweeping against the window. We all hear this, and so Mr. Eldern opens the door unheard, and enters with his hat on, and his riding whip in his hand. His face ruddy with the firelight, he stands in silence, looking first at the group, then at something beyond it, and then at the group again, his eyes evidently so interested, that he is in no haste to use his tongue. And now he holds up his finger for silence, for he is no longer unperceived. Behind the mother, stretched on a little couch, is a boy of ten years. His face is very pale and thin, but his eyes are full of strong and pleasant life. This is Thomas, and it is he who has first seen papa. In another minute Mr. Eldern breaks the silence by saying to his wife, pointing to the children as he speaks, "These wait all on thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season."

Of course the wife looks up, and of course the children (except Thomas, poor fellow) *jump* up, with exclamations as loud as they are joyful. A child's joy is naturally loud, and though children's noises must be moderated, and sometimes with what they think undue strictness, yet they must by no means be quelled. As for Mrs. Eldern, she thinks as she hears her husband's words, though she does not say so aloud, "Beautiful words; the sick wait on you, our children on me, so should we all wait on our Father in heaven, who gives us both meat and medicine, and many gifts besides." What Mrs. Eldern does, after due welcome, and when the children have with hubbub enough enjoyed their first course of kisses, is, dispatch Mary, the eldest girl, with some domestic messages occasioned by her father's arrival. One more special kiss and she is gone.

"Well, Thomas," says Mr. Eldern, going up to the couch, "and how are you?"

Thomas says he is tired, but not worse.

"Tired, how is that?"

The soft little voice of the second girl, Eliza, who is now standing with her hand in Mr. Eldern's, answers for him.

"He is tired with watching, watching for you, papa dear, he stood at the window till it was dark."

Poor Thomas, this watching was a ripple of joy rising above the quiet surface of his uneventful happiness, for happy he was, though "sick unto death." From the nursery window, portions of the road could be discerned along which Mr. Eldern usually returned home, and there was at least once or twice a week a half hour's family watch kept for him and his horse. When Thomas was well enough, he always took his post at the window, and then often were the words heard, "Oh, don't stand before Thomas, let Thomas see." On these occasions there was much discussion as to who should keep watch to the right and who to the left, for the road stretched both ways, and sometimes after all, Mr. Eldern returned home through a back lane; but when the watching was successful, and the cry raised, "There he is," "There's papa," all faces were eagerly turned the same way, waiting the moment when Mr. Eldern would be hidden by the trees. And now the task was to keep silence, that his gallop might be heard as he entered the shrubby walk leading to the hall door. Mary being the eldest, was "peace officer" on these occasions. And sometimes almost angrily she would say, "Eliza, do be still;" or, "Samuel, now be quiet;" but in vain. But when Thomas put his hand on his little sister's head, and said softly, "Eliza dear, hush!"—then there was no sound but breathing, and patience was soon rewarded.

We have now introduced the reader to the nursery and its tenants, we will therefore just accompany the parents to their dinner, see the children at their tea, indulge in a brief meditation, and then proceed with the incidents of our little sketch.

When Mr. Eldern has talked awhile with Thomas, he leaves the room to prepare for dinner. The children are now at tea, and the infant in his cradle. Mrs. Eldern stands by the fire, waiting her husband's re-entrance, looking, however, every minute or two towards the cradle. The infant moves: his mother hoped he had been sleeping; and falling asleep he is, but he has stretched out his little naked hand and grasped the cradle's

side. The mother comes to him, stoops down and looks at him earnestly, and, as she looks, un-awares a dewy mist fills her eyes, for these words occur to her—"grass that withereth before it groweth up." What if it should be with this little Joseph as it has been with Thomas? But another look at the healthy, rounded arm of the child somewhat reassures her—she strokes it gently, and remembers the motto of the Eldern family, "In hope, our peace." Mr. Eldern now enters, we descend with them to their neat, bright dining-room, and return.

Thomas is still on his couch, his tea on a little table beside him. This table was his father's workmanship, for Mr. Eldern has much handicraft skill. It was bordered, at the child's desire, with pictures representing Scripture stories; and Thomas says, that when wakeful at night, he raises himself on his elbow and looks a little at these, and that when he sleeps afterwards, they make his dreams pleasant. The other three children seem now as busy with merriment as they are with bread and butter; and in the mother's place, by the fireside, sits the servant, Hannah, sewing diligently.

Of the early days of Thomas Eldern little need be said. He was a well-formed child, and grew like a flower whose increase, though daily, is but noticed now and then. When his mother made him a "little coat," or when a friend visited the family, then only was it remarked that his stature was becoming taller, his limbs stouter, his features more full and handsome. He was mostly merry, yet sometimes cross, and had indubitable marks on him—as what child has not?—of inherited evil; but when the cloud of his fault was breaking away, the sweet, divine bow of childish innocence shone out so brightly, that his parents were comforted, and took courage. It was about his fourth or fifth year that an internal weakness began to produce an external withering away. And shortly after this, he had one of those falls which sometimes occur in families, a fall which produced lasting injury.

It is wonderful that children who fall not seven times, but seventy times seven, and are in harms every day, should be so seldom hurt seriously with their many disasters. But so it is, and such cases as Thomas Eldern's are comparatively rare. He drooped slowly but steadily. We have introduced him in his tenth year, and the eleventh was the last of his life.

It was a custom at Mr. Eldern's house for each of the children to repeat in the morning a portion of Scripture, or some hymn, chosen by their mother, and the plan was this. When all was

ready for family worship, the child whose turn it was went to the foot of the stairs and rang the study bell, then waited till Mr. Eldern came, gave the morning kiss, and taking his or her hand entered then the breakfast room, where, in the presence of the assembled family, the portion was repeated. As long as Thomas was able to take his turn in waiting, nothing pleased him better than this "morning exercise." And he said, he thought when his father placed his hand on his head, that helped his memory. When unable to run about, or even to walk, except now and then, he was brought down on his little couch and placed by the fireside, or near the window, to repeat his verse or hymn. At this time, he slept in a little room communicating with his mother's chamber. One night, as he lay awake, hearing him move about, she came to his bedside and said, "Thomas, do you want anything?"

"No," said he; and then added, "How strange!"

"What is strange?" said his mother.

"Why, I was just wishing that God would send an angel to talk to me, and you came—you are the angel."

"I wish I was, for your sake," said she.

"You are as kind as one," said he; "perhaps a real angel would frighten me; you are my guardian angel."

"You have a better guardian, Thomas, than I, and I am sure a guardian angel would not frighten you."

"Not if it had blue eyes," said Thomas, as his mother stooped to kiss him and bid him good night again, "because then it would be like you."

The child was wise in his simplicity. Our mother, or sister, or wife, by the bedside, is indeed as a ministering angel. When we lie sick, carefully curtained round with silence, the whispered voice and the gentle step, how they refresh and assure us. The influence of this kind presence, that so tenderly moves about for us, is comfortable as a soft fragrant wind of spring.

The next morning, Thomas, after repeating a hymn, said he should like also to repeat a verse he had thought of in the night, altering the words a little to make them true of his mother. So he said, "When thou goest, *she* shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, *she* shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, *she* shall talk with thee." His mother smiled, and Mr. Eldern repeated the words as they stand in the book of Proverbs. This led to some pleasant talk on God's special love and care for those who obey him. And though Mr. Eldern then said something on the happiness of those children who feel they have a Father in heaven when their earthly father and mother

have gone from them, which made Mary and Eliza look very sad, because they could not bear the thought of living without their parents, yet they were soon comforted, and the breakfast was an unusually pleasant one. So a shower passing, leaves the sky more blue.

Mrs. Eldern taught her children to treat all living creatures kindly, and to watch them with interest as the workmanship of God's hands, provided for by his carefulness. This will account, perhaps, for some questions Thomas asked her one day when the spring came. He was reading to her, lying near her work-table. On the table was a glass of water containing a rosebud, which had just been brought from the garden. In the book there had occurred some remarks on the Divine presence and operation in the world. And when he paused in his reading, after gazing some time earnestly on the rosebud, he looked up at his mother, and said, "Is God in this rosebud?"

Mrs. Eldern stooped towards the flower, and saw that he was particularly looking at a curious green creature that had just come from its centre, and was now walking on the edges of its leaves. She looked at this, and then again at him.

"I was thinking," said he, "how wonderful it is that God can take care of a creature that lives hidden in the midst of a flower."

"It is indeed wonderful," replied his mother. And then taking a glass from her work-box, together they examined the insect, and spoke of its habits, and of the grand but simple lessons of natural theology.

"Do you think mamma," said Thomas presently, "that our Saviour ever plucked flowers as he walked along? He spoke of the lilies of the fields."

"Very likely, indeed," answered she.

"And if he had seen a green creature like this on one of them do you think he would have noticed it?"

"I have no doubt he would," said his mother.

"Then I love him all the more for that," exclaimed Thomas, earnestly.

When younger, he had often asked, as almost all children do, strange questions. As once, he wanted to know what became of the chariot of fire that took Elijah to heaven, and then after thinking a little while said, "Perhaps it went out." "Went out!" thought his mother, "what does he mean?" And then she remembered that the chariot was of fire. So she said, "Perhaps it did. But this we know, that Elijah got safe to heaven. And young children may go there as well as such holy men as he, for Christ, who did not need a chariot to take him into heaven, but went up of his own power, will take care of them if they are

his. We do not see them as they travel away, so we cannot tell how they go, but we are sure it is safely and happily.'

As the spring months went on and the summer ones followed, Thomas daily became weaker. When unable to walk much, he used often, on fine days, to stand at the window and watch his sisters and brother playing in the garden. One summer afternoon, as he thus stood, there came on a shower. He watched the children run into a summer-house, and then went back a little from the window, and lay down upon his couch. Mrs. Eldern soon entered and closed the sash. As she did so, Thomas said, "Oh, mamma, you have spoilt my music." "Your music, Thomas?" "Yes," said he; "open the window again a moment." She did so, and after listening awhile, said, "I hear nothing but the rain." "That is it." "The rain, Thomas? The fresh smell it brings is very pleasant, if you please." "And the sound of it too," said he; "it makes such a soft sound upon the broad vine-leaves." Mrs. Eldern listened again a moment, and as she shut the window, she said, "It certainly is a very pleasant sound, Thomas." Presently, when the rain abated, they looked out again together, and Mrs. Eldern said, "How numerous, Thomas, are these rain-drops, that give the earth fruitfulness, yet each gives its little gift; and so the kind words of God in the Scripture are numerous, but each is a word of life."

That evening, as she and Mr. Eldern were seated at the same window, there fell one of those very gentle and transient showers that sometimes occur on still summer evenings. First, a large cloud darkened the twilight, then the shower fell, and then all was clear again. Mrs. Eldern remembered the conversation of the morning, and repeated it to her husband.

"The boy is like this summer evening cloud," said he, "and a gentle rain of piety is falling from him on his sisters and brothers."

The parental love of the Elderns was peculiarly equitable, and instead of slighting the other children on Thomas's account, they really loved and valued each the more, for his sake. Once when a friend had spoken of him as the "little favorite," Mr. Eldern said, "Do not mistake, I will tell you how it is. The children brought in one day a drooping lily, the stalk of which had been bruised. They gave it water, watched it quite tenderly, and it opened in the sunshine, and bloomed beautifully for a short while. And when it died, they said they had never known how very beautiful a lily was, till they had nursed this, and now they loved all lilies for its sake. So if it was a 'fa-

vorite,' its brother and its sister flowers were yet the more favored on its account. And thus it is with our Thomas."

One very bright day this summer, Thomas was sitting near a flower-border under the shade of a tree, and Mary was with him with a book in her hand. The bees were working busily, and he said, "Mary, if I were not a little boy, I should like to be a bee." "A bee," cried Mary laughing; "if you were, you must have a sting remember, Thomas." He looked grave a moment and then said, "I should not mind that, I would only use it when wicked insects wanted to rob the honey."

Mrs. Eldern now appeared at the garden gate on her return from the village, and Mary ran towards her, crying, "Thomas wants to be a bee! Thomas wants to be a bee!" "I do not *want* to be a bee, Mary," said he; and then he repeated what he had said. His mother asked why he liked bees so much. He answered, "Because their work was such beautiful work, and such useful work; they loved flowers, yet they did not waste their time in looking at them, but get out the honey." Mrs. Eldern said, this was very instructive, and so she sat down and talked of what may be learnt from bees. At last, taking up his Bible, which was lying by him on the grass, she said, "How many interesting things there are in the Bible, but it was written not alone to please us, but to make us wise: it is like a large flower, Thomas, with a deep cup and of many colors, and we must be like bees, not only love it, but work in it, go into its different parts, and get out instruction, which we shall find truly sweet, as well as useful to ourselves and others; and whilst we do this we may admire its beauty, just as, perhaps, the bees do the beauty of these flowers, when they are gathering honey."

It was a custom in Mr. Eldern's house for the whole family to assemble on Sabbath afternoons, then a hymn was sung, and a portion of scripture read, each one, parents, children, and servants, taking a verse, and then Mr. Eldern asked questions or gave a brief address, afterwards closing this domestic service with prayer. But when the "service" was over, he usually related some little history to the children, or engaged in conversation with them. On these occasions, an old Bible, covered with green baize, that had been in the family a long while, was used. It was a great delight to Samuel, or one of the girls, as it had once been to Thomas, to fetch this from the study. On summer Sundays the service was mostly held in the garden, but the weather was

now getting colder, and so it was held in doors again. As no text comes amiss when the heart is prepared for a sermon, little incidents often decided what Mr. Eldern should say to the children.

One afternoon they had been busily debating, in their child's way, whether God liked to see puss happy, and had decided (we think rightly) that he certainly did. Mary, as well as Thomas, gave several reasons for thinking so, and the cat, as if making an appeal on her own behalf, put up her paw gracefully, and played with Thomas's shoe, greatly to the delight of Samuel, though to the distraction of his mind from pious observations. Mr. Eldern, who had observed what went on, was now ready for the service, but when it was finished, he said he would tell them something that had made him think how God, who takes care of animals as well as men, notices the humblest and youngest of his children, as well as those who are wise and great. "Once," said he, "when I was from home, I worshipped on a Sunday morning with a very large congregation. Seated next me was a very little boy. When the hymn was given out, he found it in his book, and as I had no book that day myself, he showed it me, and when we all rose to sing, I read from this little boy's book, he holding one side and I the other. I was so much pleased with the singing, that I remained silent for a minute to listen, and forgot my little friend, but presently, stooping down to read the next words, I heard his voice. He was singing the tune quite correctly, and in a very sweet and quiet way; and not only were the tones good, but he sang the words as if he understood them, and felt the meaning. Then I thought, here is a young child worshipping God as truly as any of the congregation, and it is God who has given him his voice and the feelings of his heart, and though he has but a little voice, as he is but a little fellow, yet he is not lost in this great congregation; but God sees and hears and accepts him."

Here Mr. Eldern paused, and Mary said, "I suppose, papa, God hears Thomas sing in the night. You know when the church-clock strikes, the bells play a tune, and Thomas often sings the tune with the bells."

Mr. Eldern then spoke of Paul and Silas, who sang praises at night in their prison, and of good men who had described the comfort and courage God gave them in their sufferings as a "song in the night." Thomas said, he sometimes felt lonely in the night, and sometimes his heart beat so loud, it frightened him. "It sounds like the ticking of a great clock;" but he added, "I listen

to it, and try not to be afraid, but to think that it says, Fear not—Thomas—God is—near you."

The boy's heart was diseased, but every heart is indeed as a clock of life, and its beatings we all must sometimes feel to be very solemn in the night silence as we lie awake. For how long is it wound up? and when shall its last beat come? Is not the sound of the heart's pulsations an ever-speaking witness for God? Let us lay our hand upon our bosom, and say, "Our heart beats, therefore there is a God." It beats all day, but not by our command. It beats all night, but not because of our entreaty. We will sleep, for it is God who shall make it continue to send forth its "issues of life." When we awake also, we are still with him, "therefore we will not fear."

During the summer, Thomas had gained a little strength, but the first chilly days of autumn took it from him. After breakfast, he usually lay on his couch an hour or two, and then his mother or Mary, or sometimes Eliza, read to him. One very still October morning, when he was fainter than usual, Mrs. Eldern had read him a short portion from one of the Gospels, and left him for a while. When she returned, he was singing, in a very low voice, the words of the nursery song.

"If any one inquire for me,
Pray tell them I'm asleep
In Abraham's bosom."

As she heard the words, she paused at the door, for, indeed, her eyes had filled with tears, and she stayed to let them disappear before she entered. So she heard him begin again,—

"Dig my grave wide and deep,
Sew it with flowers sweet,
That I may lie and sleep
In Abraham's bosom."

And now she came forward and said, "How came you, Thomas, to be singing these words?"

"When you went away," he answered, "I tried to think of what you had read, but I could not, I felt so weak; and then that song *would* come into my mind again and again, so at last I began to sing. Do you think it was wicked that I did not keep thinking of our Saviour? I did try."

"Certainly not," said his mother, quickly.

"I shall die soon," said he, "but I should like to have you to take care of me in heaven."

"You will have a happy home there, Thomas," she replied.

He was silent a moment, and then said, "I wish I could hear our Saviour speaking the words, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

"But, Thomas, he meant us to feel as if we heard him speak."

"I wish he would tell you, you might say them to me from him."

"It is just as if he had, I *may* say them to you for him."

"Then do, please," said he, "repeat them to me once more."

She did so, with true mother's voice, and after a little more talk he fell asleep.

It seemed doubtful whether Thomas would outlive the coming winter, and yet he did, though in a very weak state. Many pleasant Sunday afternoon services and conversations there were that winter, and many small things, which were nevertheless felt to be of memorable domestic interest, could we tell of our little friend. He had often flowers in his room through the cold season, for a gentleman living near sent them from his greenhouse, and he noticed that frequently amongst the strong fine flowers there was one or more worm-eaten or in some way injured. "These," he said, "were like himself among his brothers and sisters, and what a good thing it was that 'most of them, like most of the flowers, were healthy.'" Nor did Mr. Eldern forget, in his care for the sick, what was appropriate for the healthy. There were plenty of domestic games and studies in the family that winter. And though he was thankful to use Thomas's piety to promote that of the rest, he was careful not to expect theirs to show itself in quite the same manner as his. He taught them that though there is a happy and necessary preparation for death, there is an equally happy and necessary preparation for life. He taught them, too, that they might give practical proofs of a religious spirit by industry, good temper, forbearance, and love of study. He said to his wife, one Sunday, "We wish our children to be little Christians, Ellen, not little pharisees, and not little doctors of divinity. There are many young boys and girls who cannot talk much of the 'way of salvation,' but what is far better, they are walking in it. We must teach them the Scriptures as fully as we can, and we must be lawgivers in our own house. But we must not imitate the meek and grave lawgiver of Israel just at the time when he offended; and address the children in spirit, if not in words, thus, 'Hear now, ye rebels!' And we must remember that if it is with the heart man believeth unto salvation, much more is it so that the child believeth. The love of Christ is possible to children, but much knowledge that we ourselves possess of him, we cannot give them yet. Strong and right affections are a very great blessing; these are to pious habits as a powerful spring. And," he added,

with a smile, "if I try to wind up this spring on the Sabbath, and you regulate the works in the week, we may have all the children keep time together, true time, time by the sun."

The latter part of the winter, Thomas was quite confined to his room, and around his bed in the evening the whole family often assembled, and then he gave with the gravity of a man, but with much simplicity, what we may call his dying charges to his brothers and sisters. They must love one another, he said, and obey their parents, and pray to God, and follow him to heaven. And once, after he had spoken of dying and being buried, he finished by saying, "Now, Mary and Eliza, you will come and see me; you will come and look at my grave I mean, and you'll bring Samuel and Joseph." They promised him they would, and confirmed it with a kiss. A few days before he died, as his father stood by him with a glass of medicine, he put up his thin hand and stroked his face twice, saying, "I shall want it no more, papa. I shall want it no more. I am going to die." And then he added, "Mamma says, I shall soon be strong again, and be like the angels." "You will, my boy," said his father, and hastened away.

The evening before his death, Hannah, who had come to bring him something to drink, placed it on his picture-table, and then stood by the bedside to look at him. His eyes were closed, and she thought he was asleep. But as she stood there, he opened them, and said, "I am going to heaven, Hannah; good bye."

Hannah's tears fell on his hand.

"Don't cry, Hannah," said Thomas; "indeed I am going to heaven; good bye."

"Oh, master Thomas," said Hannah, "if you had never fallen down."

"But if God knows when a sparrow falls, surely he knows when a little boy does. It was our Saviour who noticed the sparrows, and I am going to the Saviour, Hannah."

Hannah said she was sure of that. Thomas hoped she would take care of Joseph and the others, for his sake he said. Hannah promised him she would not forget them as long as she lived, and then she left him.

It was a little after sunrise next day that he died. It was an early spring morning, and promised a day of peace and beauty. Both his parents were with him. And where his head first lay, there also it leaned for its last repose—on his mother's bosom. The morning light fell brightly on his face. With his last breathings his features quivered. Mr. Eldern saw and knew that this was death; so kneeling down he said, "Lord,

into thy hands we commend his spirit." After a few minutes' silence, in a sorrowful, but composed voice, the mother said, "And now it is all over." Thus Thomas died. With tears, Hannah prepared his body for its last chamber. The flowers in his room were placed in his coffin. Each child also put in some early flower, plucked from the garden. Samuel, with a violet, brought a bee which he had found lying near it. "Papa," he said, "here is a dead bee; Thomas loved bees." Mr. Eldern looking at it said, "It is not dead, Samuel, it is asleep, the cold has benumbed it." And going with the child into another room, he opened the window, and placed the bee in the sunshine. In a little while it revived, and flew cheerfully away into the garden. "So," said Mr. Eldern, "has Thomas's busy little spirit flown away to heaven, and perhaps, Samuel, there is a garden there more beautiful than that near Jeru-

salem, which Jesus loved, where he has seen and spoken with his Saviour." In a few more days, before the violets his sisters had put into his dead hand had faded, the earth covered the remains of Thomas Eldern. On the footstone of his grave, his age and the day of his death were recorded; and on the headstone were these words—

"Thomas Eldern's grave.
He was a Christian child."

About two months after Thomas's death, Mr. Eldern returning home, met Eliza at the garden gate with a basket in her hand. "Well, little maiden," said he, "where are you going?" "Papa, dear, I am going to see Thomas; these primroses are for his grave. Mary is behind with Samuel and Joseph." Mr. Eldern stooped down, kissed her, and passed on.

WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE DONE.

WHILE time doth last, for evermore
Shall rise one yearning cry—
A voice whose echo shall resound
Unto eternity,
And mingle with the latest wail
Of many a parting one:
Oh! had we life to live again,
What good we might have done!

Such ever is the fruitless wish
Of all we e'er have met.
Woe has not gazed into the past
With something of regret?
And when its bright but misspent hour
Far from our souls have gone,
We sigh, when they can come no more,
For what we might have done.

We might have stored our deathless minds
With wisdom's truths sublime,
And treasured great and lasting thoughts
From the deep page of time;
And memories left, like perfume sweet,
For men to think upon,
Which they might strive to imitate,
And do as we had done.

We might have meekly, humbly trod
With mercy in our day,
And sought our suffering brother's path,
And cheer'd him on his way;

And gazed with pity, not with scorn,
On misery's erring son,
Whose after-fate hath chid our hearts
For what we might have done.

We might have lent a willing ear
To merit's gentle claim,
And never suffered slander's breath
To blight another's name;
Nor pass'd with haughty spirit by
A good, though humbler one;
And sweet had the remembrance been
Of all we e'er had done.

For could we justly estimate,
From what we hourly see,
How vain the fleeting things of time—
How vast eternity—
How would we seek the paths of peace,
And ever strive to shun
Whate'er might cause a vain regret
For what we might have done.

Oh! many a storm shall toss the bark
On time's remorseless wave,
And many a trial meet the heart
From the cradle to the grave,
Through disappointment's icy chill,
Through passion's scorching sun:
Blest he who at the end can say
All that I could I've done.

HELEN CORRIE.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CITY MISSIONARY.

HAVING devoted myself to the service of Him who said unto the demoniac and the leper, "Be whole," I go forth daily, treading humbly in the pathway of my self-appointed mission, through the dreary regions, the close and crowded streets, that exist like a plague-ground in the very heart of the metropolis.

They have an atmosphere of their own, those dilapidated courts, those noisome alleys, those dark nooks, where the tenements are green with damp, where the breath grows faint, and the head throbs with an oppressive pain; and yet, amid the horrors of such abodes, hundreds of our fellow-creatures act the sad tragedy of life, and the gay crowd beyond sweep onward, without a thought of those who perish daily for want of the bread of eternal life. Oh! cast it upon those darkened waters, and it shall be found again after many days. There we see human nature in all its unveiled and degraded nakedness—the vile passions, the brutal coarseness, the corroding malice, the undisguised licentiousness. Oh, ye who look on and abhor, who pass like the Pharisee, and condemn the wretch by the wayside, pause, and look within: education, circumstances, have refined and elevated your thoughts and actions; but blessed are those who shall never know by fearful experience how want and degradation can blunt the finest sympathies, and change, nay, brutalize the moral being.

How have I shuddered to hear the fearful mirth with whose wild laughter blasphemy and obscenity were mingled—that mockery of my sacred profession, which I knew too well lurked under the over-strained assumption of reverence for my words, when I was permitted to utter them, and the shout of derision that followed too often my departing steps, knowing that those immortal souls must one day render up their account; and humbly have I prayed, that my still unwearied zeal might yet be permitted to scatter forth the good seed which the cares and anxieties should not choke, nor the stony soil refuse!

Passing one evening through one of those filthy streets, to which the doors, half torn from their hinges, and the broken windows, admitting the raw, cold, gusty winds, gave so comfortless an

aspect, I turned at a sudden angle into a district which I had never before visited. A strange-looking building, partly formed of wood, black and decaying with age and damp, leaned heavily over the passing waters; it was composed of many stories, which were approached by a wooden stair and shed-like gallery without, and evidently occupied by many families. The lamenting wail of neglected children and the din of contention were heard within. Hesitating on the threshold, I perceived an extensive area beneath the ancient tenement, in which many low-browed doors became distinguishable. As I gazed, one of them suddenly opened, and a pale haggard woman appeared, shading a flickering light with her hand. I descended the few slippery wooden steps leading to the strange abodes, and approached her. As I advanced, she appeared to recognize me.

"Come in, sir," she said hurriedly; "there is one within will be glad to see you;" and turning, she led me through a winding passage into a dreary room, whose blackened floor of stone bore strong evidence that the flood chafed and darkened beneath it.

In an old arm-chair beside the rusty and almost fireless grate, sat, or rather lay, a pale and fragile creature, a wreck of blighted loveliness.

"Helen," said the woman, placing the light on a rough table near her, "here is the minister come to see you."

The person she addressed attempted to rise, but the effort was too much, and she sank back, as if exhausted by it. A blush mantled over her cheek, and gave to her large dark eyes a faint and fading lustre. She had been beautiful, very beautiful; but the delicate features were sharpened and attenuated, the exquisite symmetry of her form worn by want and illness to a mere outline of its former graceful proportions; yet, even amid the squalid wretchedness that surrounded her, an air of bygone superiority gave a nameless interest to her appearance, and I approached her with a respectful sympathy that seemed strange to my very self.

After a few explanatory sentences respecting my visit, to which she assented by a humble yet

silent movement of acquiescence, I commenced reading the earnest prayers which the occasion called for. As I proceeded, the faint chorus of a drinking song came upon my ears from some far recesses of this mysterious abode; doors were suddenly opened and closed with a vault-like echo, and a hoarse voice called on the woman who had admitted me; she started suddenly from her knees, and, with the paleness of fear on her countenance, left the room. After a moment's hesitating pause, the invalid spoke in a voice whose low flute-like tones stole upon the heart like aerial music.

"I thank you," she said, "for this kind visit. Oh, how often in my wanderings have I longed to listen to such words! Cast out, like an Indian pariah, from the pale of human fellowship, I had almost forgotten how to pray; but you have shed the healing balm of religion once more upon my seared and blighted heart, and I can weep glad tears of penitence, and dare to hope for pardon."

After this burst of excitement, she grew more calm, and our conversation assumed a devotional yet placid tenor, until she drew from her bosom a small packet, and gave it to me with a trembling hand.

"Read it, sir," she said; "it is the sad history of a life of sorrow. Have pity as you trace the record of human frailty, and remember that you are the servant of the Merciful!"

She paused, and her cheek grew paler, as if her ear caught an unwelcome but well-known sound. A quick step was soon heard in the passage, and a man entered, bearing a light; he stood a moment on the threshold, as if surprised, and then hastily approached us. A model of manly beauty, his haughty features bore the prevailing characteristics of the gipsy blood—the rich olive cheek, the lustrous eyes, the long silky raven hair, the light and flexible form, the step lithe and graceful as the leopard's; yet were all these perfections marred by a mien of reckless licentiousness. His attire, which strangely mingled the rich and gaudy with the worn and faded, added to the ruffianism of his appearance; and as he cast a stern look on the pale girl, who shrank beneath his eye, I read at once the mournful secret of her despair. With rough words he bade me begone, and, as the beseeching eye of his victim glanced meaningly towards the door, I departed, with a silent prayer in my heart for the betrayer and the erring.

A cold drizzling rain was falling without, and I walked hastily homewards, musing on the strange scene in which I had so lately mingled.

Seated in my little study, I drew my table near the fire, arranged my reading-lamp, and commenced the perusal of the manuscript confided to my charge. It was written in a delicate hand upon uncouth and various scraps of paper, and appeared to have been transcribed with little attempt at arrangement, and at long intervals; but my curiosity added the links to the leading events, and I gradually entered with deeper interest into the mournful history.

"How happy was my childhood!" it began. "I can scarcely remember a grief through all that sunny lapse of years. I dwelt in a beautiful abode, uniting the verandahs and vine-covered porticoes of southern climes with the substantial in-door comforts of English luxury. The country around was romantic, and I grew up in its sylvan solitudes almost as wild and happy as the birds and fawns that were my companions.

I was motherless. My father, on her death, had retired from public life, and devoted himself to her child. Idolized by him, my wildest wishes were unrestrained; the common forms of knowledge were eagerly accepted by me, for I had an intuitive talent of acquiring anything which contributed to my pleasure; and I early discovered that, without learning to read and write, the gilded books and enamelled desks in my father's library would remain to me only as so many splendid baubles; but a regular education, a religious and intellectual course of study, I never pursued. I read as I liked, and when I liked. I was delicate in appearance, and my father feared to control my spirits, or to rob me of a moment's happiness. Fatal affection! How did I repay such misjudging love!

Time flowed brightly on, and I had already seen sixteen summers, when the *little cloud* appeared in the sky that so fearfully darkened my future destiny. In one of our charitable visits to the neighboring cottages, we formed an acquaintance with a gentleman who had become an inhabitant of our village; a fall from his horse placed him under the care of our worthy doctor, and he had hired a small room attached to Ash-tree farm, until he recovered from the lingering effects of his accident. Handsome, graceful, and insinuating in his address, he captivated my ardent imagination at once. Unaccustomed to the world, I looked upon him as the very "mould of form;" a new and blissful enchantment seemed to pervade my being in his presence, and my girlish fancy dignified the delusion with the name of love! My father was delighted with his society; he possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and strange adventures, was an excel-

lent musician, and had the agreeable tact of accommodating himself to the mood of the moment. He was a constant visitor, and at length became almost domesticated in our household. Known to us by the name of Corrie, he spoke of himself as the son of a noble house, who, to indulge a poetic temperament, and a romantic passion for rural scenery, had come forth on a solitary pilgrimage, and cast aside for a while what he called the iron fetters of exclusive society. How sweet were our moonlight ramblings through the deep forest glens; how fondly we lingered by the Fairies' Well in the green hollow of the woods, watching the single star that glittered in its pellucid waters! And oh, what passionate eloquence, what romantic adoration, was poured forth upon my willing ear, and thrilled my susceptible heart!

Before my father's eye he appeared gracefully courteous to me, but not a word or glance betrayed the passion which in our secret interviews worshipped me as an idol, and enthralled my senses with the ardency of its homage. This, he told me, was necessary for my happiness, as my father might separate us if he suspected that another shared the heart hitherto exclusively his own. This was my first deception. Fatal transgression! I had departed from the path of truth, and my guardian angel grew pale in the presence of the tempter. Winter began to darken the valleys; our fireside circle was enlivened by the presence of our accomplished guest. On the eve of my natal day, he spoke of the birthday fêtes he had witnessed during his continental and oriental rambles, complimented my father on the antique beauty and massy richness of the gold and silver plate which, rarely used, decorated the sideboard in honor of the occasion; and, admiring the pearls adorning my hair and bosom, spoke so learnedly on the subject of jewels, that my father brought forth from his Indian cabinet my mother's bridal jewels, diamonds, and emeralds of exquisite lustre and beauty. I had never before seen these treasures, and our guest joined in the raptures of my admiration.

"They will adorn my daughter," said my father, with a sigh, as he closed the casket, and retired to place it in its safe receptacle.

"Yes, my Helen," said my lover, "they shall glitter on that fair brow in a prouder scene, when thy beauty shall gladden the eyes of England's nobles, and create envy in her fairest daughters."

I listened with a smile, and, on my father's return, passed another evening of happiness—my last!

We retired early, and oh, how bright were the

dreams that floated around my pillow, how sweet the sleep that stole upon me as I painted the future—an elysium of love and splendor! I was awakened by a wild cry that rang with agonizing horror through the midnight stillness; it was the voice of my father. I sprang hastily from my couch, threw on a wrapper, seized the night-lamp, and hurried to his chamber. Ruffians opposed my entrance; the Indian cabinet lay shattered on the floor, and I beheld my father struggling in the fierce grasp of a man, who had clasped his throat to choke the startling cry. With maniac force I reached the couch, and, seizing the murderous hand, called aloud for help. The robber started with a wild execration, the mask fell from his face, and I beheld the features of Gilbert Corrie!

When I recovered consciousness, I found that I had suffered a long illness—a brain fever, caused, the strange nurse said, by some sudden shock. Alas, how dreadful had been that fatal cause! Sometimes I think my head has never been cool since; a dull throb of agony presses yet upon my brow; sometimes it passes away; my spirits mount lightly, and I can laugh, but it has a hollow sound—oh, how unlike the sweet laughter of bygone days!

We were in London. My apartments were sumptuous: all that wealth could supply was mine; but what a wretch was I amid that scene of splendor! The destroyer was now the arbiter of my destiny. I knew his wealth arose from his nefarious transactions at the gaming-table. I knew my father was dead; the severe injuries he had received on that fatal night and the mysterious disappearance of his daughter had laid him in his grave. Gilbert Corrie was virtually his murderer, yet still I loved him! A passion partaking of delirium bound me to his destiny. I shrank not from the caress of the felon gamester—the plague-stain of sin was upon me—the burning ploughshares of the world's scorn lay in my path, and how was the guilty one to dare the fearful ordeal! For fallen woman there is *no return*; no penitence can restore her sullied brightness; the angel-plumes of purity are scattered in the dust, and never can the lost one regain the Eden of her innocence. The world may pity, may pardon, but never more *respect*; and, oh, how dreadful to mingle with the pure and feel the mark of Cain upon your brow!

A change came suddenly upon Gilbert. There was no longer the lavish expenditure, the careless

profusion: his looks and tone were altered. A haggard expression sat upon his handsome features, and the words of endearment no longer flowed from his lips; a quick footstep beneath the window made him start, strange-looking men visited him, his absences were long, his garments often changed: the veil was about to be lifted from my *real* position.

One night he entered hastily, snatched me from the luxurious fauteuil on which I rested, and led me, without answering my questions, to a hackney-coach. We were speedily whirled away, and I never again beheld that home of splendor. By bypaths we entered a close and murky street, the coach was discharged, I was hurried over a dark miry road, and carried on board a ship, in the dark and loathsome steerage of which we found an asylum, and a resting-place in this land. I was not long in finding out that Gilbert had committed extensive forgeries, and had escaped the pursuit of justice.

Since then, how fearful have been my vicissitudes! Sometimes, as the splendidly-dressed mistress of private gambling-rooms, I have received the selected dupes in a luxurious boudoir, decoying the victims by fascinating smiles into the snare laid for them by Gilbert and his associates. Anon, the painted and tinselled queen of an itinerant show, where Gilbert enacted the mountebank, and by the brilliance of his fascinating eloquence drew into his treasury the hard-earned savings of the rustic gazers.

To all those degradations have I submitted, and now, oh, now, more than ever, has the iron entered into my soul! He has ceased to love me. I have become an incumbrance; my beauty has faded from exposure and neglect. I have sunk beneath his blows, have writhed beneath the bitterness of his sarcasms, his brutal jests, his scorn-

ful mockery of my penitence and tears. I have endured the agony of hunger while he rioted with his companions in profligate luxury; and yet, if the old smile lights up his countenance, the old look shines forth from his lustrous eyes, he is again to me the lover of my youth, and the past is a hideous dream. Oh, woman's heart, how unfathomable is thy mystery!"

* * * * *

The manuscript here ended abruptly. How sad a moral might be drawn from the history of this unfortunate! What rare gifts of mind and beauty had the want of religion marred and blighted! Had the Sun of Righteousness shone upon that ardent heart, its aspirations had been glorious, its course

"Upwards! upwards!
Through the doubt and the dismay
Upwards! to the perfect day!"

What mournful tragedies are ever around us, flowing on with the perpetual undercurrent of human life, each hour laden with its mystery and sorrow, sweeping like dim phantoms through the arch of time, and burying the fearful records in the oblivion of the abyss beyond! How few of the floating wrecks are snatched from the darkening tide!

I returned the next day to the dwelling of Helen, but it was shut up, and in the daytime appeared as if long deserted. To all inquiries, the neighbors answered reluctantly that it had long been uninhabited, and that its last occupants had been a gang of coiners, who were now suffering the penalty of transportation. I often visited the same district, but all my after-search was in vain, and the fate of Helen Corrie still remains an undiscovered mystery.

"THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST."

BY REV. F. S. JEWELL.

O rest! O rest!
Rest for the worn and weary frame:
Its wasting toil and pain shall close,
In one long season of repose;
And joyful, it shall seek and claim
Its rest, its rest.

O rest! O rest!
Rest for the worn and weary mind:
Its fiery strife of thought shall end,

Its sun of scorching care descend,
Yes, fondly shall it seek and find
That rest, that rest.

O rest! O rest!
Rest for the worn and weary heart:
The griefs and woes that overcast
Its mournful skies, shall all be past,
And sweetly shall it soon depart
To rest, to rest!

THE BIBLE A WONDERFUL BOOK.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

It is free from all EXAGGERATION. Nothing is overstated in point of doctrine or of fact. All truth is presented with its appropriate evidence, and is strictly coincident with the analogy of nature. If the eternal purpose of God touching the salvation of his people is herein vested with a high and holy sovereignty, we find that same principle manifest in all his dealings with men. If the delineations of the depravity of men are strong, and to the superficial observer highly colored, they never transcend the bounds of truth, for the truth meets us through the whole train of our own experience, and in every just observation which we take of individual character. If the oracles of God have established a connection between certain means and ends, a similar connection holds good in the ordinary affairs of men—in the moral and natural world. If the grand doctrine of mediation pervades this book, it is equally conspicuous in the history of civil society. If it be the keystone of the spiritual arch, it is also the bond of human relations. Who is a stranger to substitution—to intercession? Who ever lived without the aid of his superior or his fellow? For which of us has not some one suffered, planned, prayed, wept or died? Have you not had a father, a mother, an elder brother, a sister, a friend? I appeal to the labors of the departed—to the anxieties of bosoms on which the cold earth now presses—to the treasured tears of affection once bestowed on you. In all this we discern the image of that deep-toned benevolence—that all-sacrificing love, which constituted the chief element in the character of heaven's Mediator. It is not a dream of fiction. It is a reality. There cannot be exaggeration. All is just, harmonious, sublime.

In all other systems, which have claimed the faith of men as spiritual and immortal beings, we find confused theories, distorted views, false assumptions and exaggerated fictions. Like the great sheet let down to earth in the vision of Peter, they are full of all wild, monstrous and cruel things. How unlike the holy mantle of revelation, let fall by the great Prophet of the church, her ornament and her glory!

This Book is free from all PREJUDICE. It pronounces no random judgment on men or things. Its Author, enthroned above all the selfish passions and petty interests of mortals, himself essentially true, could have no temptation to deal otherwise than in the most sincere and unprejudiced manner. Prejudice is blind, hasty, unteachable; impervious to argument, and impatient of contradiction. It praises without knowledge, and condemns without discrimination. The reverse of all this is the demeanor of Truth. She asks for light, insists on deliberation; weighs arguments and calmly proceeds to conclusions; withholds no deserved commendation, and inflicts no undeserved censure. Such is this Book. It dwells in the light. It has a transparent soul. No mist of prejudice hangs on its pure pages. It nowhere represents man as more or less than he is. It declares that he was created in the image of God—a noble and exalted being. But it withholds not the painful truth that he is fallen from his high estate; that the gold is become dim: it is the statement of a fact hateful to God, humiliating to man.

The Bible is free from the ART OF ORATORY AND THE FLOWERS OF RHETORIC. I do not mean that it is not eloquent, for never book so spake: it abounds in eloquence of thought, of argument, of description and of emotion. But I mean that it does not seek it as an end, or as a display. The subjects are too grand, the thoughts too weighty, the motives too solemn, and the threatenings too awful to admit of oratorical flights. There is nothing here to amuse the fancy; no design merely to captivate the imagination. The imagination is indeed called into exercise, but it is within the limits of the field of truth. When the aspirations of the soul are directed towards heaven, it is with a license to conceive all it can of its untold glories, while it is in no danger of reaching and comprehending the reality. Simplicity and sublimity being the strongest elements of the most exalted eloquence, in this book it is to be found. Sincerity and earnestness, being other elemental qualities of a true eloquence, do pervade this volume. Persuasion, not as an art,

but as the instinctive soul of divine truth, is part and parcel of the inspired system.

This Book makes no display of SCIENCE. Scientific men did not write it; scientific terms are not to be found in it; no aim in science was had by its authors; and yet it perfectly harmonizes, not only with science as it was, but as it is. All the developments of science do but confirm the Bible system. The most truly learned have been believers.

No professed BIOGRAPHIES are here written. The spirit and power of biography are exhibited in an eminent degree. The force of example is everywhere recognized, but the thing is done rather by sketches, than by full-length portraits; rather in scattered fragments, than in complete forms. There is indeed an immense variety of individual character, but it is not in the foreground of the picture, nor concentrated at one particular point on the holy canvas. Its tints are rather sprinkled over the whole surface. Where is the biography of Moses written? where that of Joshua? of Isaiah? of Paul? of Peter? of John? of Balaam? of Ahab and of Judas? Yet who has not a distinct, individualizing conception of their respective characters? Who does not see that moral excellence and moral turpitude could not be better represented? That in no way so effectual could the loveliness of virtue and the deformity of vice be set forth? Such embodiments of moral qualities are always most impressive—powerful to attract or to deter. With such illustrious models of meekness and of boldness, of holy courage, unshaken faith, enduring fortitude and triumphant devotion, who would not be animated? Who could be slothful? Who would not be a follower of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises? With such atrocious examples of wickedness glaring upon us, who would not be warned? Yet the good among all these are not the subjects of eulogy. The biographer does not praise them. He dares not give utterance to his own partial sentiments in the august presence of the Spirit. Nor does he censure and condemn. If so permitted, how could Luke or John restrain their indignation at the baseness of Judas? Nor is even the character of Christ himself a finished portrait, with well proportioned lights and shades, designed and drawn by the pencil of the professed artist. There are the actions of his life—the sentiments of his heart—his varying emotions in different situations—all stated as matters of fact; but who among his most devoted disciples and enthusiastic admirers presumes to lift the voice of commendation? Not even that disciple who reposed on the heart of Jesus—the be-

loved John—is permitted to give vent to his feelings, nor to overstep the rigid limits of historical narration. Whom he loves most he praises least; but then if he interweaves none of his private sentiments with his public narrative, it is that the great Subject of that narrative may stand forth the supreme and the sublime Mediator between God and man.

The Bible contains no SELF-COMMENDATION, direct or oblique. The vanity and ambition of authors has become proverbial. If they do not always praise themselves openly, they often do it covertly, or hire others to do it for them. Such unworthy selfishness finds no place here. Self-condemnation we do find, so deep and sincere, as to commend itself to the imitation of all. Fidelity in matters of fact, even when it perpetuates the memory of the faults and sins of the narrator to the latest posterity. Moses has recorded against himself, for the eye of the world, a singular burst of passion in an unguarded moment. David has registered his abominable sins for the detestation of pure minds in all time. Peter is said to have restrained Mark from telling the world, as Luke has, that he wept bitterly for his fall, since Mark says simply that "when he thought thereon, he wept;" the penitent apostle, perhaps, fearing that his sorrows might, though his sin could not, be magnified. The holy men of God do indeed appeal to their manifested integrity, to the rectitude of their conduct, (witness the beautiful recital in Job, ch. xxix.) for the purity of their motives, but lay no self-flattering unction to their souls. All such moral treacle is left to meaner men, to the uninspired crowd, who limp after immortality. "Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth."

Nor is there any *over anxiety for the world's estimation*. They never seem to ask, What will men say of this? What will the world think of this doctrine, or that precept? How will the system we advocate be received? Nay, when they knew that it would give offense; that it would be a stumbling-block to the Jews, and to the Greeks foolishness; when pre-assured that the name CHRISTIAN would be a certain passport to reproach, infamy and death, they were not anxious to escape the consequences. They must not even take any forethought of argument or defense, when arraigned before the potentates of the earth. They were only anxious for the salvation of men. Laboring, they trusted in the living God. Could they meet his approving smile, the world might frown. Could they be a sweet savor unto God, they would offer themselves as living sacrifices. Could they commend themselves unto the consciences of men, they did

not care for their *compliments*. If they could get into their *hearts*, not solicitous about their *hostility*. The shortest way to disarm, was to convert them. They were willing to become anything or nothing, so that they might gain something to God; to be counted as fools, if they could make other people wise; insane, if it bring sinners to sanity and salvation; despicable, if others honorable; the offscouring of all things, if they could make others respectable; to repay defamation with entreaty; persecution with benediction, and all manner of abuse with all manner of forgiveness. In all this they were consistent and steadfast unto the end. The last accents that trembled on their lips blanched in death, death too from the hands of their enemies, were the breathings of earnest prayer for their forgiveness and salvation!

Such is the spirit of this Book. How little of it is there in the world!

The Bible is pure from all intermixture of human passion. It is not *angry* with men, though it lifts its voice in stern and solemn reprobation of all sin. It breathes no private and selfish revenge, though with oracular authority and judicial exactness it pronounces sentence of death on the guilty impenitent. If it speaks of the *wrath* of God, it means his holy displeasure with sinners, "for the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness." Or it intends the execution of that displeasure on its rebellious objects, "for the wrath is come upon them to the uttermost." It is the calm, severe, certain and unalterable infliction of the penalty of the law. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," not as man meeteth man, for "I will not meet thee as a man," but as a God, whose heart, once overflowing with love to that sinner, met no love in return. Spurned, scorned, ridiculed, with a weeping eye and an aching heart, it hands over the hardened ingrate to the terrors of justice and the triumphs of remorse. In deep sorrow, it says, let him "eat of the fruit of his own ways and be filled with his own devices." With painful regret for the imperative necessity, it utters the malediction, "*Depart from me, ye CURSED.*" This is no *vindictive*, though it be a *vindicative* measure. The cup of mercy has become a cup of trembling, and God is glorious! If the smoke of the torment of the wicked shall be seen at any portentous moment to ascend in thicker and

blackier volumes, "as the smoke of a great furnace," it will be when the ransomed souls beneath the altar and around the throne are singing in louder and loftier strains, *Alleluia, for THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.*

The Bible makes NO APOLOGIES. These are the resort of conscious weakness, or of affected humility; they are the confessions of human fallibility. Inspiration does not descend to them. In the pure word of God no such language is to be found as that which closes the books of the Apocrypha: "And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto." The book, therefore, puts its own seal upon itself. It is not the seal of inspiration. There are no reflex *ifs* in the revelation of God; no impotent desires or abortive efforts; no hesitation in its claim to the highest perfection. Hence in dealing with the moral character and responsible conduct of men, it uses plain and intelligible language; language, too, that often sharpens into cutting reproof. It unceremoniously calls those "fools," who "hate knowledge, who despise wisdom and instruction, and make a mock at sin." Nay, it adds the charge of folly to that of hypocrisy against the polished sinners of antiquity. "*Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.*"

Nor does it apologize for the sins, the faults, or the foibles of good men. The impatience of Job, the falsehood of Abraham, the fraud of Jacob, the anger of Moses, the pride of Hezekiah, the bad parental government of Eli, the ambition of James and John, those two sons of Zebedee, the querulous unbelief of Elijah, the profaneness of Peter, the dispute between Paul and Barnabas, all these things are honestly stated, and *this* part of the Bible at least infidels are ready to believe. But they are blind to the fact that this ingenuous moral honesty, this high-toned veracity of the divine word, adds immensely to the force of the whole system of truth as therein contained. This might be shown at large, but I should be too long. How, for example, could the doctrine of sanctification be fully developed to the church, if in the living saints there was no occasion for its reforming power? The final result of all will be, that the records of inspiration will be seen, like the concurring events of Providence, to GLORIFY GOD AND TO BLESS MAN.

MESSRS. CARTER'S PUBLICATIONS.—Several very useful little works have been recently added to the excellent list of these publishers, whose introduction into the sacred precincts of the family we should be glad to facilitate.

If it be an honor for an author to be able to say, in the review of his life, that he never wrote a line which, dying, he could wish to blot, it is hardly less an honor and a praise to have sent forth so great a number of works, not one of which need to be forbidden a free entrance into the purest circle. This praise all Christian readers can cordially bestow upon the Messrs. Carter. "Charity and its Fruits," a posthumous work of the immortal Jonathan Edwards, discovered among his manuscripts, prepared for publication. It is now put forth under the editorial auspices of his descendant, Rev. Dr. Edwards, of New London, who makes the gratifying announcement that he is the possessor of other treatises and discourses of the incomparable metaphysician, which are not unworthy of his fame, and consequently, worthy of publication. The religious world have a deep interest in the productions of so great and good a mind; and if he has left treasures of thought which have never seen the light, it is due to the public that they should be published. The present essay is indeed worthy of all that would be expected of it. It has all that fullness of thought, and thoroughness of analysis, and scriptural unction, which distinguished the *Treatise on the Affections*. Close and pungent in its appeals to the conscience, holding up the loftiest ideal of the Christian life, and bringing all experience and profession to the test of the cross, it is a work the perusal of which will not only enlarge the circle of the reader's reflections, but minister to his spirituality and practical religion. It deserves to be welcome to all the admirers of Edwards, and deserves a place in the choice list of books for the heart.

"**Man—his Religion and his World,**" is the title of a new work by one of the brothers Bonar, who are clergymen of the Free Scotch Church, partaking largely of that spirit of earnest piety and zeal in which the Free Church had its origin, and whose finest types and exemplars were Dr. Chalmers and the lamented McCheyne. The essays which have from time to time appeared from the pens of these authors, have had much of that earnestness and fire which made McCheyne so conspicuous in his ministry and life. The present volume is a vigorous, clear-sighted exposition of the insufficiency of the natural religion of the heart, and of the current notions respecting godliness prevailing in the world, to meet the demands of the Scripture, or to sustain the soul in the time of trial. The contrast between true religion and false, the tendency of the unrenewed heart to self-deception, and the breadth of the Divine law, are sketched with a power which true Christian experience and interest could alone supply. We think them well adapted, not only to convey correct impressions of the nature and requirements of evangelical religion, but to awaken the reader's solicitude for its possession.

"**Roger Miller; or Heroism in Humble Life,**" is a little narrative from the pen of George Orme, which the Rev. Dr. Alexander introduces as particularly well adapted to impart useful lessons to American Christians. In sketching the career of a poor outcast who became a Christian, the temptations and destitutions of city life are most vividly brought to view. It is in this aspect that the little work before us has its principal value, as opening the wants of great cities, and setting forth the evils of destitution. Mr. Miller became a zealous Sabbath-school teacher, and his life furnishes many admirable hints to this class of laborers. The book may be most safely commended to church officers, Sunday-school teachers, colporteurs, tract distributors, and the visitors of the poor. Its facts cannot fail to reach the heart, and to give a broader view of the great work which every city supplies those who have the spirit of the Master.

"**Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage,**" is the title of a fine collection of sacred poetry, adapted to some selected verse of Scripture for each day in the year. The pervading spirit of the volume is devotional, tender, and trustful; and for its purpose we should think the work well adapted. The utility of having at hand some little manual suggesting useful trains of thought, and supplying the memory with materials of reflection, can hardly be overrated.

"**Salander and the Dragon,**" is the title of a work published by Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, from the pen of Rev. F. W. Shelton, an Episcopal clergyman. The present is a second edition, much enlarged, and greatly improved by the addition of several striking illustrations drawn by the author, and very vividly reproducing the characters of the story. It is an allegory, designed to show the nature and dreadful effects and character of slander. As a work of art, it is managed with extraordinary skill—having a life-like air, an ingenuity of plot almost worthy of John Bunyan, and ever keeping before the reader the impressive moral which it would inculcate. The dramatic interest of the tale is such that the reader is fascinated as he proceeds, while no sermon could more earnestly or powerfully set forth the evils of slander. It is an excellent work, which we should be glad to see widely circulated, believing it to be well adapted to minister a severe rebuke to one of the most hateful and injurious of the sins of society.

"**Dreamland by Daylight,**" is a collection of sketches and tales published in various forms by a welcome contributor to our pages, Miss Caroline Chesebro', and published by Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall. Miss Chesebro' exhibits some admirable qualities as an author. Her vivid descriptions, and clearly-conceived portrayments of character, and the mild tinge of romance and mystery with which she often colors her sketches, have a degree of merit which has not only made her one of the most popular writers of the day, but will give her a name in the annals of our native literature of which the country will be proud. She has a self-possessed and energetic style, which always gives an impression of power in reserve, and holds the reader steadily within her grasp. We have not the space for a critical estimate of her writings as here presented; but it gives us unfeigned pleasure to state, that while her literary abilities are such as will command respect, they are ever made subsidiary to a good moral aim. Her pen is eloquent in the praise of virtue, truth, and moral goodness, and all her sketches, so far as we have perused them, do credit alike to her heart and her head. Mr. Redfield has evinced his estimate of his author's worth by giving the book a very neat dress. There are some elegantly drawn illustrations, which, printed in tints, produce a beautiful effect, and set off the book engagingly.

Another issue of Mr. REDFIELD'S press, having a resemblance to the preceding, is "**Clovermook; or Glimpses of Life at the West,**" by Alice Carey," which is a work of mark. Miss Carey will take, if she has not already acquired, a foremost place among American writers. She is thoroughly national. Self-sustained in style and thought, and identifying herself with the scenery of our land, and with the spirit of our institutions, she obtains a sort of idiomatic strength and vitality which leaves upon every trace of her pen the savor of originality and power. Some of the sketches of these volumes are equal to the best productions of Miss Mitford, though entirely dissimilar. The characters wrought out by the hardships of frontier life; the social, intellectual, and moral qualities which the atmosphere of freedom brings into life—the love of home, the kindness of unsophisticated human nature—are portrayed with a vivid energy that might become the best moods of Cooper. In her case too, it is delightful to see genius consecrated to morality, and every

thought imbued with the love of humanity, truth, and goodness. We would heartily commend these effusions as useful in their tendency, and admirable for their exemplification of some of the best qualities of style and thought.

With another work, we close our notice of Mr. REDFIELD'S issues for the month—"Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, from the most authentic Sources, by Thomas Wright." Mr. Wright is not a believer in sorcery or witchcraft, but here attempts only to be the historian of their deeds on earth. The history of delusion is a copious one, and full of interest and instruction. The author of this work presents its various phases from the earliest ages, dwelling with great effect upon the more violent and distressing periods, and grouping enough of particulars to impart a lively interest to his narrative. He also shows the use which designing men and priests made of these delusions, and the degree to which they were made to promote despotism and spiritual bondage. With some of the author's inferences we could hardly coincide, though we are free to commend the general scope and spirit of the work. We would especially applaud the painstaking research which it evinces.

The MESSRS. HARPER are issuing a new edition of a series of religious works which have enjoyed an unparalleled favor—the Young Christian Series of Jacob Abbott. The series consists of three volumes—"The Young Christian," "The Corner Stone," and "The Way to do Good,"—two of which have already appeared. Of these works, we have always most esteemed the first. Its simplicity of style, copiousness of illustration, and warmth and unction of spirit, have but few equals in our religious literature. There was a novelty in introducing the great doctrines of religion in a familiar, colloquial style, divested of the technical language of theology, and made practical, life-like, and earnest, by being presented as realities before the mind, which gave the works unwonted attraction and moral power. We believe that they gave to many a reader the first intelligent idea of what the great truths of practical religion really meant. We are certain that, in their new attitude and phases, they had a power which many hearts yielded to. The author has carefully revised them, and added a variety of tastefully drawn vignettes, which pleasantly illustrate the text. In their new dress, they may be classed among the most attractive and useful issues of the press.

The MESSRS. APPLETON have issued a valuable work from the pen of a writer who is rapidly winning her way to the front rank of English authorship—Julia Kavanagh. Her work on the "Women of France," and her "Nathalie," evince a strength of imagination and an artistic ability which are among the finest elements of genius. The present work is entitled, "Women of Christianity, exemplary for Piety and Charity;" and is a graphically drawn series of portraits, delicately bringing out the lights and shades of character, and leaving an admirable impression. We know not when we have read more masterly specimens of character-painting. The historical research displayed is also very great, often producing the hidden facts of history with great effect. We have not the space to particularize any of the sketches—though for breadth of handling and delicacy of discrimination, and vivid coloring, her portrait of Elizabeth Fry may well be esteemed a master-piece.

Layard's Popular Account of the Discoveries at Nineveh has been handsomely reprinted by Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In the compass of a single volume, and at a very moderate price, we have the results of the most interesting series of investigations which have been made in modern times

into the history of the past. Four years ago, a single case, not three feet square, in the British Museum, contained all that was known to exist of the two most famous cities of antiquity. A few incidental notices in Holy Writ, and fragments of profane historians of doubtful authority, in which it is impossible in many cases to distinguish fact from fiction, were all the historical records of the first dynasties which ruled the East. Since that time the researches of Layard have brought to light inscriptions and works of art furnishing materials from which there is every reason to hope that the history of Assyria may be constructed upon a basis more satisfactory than that of any nation of antiquity, whose records have not been written by inspiration. This volume, abridged by Layard from his larger work, presents, in a more compact form, all the results and facts of his previous volumes, and cannot fail to prove even more widely acceptable. It contains no change of opinion on any material point, for the views which he at first advanced have been confirmed by his subsequent discoveries, and by the continual progress that has been made in deciphering the ancient inscriptions. It may, therefore, be confidently accepted as presenting an accurate statement of the present state of our knowledge of Assyrian antiquities. Independent of the light thrown on numerous topics of Biblical interest by the discoveries made, the history of the investigations abounds in curious and instructive details of the life and manners of the Arabs, with whom the author was thrown into very intimate relations.

"Wesley and Methodism," is the title of the last work of Isaac Taylor of Stanford Rivers, published by the HARPERS. Mr. Taylor is one of the most comprehensive intellects of the age, furnished with an erudition unsurpassed in accuracy and extent, and energized by an almost apostolic earnestness and love, and every word he utters contains the seeds of thought worthy of study, and sure to obtain it. The work abounds in masterly analysis, in clear insight, and those broad generalizations which transmute facts into philosophy, and educe principles from forms. It is not a history of Wesley or of Wesleyanism, but an analysis of it, a luminous indication of its real position among the moral forces of society and the age. Its history is narrated only so far as is necessary to discover its moral character, and to predict its future; yet these incidental facts are so clearly presented, and in such admirable relation, that one gets a more vivid perception of that grand movement of the age, Methodism, than would be formed from tomes of mere narrative.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.—We read, and would advise all to read, the little pamphlet issued by Mr. KNOX, descriptive of the history and appearance of these marvellous little beings, now exhibiting in New York. We know not how much of truth or of exaggeration there may be in this account, but there is an air of probability in the story, which is so strikingly confirmed by the appearance of the children themselves, that no thoughtful person will fail to find in it food for strange reflection and adventurous conjecture. Two little beings, not three feet high, yet evidently adult, or nearly so, having unmistakable signs of belonging to the ancient Aztec, or other Mexican Indian races, complete and perfect in form, lively as kittens—dwarfs without deformity—are a sight not often seen. They are attracting an extraordinary degree of attention, and from none more than the physiologists and men of science and learning, who visit them. If the reader is familiar with Prescott's Mexico and Peru, and with Stevens' Central America, and will study the lineaments of these strange beings, he will find food for amazement and study which but few occasions will furnish. We would respectfully suggest to our readers the great interest and profit which a visit to these little children would afford.

Song of Spring.

MUSIC BY MENDELSSOHN.

ANDANTE.

Gay - ly sing - ing through the meadows, Come the wood-birds all the day;

The first system of the musical score for 'Song of Spring'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The lyrics are 'Gay - ly sing - ing through the meadows, Come the wood-birds all the day;'.

Buds the sweetest bear - ing perfume, Bid thee welcome, love - ly May,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Buds the sweetest bear - ing perfume, Bid thee welcome, love - ly May,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a flowing eighth-note pattern.

Bid thee wel - - - come, love - - - - - ly

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'Bid thee wel - - - come, love - - - - - ly'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

SONG OF SPRING.

May. *sf* O how bright thy sun - ny

Cres. ray, Grateful breasts thy goodness tell - ing, Ten - der hearts with rap - ture

Cres.

p swell - ing, Sweet as rest at close of

p

day, Sweet as rest at close . . . of day.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

JOHN FOSTER, in his admirable essay on decision of character, says, it is a poor and disgraceful thing not to be able to reply, with some degree of certainty, to the simple questions, "What will you be? what will you do?" I once heard one of the most distinguished men in our country state, that it was on the wing of this thought that his soul penetrated infinity and eternity, and that he resolved that by the grace of God he would set his face towards heaven, towards a glorious immortality.

Young men! you are now rapidly deciding what you will be, and what you will do, through endless ages. Many of you are deciding without thinking. We wish to induce you to think what you *may be*, and then wisely to decide what you *will be*.

You have entered upon a long journey. It is bright morning with you now. And yet it is almost noon. And soon it will be night. The day of life over; the journey of life finished. Your dead body will be buried; your name forgotten. Other generations will rise and disappear like ocean billows on the beach, and every trace of your existence will be obliterated from the face of the earth. But is that the end of your journey? No! An archangel's form will appear in these deep blue heavens. With one brush of his celestial wing he sweeps away the curtained skies, and opens the throne of judgment to view. The trumpet sounds—doomsday trump—the trump that shakes the earth, and pierces the ear of death, and sends its reverberations from star to star, throughout God's illimitable empire. Your body breaks from the grave at that terrific summons, and you gaze with unutterable emotions upon the vision opening and transpiring before you. You stand at that bar to hear the sentence which eternity cannot change. This scene, apparently distant, is near. It will soon have passed, and your destiny, as a rejoicing angel or a lost spirit, will be settled for ever. Reflect then, for one moment, upon what you may be, upon the elevation to which you may attain. Try to ascend Pisgah's summit, and look into that heavenly Canaan which God invites you to enter and to possess as your eternal home.

1. You may be spiritually holy; your heart as serene as the atmosphere of heaven; as pure as the prayer of the seraphim. As the poet Gay looked upon the young men sporting upon the play-ground of Eton College, his mind glanced forward to the scenes they were to encounter on life's busy theatre, and with equal truth and poetic beauty he writes:

"These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame which skulks behind;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim visaged, comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart."

These are the great enemies of human happiness. These unsubdued passions are the foes from whom you have the most to fear, as you go on in life. And they will do more than all other causes combined to destroy your peace. There are few passages in the English language more powerful than the fearful imagery with which Southey describes a man struggling with passions which have obtained the mastery over him:

"For from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monster size,
Which ever at his head
Aimed their rapacious teeth,
To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
He, in the eternal conflict, oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and in his giant grasp,
Bruise them and rend their flesh with bloody nails,
And howl for agony;
Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself
Co-sentient and inseparable parts
The snaky torturers grew."

It is thus that the passions, having obtained the supremacy, torture their victim. How large a portion of your own hours of discomfort are caused by your own troubled thoughts. But in heaven every passion will be subdued for ever. The conflict will be over. Temptation will lose its power; and the soul, in holiness and in perfect peace, shall never experience another emotion of disquietude.

2. You may be socially blest beyond what imagination can conceive. There are few joys greater than those of congenial companionship.

There you may enjoy that pleasure in its utmost perfection and without the least alloy. All the wise and good who have ever dwelt on earth shall there be congregated, wiser, better and nobler than ever before. And you may be their fitting associate, your own ennobled heart reciprocating every generous emotion which rises in theirs. Your heart shall reflect, in undimmed lustre, Abraham's heroism, and David's fervor, and Daniel's magnanimity, and Isaiah's sublimity and pathos, and all those graceful attractions which adorned the character of John, the disciple whom our Saviour loved. No tongue of slander shall ever sully your fair fame. No unkind insinuation of envy or jealousy shall ever sunder the chords of affection. Affection's bond shall be eternal, ever brighter, ever stronger.

3. You may be intellectually great. There are no powers possessed on earth more highly prized than powers of mind. There are none which give its possessor more enviable eminence. But when the emancipated spirit stands in God's court, with all the wonders of the universe open to its view—its physical wonders, its spiritual wonders;—with the lofty intelligences who surround God's throne, and all the mysteries of their intellectual nature revealed to the eye; and suns and systems, and countless universes, but as the houses and streets of the village in which you reside, with all the principles of God's government clearly understood, there is necessarily here involved a degree of intellectual elevation and grandeur, which dwarfs in the comparison the loftiest mind which ever drew its information through the senses of an earthly body. This intellectual grandeur you may attain. The duties of your calling may interfere with your intellectual improvement now, but the dawn of the resurrection morning may open to you a page, such as the eye of man on earth never read; and shall introduce to your expanding mind such conceptions as cherubim and seraphim revolve with ecstasy.

4. You may attain to the combination of every conceivable blessing. Is wealth desirable? You shall be an heir of God. Everything shall be yours—the wide universe, with its every avenue of enjoyment, shall be as it were the park and the pleasure ground of your own mansion. Are there joys of sight? The throne of Deity shall be unveiled to your eye, and blazing suns and revolving planets and rushing comets, peopled with every variety of intellectual life, shall be the prospect with which your vision may be enraptured. Has music any charm to soothe and cheer the soul? You may hear, nay more, you may join in those anthems which angels sing, and where cherubim and seraphim unite in the exult-

ing chorus. And the ecstatic notes shall roll from world to world, while the universe of being listens enraptured by the melody. Are youth and health and vigor desirable? There the body shall be perfect in the development of all its powers. Its energies shall never be exhausted, its mechanism never deranged. Exuberant with immortal youth, it shall never know a pang or decay. This is what you all may attain, and having once attained shall never lose or fear to lose. The seal of eternity shall be upon all your possessions and all your enjoyments.

The Saviour has died for you, and made atonement for all your past ingratitude and sin; and now points to his bleeding hands and lacerated side, in token of your danger and his infinite love; and pleads, My son, give me thine heart. The Holy Spirit has been sent, from the bosom of the Father, to urge your acceptance of salvation. And often have you felt his persuasive appeals in the silent monitions of conscience; in the deep and unearthly accents of the grave, when friends have been entombed; in the various providences of your lot, afflictive or joyous; and in the exhortations and demonstrations God has sent from the pulpit to your ear and to your heart. It is not the information which you lack. It is the disposition to do known duty, which is wanting. And if you have but the willing mind; if you will only go to God in sincerity and say, "Father, I have sinned;" if you will, from this hour, commence a new life of prayerful and conscientious obedience to every known duty, God will, for the sake of Christ's atonement, forgive all the past, adopt you into his own family, and he will be your Father, and you shall be his son.

Let us now inquire how all this blessedness may be acquired. Look at this ship just leaving its port. Its officers and crew are exiling themselves from home for weary years, with the hope of acquiring a slight remuneration for their toil. And yet they know not but that they may toil in vain or die by the way.

Look at this young man, just commencing business. Great care weighs upon his mind, for he knows not but that, with all his exertions, he may be unsuccessful, and find, as millions have found before him, disappointment blighting every hope.

But if you will seek aright the blessings of heaven, you shall attain those blessings without any disappointment. There shall be no failure in your exertions, no shipwreck in your voyage. The way to attain these blessings is so distinctly marked out in the Word of God, that no one need err. With that plan you are familiar. Penitence for sin, trust in the Saviour, and prayerful endea-

vors to serve God, will be your certain passport to a glorious immortality. In days that are past, you have been ungrateful and disobedient. But now, if you will return to God, he will forgive the past and direct the eyes of the universe to the atonement Christ has made, in proof of the inviolability of his law. If you will now go to God, in humble prayer, confess your sins, confide in this Saviour, and commence a new life of devotedness to your Maker's service, God will receive you, and rejoice over you. And every angel in heaven will rejoice, and through eternity you will be made glad.

Are not these easy terms upon which to obtain such great blessings? Are they not truly offered without money and without price? Do you find happiness in living without God? Are the pleasures of sin so pure that for them you can afford to barter heaven?

Not many years ago the death of one young man sent a wave of emotion through the whole civilized world. The Duke of Orleans was but thirty-two years of age. He was heir apparent to the throne of France. He was the inheritor of the greatest wealth belonging to any individual upon the globe. He was allied by marriage to the most powerful reigning family in Europe. That was a bright morning when, in all the vigor of youth and health and boundless power, he stepped from his carriage into his father's princely dwelling at Neuilly. And when he again came out from those doors, and re-entered his carriage to review his proud array of forty thousand men, little did he dream that he was entering his coffin and riding to his grave. But so it was. He had proceeded but a few steps from the door, when the frightened horses ran, and he lay dashed upon the ground, bleeding and insensible. And after a few hours of unconsciousness he dies, and stands at that bar, where princely wealth and titles and power are of no avail.

Young men! is there no admonition for your ears in such an event as this? You perhaps are seeking wealth as your chief good. The Duke of Orleans was the heir of a fortune of one hundred millions of dollars, and all the gold of the monarchy of France was poured upon his table. And what is it all worth to him now? The grave worms have consumed his body, and his spirit has received the sentence, Welcome, ye blessed, or Depart, ye cursed.

You are perhaps ambitious of honor and influence. The Duke of Orleans rode before an army of forty thousand highly disciplined troops, who looked at him with awe as their commander-in-chief, and two hundred thousand soldiers were ready to unsheath their glittering swords at his

bidding. The highest nobility of France gathered in homage around him, and the eyes of thirty-two millions of people looked to him as their anticipated king. And what is it all worth to him now? He would exchange the whole, ten thousand times told, for the remembrance of a single prayer sincerely offered to God while upon earth.

Perhaps you are seeking the pleasures of the passing moment, and are bartering heaven for a song and a joke and an hour of midnight revelry. This prince had everything that earth could present of festive pleasure. He dwelt in the most voluptuous capital of Europe. He sought and obtained his bride among the princesses of the house of Austria. And he had health and wealth and rank to give zest to every joy. But now he is in eternity. He is where the king and the beggar are equal. If he was a Christian, a sincere and prayerful follower of the Saviour, he is now wearing a brighter diadem and swaying a more glorious sceptre than ever adorned the hand or the brow of an earthly king. If not a Christian, he is now in the prisons of despair, suffering the doom of rebellion against God,

"There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end."

And in that eternity where he now is, you soon must be. And you may go as suddenly, as unexpectedly as he went, without one moment's warning. Your wildest ambition dreams not of his wealth, or his honor, or his rank, or his facilities of earthly pleasure. But whatever may be your hopes or attainments, you will soon be like him dead; your body in the damp and silent grave, and your spirit in heaven or in hell. Can it then be wise for you to live for time alone, for earth alone? Have you no thought to send into futurity? Have you no holy ambition to obtain a name and a place in those blissful worlds, where eternal ages flow on serenely and uninterrupted?

These questions you must soon decide, or time and death will decide them against you. Sudden death may take you, in an instant, to realms of despair. Or if, in these hours of youth, you resist God's warnings, as time steals over you, your heart will become seared, your eye dim, your ear closed, till, with locks whitened with age, you go to God's bar to answer for a long life passed in breaking his laws, and in rejecting his mercy. Resist then the temptations which crowd upon you in all the thoroughfares of life. Turn your eyes and your thoughts from everything sinful. Guard against the first approaches to wrong doing. Openly enlist as the soldier of Jesus Christ; and with his armor girt around you, and with prayer to animate you, press onward in the pilgrim's

progress to the celestial city. Oh ! it is a glorious prospect which is before you. Brilliant indeed is that home to which angels are bearing you. Joys and honors inexpressible are your birthright. And let not Satan, by seducing you into miserable sins, defraud you of them. Learn to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." And soon, robed in immortal splendor, crowned with celestial dignity, you shall strike your golden harp-strings to songs of never-ending joy.

But some of you who read this page have already joined the sacramental host of Jesus Christ. You have paid your vows to him, and on earth and in heaven are recognized as his disciples. Ye youthful servants of Immanuel, the eye of

the great Captain of your salvation is constantly fixed upon your course. And the sympathies and the affections of all the angels who surround God's throne are concentrated upon your heart. Let no temptations overcome you. Let no discouragements chill you. Let no dangers intimidate you. The conflict with sin will be but for a moment, and victory may certainly be yours. Be humble, prayerful, watchful to the end. And soon shall you be greeted with the welcome of angel bands, as they lead you to the green pastures and the still waters of their heavenly homes ; as they introduce you to the mansions which line the streets of the celestial city, and give you honorable presentation in the audience chamber of God.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THE little school-house, quaint and neat,
Stands somewhat from the village street,
And lifts its antique porch thereto ;
With morning-glories white and blue
Around its cedarn pillars twined,
That shake their bells with every wind.

Mornings the children may be seen,
Playing in front upon the green ;
A gay and noisy troop enough,
Playing at tag and blind-man's buff,
Leap-frog, and ball, and all the plays
Which charm us in our early days.

At nine o'clock, their sports are o'er ;
The Master cometh to the door,
And rings the bell, and in they go,
Reluctant, lingering, sad, and slow ;—
The porch is closed, a woful fate
Betides the urchin coming late !

Within, the Master rules severe,
With watchful eye and listening ear ;
No king upon his throne can be
More deeply hated, feared than he ;
Upon his desk are heaps of toys,
Taken from little whimpering boys.

Satchels, and slates, and piles of books
Lie on the shelves and dusty nooks ;
And maps and blackboards line the wall,

With alphabets for children small ;
And all the benches, seats, and frames
Are carved with letters, and with names.

The highest class of larger boys
Study their task with buzzing noise ;
And when the Master turns his eye
They talk, with heads together, sly,—
Too oft detected unaware,
As many tingling hands declare.

With kerchiefs fast to pinafores,
The infant class sit near the doors,
On little benches, short and low,
Uneasy, shuffling to and fro ;
And in the corner truant Ned,
The pointed Fool's Cap on his head !

Nor lacks the school a troop of girls,
With soft bright eyes, and papery curls ;
Some bending o'er their copy books,
With prim, and grave, and puzzled looks,
While others sew and knit for hours,
And letter samplers full of flowers.

When shadows on the window frame,
The dial of the school, proclaim
That noon is come, the children run
And put their caps and bonnets on,
And o'er the threshold pour amain,
And seek their happy homes again !

THE LAST CHAPTER OF PROVERBS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

THE circumstances under which Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were penned, give them additional value, if aught can add weight to the words of inspiration. In them we are not presented with the dreams of a visionary, the theories of a recluse, or the axioms of one who knew little of the world. The writer was the most powerful monarch of his age, and the fame of his wisdom exceeded even that of his power, and extended far beyond the bounds of his kingdom; and it is now perpetuated not only by the volume of inspiration, and the received traditions of the wandering Jews, but in the tales of the children of the desert, and the songs of the poets of the East. The camel-driver, as he traverses his weary way, cheers his pilgrimage by chants of the wonders and glories of Solomon; and the wandering tribes who tread the desert, or dwell in the coasts which skirt the Red Sea, rehearse many a strange legend of genii and enchanted castle, subjected to the will, or raised by the magic art of the son of David.

The antiquity of Israel extends far beyond the researches of the profane historian. The rays of the sun were reflected by the gold which overlaid the walls of the temple at Jerusalem; the palaces of Solomon, adorned with more than oriental splendor, were echoing the sounds of music, and thronged with voluptuous beauties, and obsequious courtiers, and trains of menial attendants; and the cities of Israel were filled with the hum of commerce, and the sound of the axe and hammer was heard afar, and the Hebrew husbandman ploughed his fields and reaped the golden harvest, or gathered the rich clusters of his vintage, while the hills of Rome were yet a desert, before Greece could boast a poet, a philosopher, an historian, or a legislator. And if we are indebted to the inspired volume for the only authentic history of the first ages of the world, we likewise derive from it the highest knowledge of the human heart. It puts us in possession of the *motives* and principles which govern it, and we learn that man ever has been what he now is, that intervening ages have left his character unchanged; and thus we see one who had chosen wisdom as his portion, who was endowed with

all intellectual power—the statesman, the legislator, the poet, the philosopher, and the moralist—still the slave of his passions, affording an ancient, alas! not solitary proof of the insufficiency of mere intellectual attainment in restraining the passions, or purifying the heart, or rectifying the will.

After having tasted of each cup which pleasure could offer; after having known all the excitement of gratified ambition, and the higher and purer enjoyments which result from exercise of the mind, Solomon confesses, what many a royal voluptuary has since felt, and some have sung, the unsatisfying nature of all sensual pleasure, of all earthly enjoyment; and bequeaths us in this legacy of wisdom the fruit both of his bitter experience, and of his extensive observation.

We cannot adjust the balance between the evils which followed the example and influence of the *monarch*, and the benefits which have resulted from the lessons of the *preacher*. The one affected more immediately and directly his own family and kingdom, and history teaches us that while the penitent is forgiven, yet by no miracle is the natural consequence of his misdeeds averted, and a long train of sorrow and sin still follow the steps of the transgressor. Our sins would humble us more deeply, did we remember that our unholy influence is still felt, even after the sin is forsaken, repented and forgiven, for our admonitions seldom reform those whom our example has led astray.

Yet, the life of the royal preacher had furnished him with a most emphatic text. The wisest of men had fallen. The arts of weak and unholy women had triumphed over him, and they had brought him, like the strong man bound, to worship in the house of their gods. And well could he describe both the arts of the temptress, and the sorrow and shame of the transgressor, when, awakening from the guilty delirium into which sensual pleasure had plunged him, he raised the warning voice, and left to the latest generations the most affecting confessions of the vanity of earthly pursuits, the bitter consequences of unholy gratification, intermixing all with the most solemn

warnings, the most judicious counsels, and with peculiar propriety, closing the whole with the delineation of the *virtuous woman*.

He seems to turn from his splendid court, from the throngs who swelled his pomp and ministered to his pleasures; from the voluptuous Syrian, and the haughty Egyptian; from beauties brought like merchandise from afar, and the noble daughters of his own land who surrounded him; and sad, and sick at heart, he asks, "Who can find a virtuous woman? Her price is far above rubies." And from feelings of bitter self-reproach, he may have added, as he looked around his luxurious harem, and saw the lavish expenditure, the waste, the luxury which could only be supplied by the oppression of his own people, or the spoils of the vanquished—"The heart of her husband doth safely trust her. He hath no need of spoil." And thus has it ever been. Lightly as the profane historian has dwelt upon the influence of the corrupt beauties who have swarmed in the courts of voluptuous and despotic monarchs, often as they would seem to teach that elegance and accomplishments more than atoned for guilt, still they have ever prompted to the heaviest acts of oppression, the darkest deeds of cruelty.

But soon does the royal penman lay aside the bitter thoughts his own follies had awakened, and under the influence of the spirit of inspiration he proceeds to draw a most beautiful picture of all the excellences and virtues which adorn woman. He describes her as fulfilling the humble unobtrusive duties of domestic life; as practising frugality, industry economy; as forgetting nothing which could promote the happiness and the comfort of her family, and yet as possessing the higher qualities of benevolence, piety, intelligence and love. It is a most beautiful picture of woman moving in the sphere in which God has placed her, and fulfilling the duties for which he created her. Though drawn in an age so remote, not only are the virtues there enumerated the virtues peculiarly important to her usefulness and happiness, but the very employments described are still the favorite occupations of women; and the efficient and judicious mother of a well-regulated family does at this day, in the ordinary routine of her duty, follow the course described by the monarch of Israel, ages and ages since. Thousands of years have passed since this picture was drawn. The very names of the monarchs who surrounded the son of David are forgotten. The kingdom of Israel was soon dismembered, and although preserved by a miracle, her children dwell as outcasts in other lands. The temple of Solomon has been profaned and destroyed; the cities he built are covered by the

sands of the desert, and their sites marked by a few broken stones. His writings survive, and this picture is transmitted from distant ages and other lands to us. And does it need any retouching from a modern pencil? Are the colors faded, or have the features become indistinct and dim from the smoke and dust of centuries? We trow not. It is as fresh as life; life as glowing as if the artist had but yesterday laid aside the pencil. As it is the most ancient, so it is the most perfect picture of woman—as she ever should be—as she often is. From the day in which it was drawn, it has probably never wanted living examples of its beauty and its truth. It has imprinted its lineaments upon each succeeding age, and the blessings it offers have stimulated woman, when blest with the light of revelation, to strive to attain the excellence portrayed. Amid the darkness and confusion of the world, a few such shine like pure and gentle stars in the pages of history. Such were the wives of our pilgrim ancestors, the mothers of our revolutionary patriots. And such we can now recall. "Who look well to the ways of their household, and eat not the bread of idleness. Who stretch forth their hands to the poor; yea, they reach forth their hands to the needy. Their children rise up and call them blessed; their husbands also, and they praise them. Strength and honor are their clothing, and they shall rejoice in time to come. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The more we have contemplated this picture, the more reverence we have felt for it, the more beauty and truth we have seen in it; and we do not like to touch it lest we should mar it. We would not place ourselves so that our shadow should fall upon it. Yet we must allude to the beautiful manner in which the importance and value of the influence of the virtuous wife is pointed out, as extending beyond the circle of her family. We had before been told that her exertions had secured prosperity and comfort within it. "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Who has not recognized the elevating influence which a pure, upright, right-minded woman has exercised over the character of her husband? And there is another touch of exceeding truth and beauty, though often overlooked—that love of order and beauty, that regard to personal propriety and decency, ever characteristic of women of this class; that fine taste which sheds a charm over all the arrangements of domestic life. "She is not afraid of the snow, for her household is

clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." A taste often decried, sometimes denounced; but the foundation of the social order and comfort, which distinguishes the home of the Christian from the hut of the savage. And there is another

stroke which sheds a glow of beauty and love over the whole. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom. *Her tongue is the law of kindness*," Alas! that it should not be always thus; that the wise should sometimes forget to be kind!

AERIAL ASCENSIONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

On Friday the fifth of June, 1782, the Assemblée des Etats of Viverrais met on the invitation of the brothers Montgolfier, paper makers at Annonay, around a vast linen bag, covered with paper enveloped in a net-work of twine, the whole resting on a frame sixteen feet square, attached at the four corners by cords which were joined to the network. Bag, network, and frame weighed about 500 pounds. This machine, according to the two paper makers, was destined to ascend in the name of philosophy, to take possession of the region of meteors. At sight of these formidable preparations the members of the Assembly thought for a moment that the brothers Montgolfier had lost their senses. Meanwhile, by means of a fire of damp straw, kindled under the frame, and some ingredients thrown into the flames, the bag became inflated and grew into a sphere of 110 feet in circumference. The brothers Montgolfier having cut the cord which retained the balloon, in less than ten minutes it rose more than 1000 feet above the heads of the astonished spectators. Enthusiasm succeeding to stupefaction, the members of the Assembly drew up a description of the experiment in Pindaric terms, and very soon the *Gazette* and *Mercur de France* had informed learned Europe that the problem of Architas, declared chimerical by all the academies, had just been solved by obscure mechanics.

Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier divided the glory of a discovery which was destined to immortalize their names.

I need not describe the sensation produced at Paris by the experiment at Annonay. The American war went out of fashion, and aerial navigation became the only subject of discussion. The learned were making a thousand conjectures on the mysterious substance used in this experiment, when a philosopher named Charles explained the mechanism of the balloon of the brothers Montgolfier, demonstrating that its ascension was owing to the expansion of the air in the interior by caloric, which caused the inflated balloon to displace a mass of air of superior weight to that of its envelope and the expanded air it contained. Instead of employing air expanded by a fire of straw, Charles proposed to fill a linen balloon, daubed with gum elastic, with an inflammable gas (hydrogen) which, being lighter than the atmospheric air at the surface of the earth, should produce the same effect, with this difference, that the air expanded by fire loses its elasticity in traversing the atmospheric stratum in which it is in equilibrium, while in employing inflammable gas, the balloon must sustain itself indefinitely in atmospheric regions the density of which is equal to that of the same gas. According to Charles, the pretended mysterious substance of the brothers Montgolfier (which it is since known was chopped horsehair and wool) was only a jugglery unworthy of science, and by which only the members of the States of Viverrais could have allowed themselves to be imposed upon.

The Parisians, proud of possessing a natural philosopher who could rival the brothers Montgol-

fier, opened spontaneously a national subscription, the first ever raised in France, and in two days furnished Charles with the means of constructing his balloon.

He confided its execution to an engineer named Robert, who constructed it in a vast workshop situated on the Place des Victoires. After filling it with inflammable gas in the workshop they tried it, and it was decided that it should be transported at night, ready inflated with hydrogen, on a huge litter, to the inclosure constructed in the middle of the Champ des Mars, where its ascension was to take place on the morrow. There was something fantastic in this inflated balloon, 12 feet in diameter, borne on a litter by four men preceded by lighted torches and escorted by a detachment of the watch on horse and foot. The coachmen whom they met on the way were so struck with the sight, that their first impulse was to stop their carriages and prostrate themselves humbly, with hats off, during the whole time it was passing.

The 27th of August, 1783, the capital was in motion. As there were no privileged places, princes and mechanics, duchesses and grisettes awaited, pell-mell, with that patience which characterizes Parisian curiosity, the hour fixed for the experiment. Charles and Robert were occupying themselves in replacing the gas which the balloon had lost in its terrestrial voyage, when suddenly a movement was made near the inclosure, and, like that produced by the fall of a stone into the bosom of a tranquil lake, undulated to the farthest rank of the spectators. Joseph Montgolfier had attempted to penetrate the reserved space, and had been roughly turned out by Charles. At last the clock struck five, a cannon was fired, and amid the acclamations of the people, the balloon of Charles rose in less than two minutes one thousand yards, and was lost in the clouds. A heavy rain could not disperse the crowd, who saluted with enthusiasm the successive appearances and disappearances of the *aërostat*. At last, the balloon reappearing no more, the crowd slowly dispersed. The most eager hastened to inquire what had become of the national balloon. It had sustained itself in the air during three quarters of an hour; but as Charles had inflated it too much, the expansion of the hydrogen in the less dense strata of air had occasioned a rent in the upper part, and it had fallen near Ecouen. The peasants of Gonesse, taking the *aërostat* for a monster fallen from heaven, armed themselves with pitchforks and scythes, marched against it in solid column, tore it in pieces, and were dragging its skin in triumph,

when the cavaliers arrived to rescue its fragments.

The glory of the brothers Montgolfier was obscured; all Paris was in favor of Charles; the Academy of Sciences, which rarely agrees with the public, took sides with the Montgolfiers. It caused to be constructed a balloon of 70 feet in height and 40 in diameter, under the direction of Joseph Montgolfier; it was filled with smoke; Montgolfier did not forget to add the vapor of chopped wool; but, notwithstanding all these precautions, the rain defeating the experiment, the academic balloon, leaving a garden in the Faubourg St. Antoine, rose only 50 feet and fell heavily on a house in the same Faubourg.

The Academy was in consternation; Montgolfier was in despair. By way of consoling him, Louis XVI. ordained that the *aërostatic* experiment which was to take place at Versailles should be made with a *montgolfière*. Montgolfier and the Academy set themselves about the work, and, as the gods love an odd number, constructed, for the royal experiment, a balloon fifty-seven feet in height and forty-one in diameter. This balloon, let off at Versailles, on the 19th of September, carried up a cage in which were a sheep, a cock, and a pheasant. It ascended 240 toises, and fell into the forest of Vaucresson, where the guards saw it slowly descend. The sheep, the cock, and the pheasant did not appear to be at all fatigued with their journey.

This experiment gave to the *montgolfières* the superiority over balloons of inflammable gas, which ascended higher, it is true, but which were always torn by the expansive force of the hydrogen. The partisans of Montgolfier caused to be circulated an engraving representing the balloon of Charles bursting in the clouds, and the philosopher, with mouth open and arms extended, appearing to be waiting for it to come down with these two Latin words: *Carolus expectat, Charles attend*, (charlatan.)

The partisans of Charles replied with more or less spirit, and some sword thrusts were exchanged; but very soon Pilatre des Rosiers announced that he would ascend in person by a *montgolfière*. Pilatre des Rosiers was a *savant* of the second order, with a restless and enterprising mind, a founder of scientific and literary societies, ready to demand of martyrdom the immortality to which his genius could not attain. He caused to be constructed a balloon seventy feet in height and forty-six in diameter; he embellished it with *fleurs de lis*, traced upon it the king's cipher, ornamented it with the twelve signs of the zodiac, interspersed with suns and masks, eagles and garlands,

suspended to this superb machine a circular gallery of wicker-work covered with linen; and after having inflated his balloon, armed with a flag on which was inscribed, *Sic itur ad astra*, (it is thus we ascend to the stars,) he set out on the first aerial voyage, rose without accident two hundred feet above the earth, balanced a few moments in the air, and tranquilly descended to the ground.

He immediately inflated his balloon again, threw out the stone which had served as ballast in his circular gallery, suspended beneath this gallery a chafing dish, provided himself with straw, and, taking with him one M. Giroud de la Villette, rose again 324 feet, remained in the air as long as he had straw to feed his fire, and gently descended with his companion.

As the principal object of aërostatics was to furnish man, with the means of rivalling the eagle and the condor, the *montgolfières* were again the fashion. Charles had been deserted like a dethroned prince, when he announced in his turn that he and his friend Robert would attempt aerial navigation in a balloon filled with inflammable gas. The experiment took place at the Champ des Mars. Charles took care not to fill his balloon entirely, to arrange a valve which he could open at will to give vent to the gas, and took ballast to lighten it if necessary. This experiment, which brought all Paris together, restored to the beloved philosopher all his popularity. Charles and Robert rose, not like Pilatre des Rosiers 300 feet above the earth, but more than 3000, touched the clouds, descended and remounted alternately, and at last landed safe and sound at two leagues distance. Henceforth the aërostat with inflammable gas was definitively adopted, and Charles and Robert made a fortune by constructing little balloons of goldbeater's skin which they sold at extravagant prices, each Parisian wishing to have his balloon in his chamber, and an apparatus to disengage the hydrogen from it at pleasure. This fashion passed into foreign countries; aërostatics became a monomania. The greatest personages, the most beautiful ladies, the Duc de Chartres, MM. de Montalembert and Bellevue, Mesdames de Montalembert, de Podenas, de La Garde, ascended in balloons.

Pilatre des Rosiers, seeing himself distanced by Charles and Robert, borrowed their balloon, set out from Boulogne, crossed the Channel, and descended in England. Although the *entente cordiale* did not then exist between France and England, the French flag which floated over the car of Des Rosiers was saluted by all the English forts, and the most splendid reception was given to the aëronaut, who returned to France in his

balloon, bringing an Englishman and a British flag to bear witness to his courage.

The brothers Montgolfier, of whom Pilatre des Rosiers had been one of the warmest partisans, reproached him with having abandoned their aërostat for that of Charles. Des Rosiers, to unite the two parties into which all Europe was divided, undertook to pass over to England in a balloon half inflated with inflammable gas, which he would expand by means of a furnace placed in his car. But hardly had he risen in the air, when, the fire inflaming the gas, the balloon burst, and the unfortunate man fell, like Icarus, into the waves of the sea.

The catastrophe of Pilatre des Rosiers did not discourage aëronauts, and experiments multiplied. After having found means to rise in the air, the next thing was to navigate the balloon. Mathematicians declared it an impossible thing, because the aerial navigator could find no point of support. All the objections of science did not prevent the public from believing in the possibility of an impossible thing, because it was ardently desired. A visionary, by the name of Blanchard, after having vainly sought perpetual motion, had undertaken to construct a flying boat, which would not fly at all. When the brothers Montgolfier discovered aërostation, he abandoned his boat, provided himself with wings to perform the office of oars, inflated his balloon, set out from the Champ des Mars, crying out to the public that he should alight at Montmartre, where an excellent dinner awaited him, and came down at Vauvres, where he was not expected.

Blanchard, who with his flying boat had already been the laughing-stock of Paris, determined to have his revenge. He re-ascended in a balloon, provided with a vast umbrella, and when he touched the clouds, cut the cord which attached his car to the balloon, and fell, safe and sound, by a parachute.

I might as well enumerate the attempts made to find perpetual motion and the quadrature of the circle, as to relate all the systems presented to the Academy of Sciences for the management of balloons. I will say, however, that Garnerin believed he should be able to use the aërostat for long voyages, by seeking in the higher atmospheric regions the trade winds, which he supposed to exist in an opposite direction to those which prevail on the ocean.

Neither will I mention the catastrophes which have been for the most part the result of the imprudence of aëronauts. I will only allude to the benefits which tactics and science have obtained from the balloon.

At the battle of Fleurus, General Jourdain used an agrostat to learn the disposition of the enemy's army. Gay-Lussac sought in a balloon, at 7000 metres above the level of the sea, the air, which, analyzed by him, was found to contain the same proportions of oxygen and azote with that taken from the surface of the ground in the court of the Polytechnic School.

Although the important results of agrostatics are very limited, and most aeronauts are at present considered in the light of intrepid rope dancers, the invention of the balloon would be a source of glory to France, if this invention did not, like all others, claim a higher antiquity.

The discovery of the ancient process of Architas, made in 1782 by the brothers Montgolfier and Charles, had nearly been made in London, in 1781, by a philosopher named Cavallo, who, after having blown soap-bubbles full of hydrogen, comprehending the possibility of obtaining the ascension of more considerable bodies, attempted the construction of a rude balloon; it was an oblong bag, four feet in circumference, of fine paper. But fortunately for us, the hydrogen with which he filled it escaped through the paper. Then he proposed to employ goldbeater's skin, and would have succeeded in his object; but he postponed his experiment, and the brothers Montgolfier were beforehand with him.

It follows from this fact that the law upon which aërostatics is founded was perfectly well known to natural philosophers, who, after the experiments of Jovicelli and Pascal, knew very well that the air was heavy, and explained by the difference in the weight of gases the ascension of smoke and that of hydrogen.

A Sieur de La Folie, native of Rouen, in a work published in 1775, under the title of *The Philosopher without Pretension*, had nevertheless pretended to raise a globe three feet in diameter by means of electricity; the frontispiece of his book represents a man in a species of cage surrounded by clouds and crowned by two globes suspended in the air. But the system of M. de La Folie was too much like his name, and I need not dwell upon it.

A Dominican, professor of philosophy and theology at Avignon, father Joseph Galien, had published in 1755 a work entitled: *The Art of Navigating in the Air*. He proposed to construct a vessel of strong linen doubled, well waxed and tarred, covered with skins and fortified at intervals with stout cords. This vessel was to be larger than the city of Avignon, and its height equal to that of a mountain. One of its sides was to be at least a million of toises square. This

vessel might, in case of necessity, transport in the air an army with its artillery and provisions for a year. The mechanism of its ascension consisted in that the air being lighter at the summit of the mountains than at the level of the sea, by filling this vessel with the mountain air, it must necessarily displace, being on the ground, a mass of air of weight superior to that with which it was filled, adding at the same time the weight of the machine; and this was the reason why the good father made his aerial vessel as large as the city of Avignon and as high as a mountain.

Unfortunately, father Galien was not in the highest rank of philosophers; but from this aërostatic Utopia, it seems that the principal cause of the ascension of aërostats, which proceeds from the difference of density in gases, was known as early as 1755, and that the brothers Montgolfier had only the fortunate idea of resolving a very simple problem.

A century before (in 1670) father Lana, of Brescia, a Jesuit, published in Italian a work entitled: *Dell'Arte Maestra*, another treatise upon aerial ascension. The principal agent of his machine consisted of four hollow spheres or globes of copper in which a perfect vacuum was to be produced; their diameter was to be 20 feet. In order to produce a vacuum, it was necessary to fill the balloons entirely with water, then reverse them to let the water run out, and close the orifice at the moment it had entirely escaped. The reverend gentleman did not suspect that the reaction of the air would prevent the balloons from emptying themselves. Finally Lana allowed so little thickness to his copper as to render the construction of globes absolutely impossible. But, setting aside this, that is to say, if balloons had been constructed, if a perfect vacuum had been produced, if the pressure of the exterior air had not flattened the copper until it had been counterbalanced by the expansive force of the interior air, it is certain that his four globes would have been perfectly competent to raise the boat with its sails, as we find it represented in the *Arte Maestra*.

A century before Lana, J. C. Scaliger, in a dissertation against Cardan, on the subject of the flying dove of Architas of which Horace speaks in his odes, points out the method of constructing this dove. "Nothing is more easy," says he; "the frame can be composed of the pith of reeds and covered with goldbeater's skin. By means of a light mechanism, motion can be given to its wings." Scaliger forgot to state that it would be indispensable to warm the interior air of the dove when it was desired to have it fly.

Thus then, five hundred years before our era, Architas had found means to raise in the air a balloon in the form of a dove; for we have reason to believe that the methods employed by this philosopher were the very same with those used at present by aeronauts to raise their balloon. As for the return of the dove, obedient to the voice of Architas, it is evidently a fable. To a surprising fact, the imagination always adds impossible circumstances; but I firmly believe that long before Architas the *aërostat* was known in

those ages called fabulous, and which, I think, are but a vague memory of a great lost civilization, which poets have called the reign of the gods. Those dragons vomiting flames, which carried in the air Ceres and the Medeas, were only primitive *montgolfières*; the lame Vulcan of the Iliad, who gave his arm to two automata, to lead them into the presence of Tethis, was a Vaucanson of the heroic ages. As saith the wisest of men, *there is nothing new under the sun.*

I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

I LOVE to think of heaven,
The Christian's final home,
Where crowns and harps are given
To all around the throne;
Where saints of every nation
One song of love shall swell,
Ascribing their salvation
To Christ, Immanuel.

I love to think of heaven,
That place replete with joy,
Where spotless robes are given,
And pleasures never cloy;
But hill and dale rejoices,
And golden prospects please,
And sweet seraphic voices
Float on each living breeze.

I love to think of heaven,
That "chosen spot of space,"
Where God unveils his glory
Through Jesus' lovely face;
As King the angels crown Him,
On that ethereal plain,
While ransomed souls around him
"The Lamb! the Lamb!" proclaim.

I love to think of heaven:
My much loved friends are there;
And precious babes I've given,
My Saviour's love to share.

As stars of night they glitter,
Amidst his glorious crown;
No gems of love are fitter,
Or shed such light around.

I love to think of heaven,
Those mansions bright and fair,
And feel, when ~~the~~ are riven,
No farewell sound is there;
But happy spirits ever
In union sweet will move,
And with their blessed Saviour
Range o'er those fields of love.

I love to think of heaven,
The Christian's glorious rest,
Where sorrow's waves can never
Break o'er their peaceful breast;
But higher still is swelling
That radiant sea of love,
New light and life revealing
From out the throne above.

Who would not dwell in heaven,
That city paved with gold,
All garnished with salvation,
So beauteous to behold;
Where, hand in hand with angels,
That landscape we'll explore,
And gather flowers immortal,
When time shall be no more?

THE FATHER'S RELATIONS AND DUTIES.

BY REV. A. B. FLANDERS.

OF all the duties incumbent on man in this life, none are more important or fearfully responsible than the parental. When "we contemplate the relation of a parent to a child, we at once perceive the obligation of love on the part of the parent, and of reverence and obedience on the part of the child;" while growing out of this relation are certain corresponding duties and affections which I shall endeavor to specify.

The minds of the young are susceptible of impressions much earlier than many will allow. The notion, that children are not capable of receiving instruction till they have reached a certain number of years, is unfounded. From the earliest dawn of observation the child is a learner, and it is a saying worthy of note, that "if parents neglect to fill the mind, the devil will put something into it."

Parents often exhibit a deep concern for the temporal condition of their children, making it apparently their chief aim to exalt them to such positions in society as shall place them beyond the possibility of dependence and want, while they entirely neglect their spiritual welfare. How different is this from the legacy the dying monarch of ancient Israel left to *his* son. Hear him: "And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind, for the Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him he will be found of thee, but if thou forsake him he will cast thee off for ever." Could he have recommended him in sweeter terms? "The God of thy father." Not a word concerning earthly grandeur, emolument or gain escapes the lips of the dying man—nothing that savors of distinction or human greatness is mingled with his pious counsels. "Know thou the God of thy father, and serve him." How superlatively beautiful, how transcendently glorious, is the lesson inculcated here. Parents, you are clothed with a potency that others have not. Remember, that to garnish the bodies of your

children, to instil into their minds notions of human greatness, while you neglect their immortal parts, is to do them an irreparable injury. To be rich in *gold* is comparatively nothing, but to be rich in faith is everything. It is no sin to be poor; an honest man is the "noblest work of God." Ay, the man who pines in poverty and want, whose greatest evil is that he is poor, who, amid the cries of a distressed family for bread, maintains his integrity and uprightness of soul, "bears a nobler record than ever stamped the escutcheon of the mightiest monarch of the world." He may say, Though I am *poor*, yet I am rich. He may be covered with sores from head to foot, as was poor distressed Lazarus, with no "good things" on earth; yet attendant angels shall bear his soul away to joys that never diminish, to glories that never fade. Parent, thy child had better be the poorest of the poor, with an honest heart, than wear a kingly diadem with the sacred birthright lost.

These lessons of morality and religion should be inculcated upon the mind while it is young and tender, otherwise you lose an important position that you might have gained. The mind is ever active, and if not in the way of receiving right impressions, it will most assuredly receive and retain the wrong. God evidently contemplates parents as "teachers," for he has implicitly said, "Ye shall teach these things to your sons, and to your sons' sons." But it has been well observed that "Example is better than precept," and the true parent not only points to heaven, but he leads the way. His language in every case is, "Follow me as I follow Christ."

Oh, then, be careful of the delicate plants intrusted to thee. As you nurture them in tenderness, let it also be with care to extract from the garden of the soul all bitter and obnoxious weeds that would hinder their growth or mar their spiritual beauty, that when their transient stay on earth is finished they may bloom immortal in the Paradise of God.

THE HEROISM OF A FAITHFUL LIFE.

BY REV. JAMES TUFTS.

In almost every town in New England, you may see a specimen of female heroism, which far surpasses the heroism of the warrior. I have in my mind an example of this kind. It is that of a woman who had six children—four daughters and two sons—and an intemperate, shiftless husband, who, besides the disgrace he brought upon the family, was more of a hindrance than a help in obtaining a support. Here was a family to sustain, children to educate, and nothing to do it with but the mother's hands, with some assistance from the oldest daughter.

It was not then so easy as it is now for females to obtain work; but there was a large village near, where the mother found needle-work for herself and daughter. They worked hard, early and late. They contrived many ways to save, to earn littles, and to make a little go a great way. Very soon the mother purchased a patch of land, and began to build a house. Her neighbors were surprised at her courage, or rashness, as they called it, and said she could never pay it. But a kind neighbor lent her some money, and very soon the house was built and paid for; and then they had a home—a place to live in, and work, and be happy—a home.

The girls, if not so richly dressed as their playmates, always looked neat and pretty; and with their rosy cheeks, and merry laugh, and graceful forms, were more to be envied than the pale daughters of the rich. When they attended school, they made long mornings and evenings to help their mother with the needle, and do the work for the family. They could not attend the academy so many terms as the village girls, but they made it up by application to study when they did attend. When young ladies, they were exemplary members of the church, active in the Sabbath school, sewing circle, and ready for every good enterprise. Many daughters of the rich envied these poor girls.

It was a wonder to the neighbors how this woman could bring up her family, educate her children, and make them all appear so well. But they did not know the habits of industry and economy in which the children were trained at

home, nor the indomitable perseverance of that mother—how she toiled, and struggled, and prayed, disheartened by no difficulty, “hoping against hope.” “Many times,” said this resolute woman, “it seemed as if all was over, and we must give up; but we would go to work hoping and praying that God would help us, and he always did.” She told how, in affliction, a summer friend would sometimes leave her, “for fear of losing a dollar,” but she always found a better friend in his stead.

The oldest boy was steady, industrious, and a great help to the family; but wishing to obtain an education, they all worked, economized, and made sacrifices to help him through college. He was very soon admitted to the bar, and is now in the successful practice of law in the city of New York. “And then,” said his mother, “when G—— got through, we began to breathe more freely.” This son does not now forget his mother and his sisters, as brothers sometimes do in prosperity. The oldest daughter went on a Foreign Mission. Two others married intelligent, respectable husbands, and have their beautiful “children about them.”

As I visited this family, after the lapse of many years, and saw how God had blessed them, how pleasantly the homestead was fitted up, how kind and affectionate the children were to each other and their dear mother, I thought of the *riches* of this poor family, and the heroism of that woman, who had achieved such a *victory*, and obtained such wealth; for such habits of industry, economy, and virtue, such sweet domestic affections, with contentment, gayety, and health, are riches the rich do not often enjoy—riches that cannot be obtained in the mines of California.

In listening to this care-worn mother, older than her years in consequence of labor and anxiety, as she told the story of her hardships, with a smiling countenance and a thankful heart, I looked upon her with that veneration and respect which only the great and the good can inspire. If to do, to dare, to suffer, and to conquer constitutes heroism, then is this aged woman a hero. And there are many such heroes, great souls unknown, unnoticed, unpraised by the noisy world. They

have no outward marks of honor or greatness, no epaulettes on their shoulders, no vote of thanks from Congress. Their names are not heralded in the papers, perhaps not known by their neighbors. You shall ask your neighbor who is a hero, who is great, and he will very likely point you to some Alexander or Bonaparte, some name in history or song, not knowing that there is a *living hero* near him,—that, in the frail form of the woman he passes by, as unworthy of notice, is concealed a great, resolute, heroic soul.

Perhaps you may say, that heroism implies conflict, and exposure to danger, in achieving a great object. Very well. Did not this mother I have spoken of have to contend with those dreadful monsters, Hunger, Shame, Vice, Ignorance, and Poverty, which were threatening, open-mouthed, to devour her family, as they had other families? And was it not a close hand-to-hand fight, a combat of life and death, for her and the children she loved? Many of the heroes that take cities are shamefully beaten and overcome by the enemies this woman defeated. Many that have courage enough in the field of battle, have no courage at all in such a conflict, and sit down in despair. Many that are called brave men are mere deserters from the battle of life, where this woman fought; they were cowards in the battle where duty called them to fight, and therefore fly to a battle where mere brute force is called for, so as to gain the name of brave. Many of the world's heroes are cowards in the battle of life.

If, in some of these struggles, you could look into the woman's heart and see Disappointment, Doubt, Darkness and Fear driving her to despair; and on the other hand, Love, undying Hope, and Faith urging her on to the conflict, while the poor mother, casting an eye of affection upon her children, uttering a prayer to Heaven for help, renews the contest another day, another week, till at length the tide of victory turns, and she dares

to breathe and hope, you would see a more sublime conflict than is often witnessed on the field of battle.

The hero of battles can tell of wounds, and scars, and hair-breadth escapes; and so can such a mother, for she bears the marks of wounds deeper than the flesh, and can tell of hair-breadth escapes, where for her more than life was at stake.

True heroism can be predicated only of the soul. It is the conflict within that gives sublimity to any outward conflict. Take away the lofty, resolute spirit, the high purpose within, and there is nothing left but a contest of brute force, as of animals. Just in proportion as the motives are lofty, and the danger great, is the contest sublime. And cannot an affectionate, high-spirited mother, with intemperance, poverty, shame, and vice staring her in the face, see danger enough to encounter? What does she not suffer, what does she not do, that human strength can do? All others give her up as overcome and overwhelmed, but she *alone* has resolution and hope. She loves, she works, she prays, she hopes, she holds out, and struggles on, her heart's blood flowing the while, till she is at length victorious. But alas! she has scarcely life enough left to rejoice in her happiness, for her life-blood has been poured out, wrung out in the conflict. God has heard her prayer. Her husband and children are saved, and she is willing to die. If this is not heroism, or true greatness, I know not where heroism is to be found.

True, the multitude do not praise or admire such greatness. It is above and beyond their sight. They must hear the noise of cannon and the voice of a trumpet. If you ask them who is great, they never refer you to such greatness. But if the spirits above take an interest in the affairs of men, I am sure they will look down with more interest upon the conflict that is going on in the bosom of such a mother, than upon the physical conflict of armies upon the field of battle.

TRENTON FALLS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Let me walk silently these forest aisles,
Where Nature calls my noiseless feet to stray,
And where, as on I thread th' embowered way,
Her loveliness my spirit well beguiles;
Here let me walk along these lofty steeps
In God's high presence! Here He reared the pile,
And ancient tribes entombed within erewhile,

And hurls the waters to profoundest deeps;
Here, where the glories of the young world spread
Fresh as when forth it came from God's own hand,
Let me, subdued in silent worship, stand,
Or solemnly in Nature's temple tread.
Here let me learn how weak, how frail am I,
And seek the brighter glories of the sky!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY B. H. STODDARD.

TOM CAMPBELL—for nobody ever thinks of calling him by his Christian name in full, any more than they do Tom Moore, who is always plain Tom—Campbell was one of my early favorites among the later English poets, and I still remember him with pleasure and profit. We boys used to read his poetry every day in our years of school life. Not a Speaker, or Reader, or Class Book of any denomination, but contained extracts from "The Pleasures of Hope," or "Gertrude of Wyoming," as also Gray's "Elegy," and Beattie's "Minstrel."

For my single self, now I am sorry that these things were, and still are so. The absurd habit of giving us, when children, the master-pieces of English composition to read as tasks, completely blinds us to their beauties and fills our minds with disgust, which no after education and accession of taste is ever able fully to eradicate. Who can enjoy "To be, or not to be," or "My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills," after having had them drilled into him at school? Not I for one; and for the same reason I have never been able of late years to do full justice to my first love, "The Pleasures of Hope."

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

A few facts relating to Campbell's life may not be uninteresting here. For whatever we may say to the contrary, and however much we may affect to see an author in his books, we all like to know something of him personally; something of the man, as well as the author; who and what he was, and what he did, and did not; with other biographical et ceteras too numerous to mention. So now for a running account of his life.

Thomas Campbell was born in the city of Glasgow in Scotland on the 27th of July, 1777. His father, who had been at one time an extensive merchant, was at the poet's birth somewhat in the "sere and yellow leaf," being in his sixty-seventh year. Thomas was the youngest of ten children, and of course the pet and hope of the

family. He was educated with great care, and at the age of thirteen sent to the University of Glasgow, where he remained five or six years. While there he was distinguished as a classical scholar. During the first session of his college life he gained a bursary for proficiency in Latin, and some time afterward a prize for the best translation of the Clouds of Aristophanes. On leaving college he went into the Highlands and resided about a year in Argyleshire, where he wrote some tolerable verses, and acquired a local celebrity, (like the immortal Judd in Little Peddlington,) which his biographers say induced him to give up the study of law, to which he had never been too much devoted, and repair to Edinburgh. To Edinburgh he accordingly repaired, and became acquainted with a set of men who afterward became famous, among whom were Grahame, the author of "The Sabbath," Dugald Stewart, the celebrated Professor of Moral Philosophy, John Leyden, Jeffrey, Brougham, and others "of that ilk." In 1799, just before his twenty-second year, he published "The Pleasures of Hope," which ran through four editions in the course of a twelve-month, and made the young poet much talked about. Like Lord Byron after him, "he woke up one morning and found himself famous." Shortly after its appearance he visited the Continent, and while in Bavaria, then the seat of war, he witnessed from the roof of a monastery the battle of Hohenlinden, which his inimitable ode has rendered immortal,

"Beyond all Greek, all Roman fame."

It was his intention to have visited Italy, but the state of the country rendered travelling unsafe; so he returned to Hamburg, where, in 1801, he wrote his glorious sea lyric, "Ye Mariners of England." He soon returned to Scotland again, and resided for a time in

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat,"

where he wrote "Lochiel's Warning." In 1803 he went to London, and devoted himself to author-

ship as a means of livelihood. He wrote papers for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, consisting of poetical lives, accounts of the drama, and historical notices. He also compiled for the booksellers, for he was now a bookseller's hack, "Annals of Great Britain, from the accession of George the Third to the Peace of Amiens." About this time he married, and was of course a happy man, as all new bridegrooms are. In 1809, his thirty-second year, he published his second long poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," which was as kindly received as "The Pleasures of Hope" had been ten years before. During this time and 1820 he visited Paris with John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, whose life he afterwards wrote, and visited Germany again, where his fame had already preceded him. In 1819 he published his Specimens of the British Poets, with biographical and critical notices, one of his most important contributions to the literature of England. In 1820 he delivered a course of lectures on poetry, and in 1824 published "Theodoric." His old love of sight-seeing returning, he soon after ran over to Algiers, about which he wrote a couple of volumes; and from 1820 to 1830 he edited the New Monthly Magazine, which more than any other publication of the day contributed to maintain a state of good feeling between England and America. The Quarterly had just before been delivered of its impertinent "Who reads an American book?" and our whole nation, from Maine to Georgia—Texas and California being as yet unthought of—were in a fever of virtuous indignation. Walsh wrote a very long and very tiresome Appeal, and American authors in general were considered annihilated. For relatives, the hard feeling between John Bull and Brother Jonathan was anything but creditable. When Campbell came into the editor's chair of the New Monthly, he did his best to right matters between the two countries, and, in a great degree, succeeded. We have some reason now to think that American books *are* read, both at home and abroad. In 1842 he published his "Pilgrim of Glencoe," a great falling off from his previous efforts. For some years past his health had begun to fail, and it was deemed advisable for him to visit the Continent again. He accordingly crossed the channel to Boulogne, where he died June 15th, 1844, shortly before his sixty-seventh birthday. His body was removed to England and interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, where it now reposes, with "the kings of thought."

A few lines suffice to tell all this, and to put the reader in possession of the facts of his life; but farther we know not. The inner life, the life

of the poet's soul, has not been revealed. True, his Life has been written by one of his most intimate friends, Dr. Beattie, and a great old Betty he is; but it is a little uninteresting and tedious, as the lives of most authors are apt to be. The different epochs and actions of his outward existence are paraded before the world, but the world fails to sympathize with them, and with him, so considered. We are too much wrapt up in ourselves and too selfish at heart to pay much attention to the lives and actions of others, unless indeed it is to judge them Pharisaically. We will not, perhaps we cannot, appreciate the delicate lights and shades of character, those "trifles light as air," which have so much to do with the formation of habit and opinion. We demand something striking and powerful, have a fancy for the real and a taste for the melo-dramatic. We appreciate a great conqueror, but hardly a great poet; one is made up of the brute part of our nature, the other of its very soul and essence. One works in burning cities and battle-fields; the other, poor man, only in

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

But after all, perhaps no real life of any man has ever yet been written, or ever will be. He who would do it cannot; and he who could, the man himself, will not, dare not do it. We do not wear our hearts upon our sleeves for daws to peck at; so of the mass of poets, painters, philosophers and divines, and men in general, we know next to nothing. If we are desirous of further knowledge, we can go to their works, and learn what they embody, and what we have the cunning to detect. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

To judge Campbell then by his poetry, I should say he was a man of refinement and fastidious taste; noble and generous in all his sentiments and sympathies, and "quick to feel, and wise to know," the sorrows and joys of his fellow-men; a lover of his country, and freedom, and all the rights of mankind; and a deep hater, one of Johnson's "good haters," of tyranny and evil. Not a great poet by any means, but a very fine one; classical, finished, elegant, and beautiful. No *rara avis*, but a very swan-like singer. Full of sensibility, and tenderness, and pathos, with occasional strokes of power and sublimity, but somewhat timid on the whole; too fearful of falling to venture high; too much in awe of what the critics would say; too much in awe of himself as a critic; frightened at the success of "The Pleasures of Hope," which, unlike his "coming events," cast its shadow *behind*. Such too seems to have been the opinion of his contemporaries who knew

him best. Jeffrey, in writing to him about Gertrude of Wyoming, said: "You have hammered the metal in some places, till it has lost all its ductility. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions, glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them, forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them." "What a pity it is," exclaimed Sir Walter Scott, talking one day with Washington Irving, "what a pity it is that Campbell does not write more, and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. The fact is, Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him." This was in 1817. Ten years later we read as follows in Sir Walter's diary: "I wonder often how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late. The author, not only of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, &c., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and, what is worse, fears the

shadow of his own reputation. He is a great corrector, too, which succeeds as ill in composition as in education." Byron says of Campbell, that "with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, he is the only poet of the times, except Rogers, who can be reproached (and in him it is, indeed, a reproach) with having written *too little*."

His lordship afterwards modified his opinion, and said, "Tom was a goodish fellow, but his Hippocrene was somewhat grouty."

But after all deductions have been made for his timidity and fastidiousness, there still remains in his volumes a mass of fine poetry, the most imitable in its kind in the language. The world will not "willingly let die" passages from "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Lochiel's Warning," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenlinden," and "The Rainbow." Campbell has written but little, but he has written that little well; and it would be well for many of the new school of poets in England to follow his example, to say nothing of our American bards whose name is Legion, and whose verses of all sorts amount to the same indefinite number.

The accompanying engraving is copied from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is said to be a faithful and fine likeness.

A FATHER'S BLESSEDNESS.

When meditation's brow is sad,
And early joys that once have had
A power to charm,
Like morning flowrets, pure and gay,
Ere evening falls are snatched away
By some rude storm,
I'll look upon my infant's face,
And in her gestures there will trace
A purer joy;
A deeper, broader stream of love,
A stronger charm my heart to move
And care destroy,
Than pride, or fame, or wealth supply,
Or all the scenes that charm the eye,
Or ravish sense.
Her rapturous shout, that rings the air,
Her mouth and sparkling eyes declare
Bliss so intense,

And free from all corroding care,
Or selfish doubts, like worms that mar,
In riper years,
The roots of budding promise-plants,
Whose flowers were meant 't supply our wants
And wipe our tears,
That, lifting high above the ken
Of reason yet attained by men,
It tells my heart
That when the life of time shall cease,
And nature's death shall bring release.
Its counterpart
Will in another life be found,
Where full perfection shall surround
The Throne of God,
And I around that Throne shall stand,
Receiving blessings from his hand—
Without the rod.

SCIENCE AND PRIESTCRAFT.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

SCIENCE, with all its wonderful and ennobling revelations, in our practical age, is destined to accomplish more than the mind can at present conceive. After an infancy, protracted through a painful and struggling duration of two thousand years, from the time when the first philosophers matured their earliest experiments to the close of the alchymic age, science has at last leaped forth, by rapid successes, into the vigor of a ripening manhood. It has unlocked the door of many a mysterious temple—it has flung back the curtain from many a gloomy recess—it has rent the veil from many a penetrale of the past. The achievements of the last century, which have contributed more to the happiness and the elevation of man than those of all preceding time, with the single exception of the art of Printing, are only the earnest of those magnificent triumphs over matter, time and space, which the swift-coming future is to unfold. In 1765, Watt made the important experiments which demonstrated the expansive force of steam, and its value as a mechanical agent; and from that time to this, steam, as the great civilizer, has only demonstrated the possibilities of the human mind, while the efforts of John Fitch and Robert Fulton were but the initial steps to the locomotive of Stephenson, the electric telegraph of Morse, and the wonderful "Lightning Press" of Hoe.

There may yet be, there no doubt are, Neptunes to discover no less in the forces and mysterious operations of Nature than in the starry vault. The telescope of the astronomer, inverted, turns from the resplendent spheres whose illuminated orbits of thousands of millions of miles are but floating circles of glory in an immeasurable immensity, to find in the drop of water, the smallest fragment of infusorial fossil, or the eye or wing of the most diminutive insect, wonders which rival the majesty of the one by the infinite littleness of the other. The galvanic battery or the hydro-oxygen blowpipe of the chemist, and the powers of the mechanician, are yet to be employed to solve problems which will bring to man more brilliant triumphs than any which have yet blessed mankind. There are new worlds for the

navigators of yet untrodden seas, and some Columbus may yet discover, beneath the gleaming of some remote star, forces and powers to which the steam engine may become only a brilliant and worthy herald. The "insanity" of Fitch and Fulton, and the "dreams" of the "visionaries" and "enthusiasts" of other days, are now moulding the world to the might of their genius and the far-reaching influences of their discoveries.

These results we attribute mainly to the Press. The unlocking of the doors of monastic libraries, and diffusion of the light imprisoned within the jealous doors of a middle-night nobleman, has opened the resources of science to millions of thinking, active, aspiring minds, and poured abroad over the world floods of light which are heaving and swelling in their fullness, as each new inquirer delves to the nether rock, points his glass into the blue depths, or touches the unconscious matter with the galvanic probe to learn its mysteries. Of a hundred millions of minds, *one* may be so constituted as to perceive a new truth in feeble indications which others do not penetrate. Of a whole generation, or of a century, only *one* mind, it may be, pushes onward in the path which shall certainly lead to mighty results. At the present time tens of thousands of active inquirers are engaged in the anxious race for fame, and wealth, and immortality, by contributing great truths and facts, to the store of human knowledge. Among these multiplying laborers will yet come the Columbus and the Vasco de Gama and the Leverriers of illustrious renown.

It is impossible to estimate the probable present condition of the world, had Heron of old, or Archimedes, in the midst of their philosophical investigations, applied a piston and a valve to their elemental steam engines and colipiles. Had they placed a piston within a working cylinder, and a valve to cut off and let on the steam, the further application of wheels, levers, and pumps would have followed; and though rude and imperfect in their operation, they would have led, as they did two thousand years later, to the splendid labor agent of Watt, or the fiery steed of Stephenson. Could the operations of Nature

the flash of lightning, the shock of thunder, or the secret but powerful effects of galvanism, have been understood a thousand years ago, the history of the world would have been for five hundred years past a history of love, and harmony, and bliss. The progress of man would have reached a point at which golden dreams of unparalleled magnificence would have been shadows of the position of our age. The initial work is now begun in earnest, and the wilderness of Australia and of central Africa, the yet unknown islands of the Pacific, and the wintry regions of Siberia, are to be made glad with nobler stories than the traditions of blood and crime which defile the history of our race.

Of the resources of ancient science we can know comparatively little. The stars shed down their light as of old, and the astronomy of the past, corrupted and profaned by the astrology and superstitions palmed upon the people by the sacred trustees of the mysteries of Bacchus, or Juno, or Hercules, or Memnon, has come down to us, to win a brighter light from the sun of to-day. But the wonderful mechanical appliances by which sky-reaching pillars and Memphian or Theban temples or pyramids were reared are altogether unknown. The almost fabulous achievements of Archimedes are attested by all history, but the descriptions of his remarkable engines are lost, and the science he matured has again to be discovered. Arts, which leave their impress, in exquisite portraitures and chisellings, on the walls of a Nineveh or a Herculaneum, have been lost; antetypes of surgical instruments which were patented in France not long ago were subsequently found among the ruins of Pompeii!

Science for a long period was confined to priests and philosophers, who made it the means for mystifying the faith of the people, or founding a school for purposes of personal ambition. The babbling philosophers who spent their time in "hearing or teaching some new thing," were no less earnest seekers after the curiosities of thought, than is some modern curiosity hunter who ransacks the world for accessions to his depository of the marvellous and the monstrous. Philosophy was a term used to give dignity to all the abortive speculations, the wild chimeras, or the stupid errors of sensual minds. It seems as though each of the "wise men" determined to invent theories no matter how preposterous, and subtleties no matter how absurd, for the purpose of leaving no vagary upon which a disputation could possibly be based untouched or uncredited. The practical philosophers, who meantime left the field of abstract speculation for the working field of ex-

perimental science, used their discoveries and inventions as engines of war and carnage, or as appliances to dupe the millions into a deeper moral and intellectual slavery and gloom. Hence practical philosophy became the handmaid of priestcraft, and ingenious devices, depending for success on scientific principles unknown to the vulgar and uninitiated, were used to operate upon their ignorance, their fears, and their credulity.

It is, perhaps, well for the world that the Alexandrian Library afforded fuel for six months to the public baths of that city. In it was collected the literature of the world. And judging from the character of the whole by that which has reached our day, but a small part could have been of any real service to mankind. Had the mechanics and engineers of old been accustomed to write out and leave behind them full illustrated descriptions of their machines and experiments, and had philosophical historians then lived to preserve the record of early experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy, the loss of the Library might have been great. But the fires that consumed the volumes of that stupendous collection burnt only the copies of books which were extant after the vandalism of Omar, and if worth much they would have been in some greater measure preserved. Who can tell what mysteries of the inner temple were there dissipated with the vapors of the bath! Who can regret that the wild creations of the debasing sensuality of ancient poets and priests were lost, when examined in the light of to-day, and judged by the fragments which have come down to us? The frauds on the faith of man and the juggles on the credulity of the world had been long enough successfully practised, and it was time that the entire mass were swept away, that the world might create anew the literature and the science of a better day. The strange secrecy and jealousy of rivals which prevented the old experimenters and mechanicians from making their researches and inventions known to the world has but recently been well overcome; for it is only within a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, that they have given the world measurably accurate and intelligible descriptions of their labors and the results. The Marquis of Worcester, in his "Century of Inventions," is a prominent instance of this, as well as his contemporaries at the close of the seventeenth century. His 98th proposition is in these words:—

"98. An engine, so contrived, that working the *primum mobile* forward or backward, upward or downward, circularly or cornerwise, to and fro straight, upright, or downright, yet the pretended operation continueth, and advanceth, none of the

motions above mentioned hindering, much less stopping, the other; but unanimously and with harmony agreeing, they all augment and contribute strength unto the intended work and operation; and, therefore, I call this a semi-omnipotent engine, and do intend that a model thereof shall be buried with me."

Worcester was a man of genius, and devoted to scientific and mechanical discoveries and improvements. He expended his fortune in his labors, and seems to have effected several great improvements; but being a loyalist and an adherent of Charles I, he suffered in the political changes of the times. He retired to the continent on the fall of the king, but revisited London in disguise in 1656, when he was imprisoned in the Tower. On the restoration, in 1660, he recovered his estates, but his proposed plans for constructing his machines were frustrated, and he left only the "Names and Scantlings" of his projects, dying in 1667, and leaving no model to be buried with him. Worcester, apparently, attached high importance to this invention, which was undoubtedly a steam engine, for no other *primum mobile* can answer the description of a force working in every direction with equal facility. So great was his estimate of it that he said, "I do intend that a model thereof shall be buried with me:" a sentiment paralleled by the aspirations of John Fitch, who, when disappointed and condemned for his "insanity," declared he would be buried on the banks of the Ohio, that his lonely grave might be cheered by the sound of the steamers which he predicted would bear the treasures of a magnificent inland commerce down the Ohio and the Mississippi, and the silence would be broken by the songs of the boatmen. By such obscure and indefinite propositions and problems have most of the practical philosophers of the past hidden their researches, while many of them left no record at all of their labors. Hence, we infer, that probably few works of real practical value to the world were engulfed in the destruction of the Library at Alexandria.

Priestcraft has ever been a scourge to the world. The sacerdotal power of the thousands who have ever fed and enriched themselves by the magnitude of their successful impostures, or the splendor they could throw around the rites of the faith they taught, has been great not more in the gorgeous and solemn temples of classic Rome or Greece, than in the grosser but equally ambitious impostures of the Fetish venders and Rain-makers of Africa, or the *taata-paari* of the South Sea Islanders. Whether Delphic oracles make known the divine mind to the inquirer, or

the frightful bodily contortions of a Polynesian priest pronounce the dictum of the gods, the measure of priestcraft is the pliant submission and credulity of the masses to their despotic control. Science, which, in the refined temples of polished Greece or Rome, became a vestal to watch the sacred fire, was but the cultivated twin of that ruder skill which found in pretended means of communication with the gods, the changes of the evening and morning star, and of the moon, frequent opportunities of asserting supernatural gifts on the part of the priests of South Sea *maracs* and *heiaus*.

The dews of the mediæval night fell chillingly on the world. A christianized paganism, which consecrated the lustral waters of heathen temples dedicated to Jupiter or Venus, till they became the holy waters of St. Peter's or St. Simon's, had little scruple in covering a worm-eaten chair of a heathen prince, and palming it off as the chair of St. Peter; and the adept at ecclesiastical jugglery found no great obstacle in converting, by the legerdemain of ghostly benedictions, a stick from the amphitheatre into a piece of the "true cross." The tricks by which the priesthood of the Pantheon swindled their followers into the belief of avenging deities who spoke from marble statues, or struck the lyre at sunrise on the Egyptian plain, were christianized into bleeding pictures of the Redeemer, or weeping statues of the Virgin. The skilful mechanicians of ancient temples found willing and accomplished successors in the monastic artisans and inventors of the Dark Ages.

The absolutism of science in the hands of these sacred mechanicians, into whose mysteries it was death for the uninitiated to penetrate, kept the world in darkness. As the sacred mysteries were so jealously guarded by the priests of old, and are at this day in the East, so the most terrible vows were imposed upon those who devoted themselves to the monastic life; and when the unsparing hand of Henry VIII. disposed of the rich benefices of the church, and distributed them to the people, the scientific and mechanical employments of the brotherhood were in part ascertained. The "old curiosity shops" of monasteries and churches were overhauled; pictures and statues, vials and rags, Virgin's handkerchiefs and apostolic tears, the sacred blood of the Saviour and the robe without a seam, and countless other frauds, were held up to the eye of the world, without the prepayment of "Peter's pence," or the price of a rosary. Could the churches and monastic museums of the continent be now examined, they would probably exhibit many a "holy coat of Treves," and many a bleeding picture or weeping

statue, the sanguinal or lachrymal duct of which is a nicely constructed tube to carry stained or limpid water to the discharging orifice at the heart or the eye of the miraculous object. When the old rags of these usurers, who pawn immortal souls to Death that they may live on the ill-gotten gains, and show old bones to the faithful as the relics of the apostles and saints that they may fatten the integument which covers their own, are at last exposed to the searching fire of truth, they will be found of more perishable stuff than the fire-enduring asbestos.

It was not enough that the tyranny of priestcraft should have perpetuated itself by the experimental science of the world, but when the spirit and mind of man began to awake from its lethargy, it aimed to assert its dominion over the speculative as well as the real. To what purpose did Copernicus labor, when his scientific discoveries were to be branded as theological heresies; and to what purpose did Galileo live, when the results of his labors were to be branded as "damnable doctrines, and subversive of the faith"? and at the risk of being made a Merry Andrew at an *Auto da Fé*, or expiring in the agonizing embraces of that remarkable specimen of priestly mechanism, the statue of the Virgin—which being set with hundreds of cutting blades, enfolded the victim in its lacerating endearments—to what end did he announce that "the world moves"?

The priestly workshops of old must have contained many a rare curiosity in the shape of singular contrivances to juggle the people of their tribute. One of the greatest of these was a vessel for the sale of lustral water. A cylindrical vessel, with a slit in the cover, received the money of the purchaser. This vessel contained another smaller one placed at one side, which contained the water. This smaller cylinder was furnished with a sliding piston, to which a lever was attached at the top, on the other end of which lever was a flat dish which received the money deposited. Five drachmæ, or about seventy-five cents, were required to procure the holy water, the lever and piston being so adjusted that the piston would not move until five drachmæ were dropped upon the end of the lever. When this was done, the dish descended to an angle sufficient to allow the coins to slide off, when the piston by its own weight descended, cutting off the supply of water until the money should be replaced. This artifice of the heathen priests, preserved among the writings of Heron of Alexandria, was probably only the ancient form of similar inventions of the later monks of Europe during the middle ages. Ewbank, to whose very valuable work on "Hydrau-

lics and Mechanics" we are indebted for an extensive and interesting collection of facts in regard to hydraulic apparatus and engines of every description, says of Heron's "Spiritalia," that, "Taken as a whole, the Spiritalia seems more like the manual of an ancient magician than anything else—a collection of deceptions with the processes by which they were matured. In it Heron, instead of appearing in the character of a philosopher, rather assumed (perhaps for amusement or to expose the frauds of the Egyptian hierarchy) that of a minister of Isis, initiating an acolyte into the mysteries of his profession. And numerous as are the devices described, they doubtless formed but a small part of those which constituted the efficient capital of the Egyptian priesthood. Of the seventy-six problems contained in the book, twelve relate to the working of prodigies at the altars, by air dilated by the heat of the sacred fires, upwards of forty relate to sacrificial vases, Tantalus' cups, magic pitchers, &c. In some of these were concealed cavities, in which the liquid was retained or discharged by closing with the thumb a minute opening in the handle. Water was poured into some and they gave out wine, and *vice versa*. In these we have a solution of the trick by which water was changed into wine in the temple of Bacchus, on the 7th of January, at the annual feast of the god, as mentioned by Pliny. In others were disguised partitions forming various compartments in which different liquids were retained, and all discharged at one orifice, (by a species of three or four way cock,) so that those in the secret could draw water, wine, or oil at pleasure; beside many other *merry conceits*, as old authors name them." Ewbank remarks further that "One would suppose the publication of Heron's Spiritalia must have been as distasteful to the occupants of ancient temples, as some of Luther's writings were to Leo X. and his associates of the Vatican."

The frauds practised at the altars by the mechanical expedients of the priests were numerous and various, as well as scientific to a high degree. The different densities of fluids, by which one could be drawn from a vessel containing several others, above or below—the elastic force of vapors generated in the hollow bodies of the altar by concealed or exposed fires—the modulated sounds produced by steam rushing through tubes of different bore, and others, which would make a curious and instructive chapter of ecclesiologies, were all resorted to by the philosophical priests of old. An instance of this we will give, quoting again from Ewbank.

"A modern mechanician will at once perceive

that the radiation of heat from fires into the interior of [hollow] altars, offered an effective and unsuspecting source of fraud—one from which a distinct series of prodigies might be derived. Let us see how they could be realized. Suppose a bronze altar made air-tight, with a cylindrical or other opening through its centre, in which to place the fire and afford a draft, or the passage for the draft might be made at right angles to the furnace or fire-place, and terminate at one side of the altar; the upper part of the furnace would thus be level with the top of the altar upon which the victim was laid. Suppose the air-tight cavity round the furnace filled to a certain height with wine, oil, or other inflammable liquid, a vapor would then be evolved by the heat, and mixing with the contained air would press upon the surface of the liquid, which by concealed tubes might be conveyed to the fire and thus sustain it without any additional fuel. The vapor might also be made to produce sounds as in Drebbel's machine—images of birds might be made to sing—dragons and serpents to hiss. The current, like the blast of a bellows, might be made to excite flames, and by appropriate mechanism impart motion to various automata—cause the doors of the temples mysteriously to fly open and to close, &c. Now, it so happens that these very things were done, and by means of air and vapor."

A remarkable ancient German idol was discovered in making some excavations about the close of the fifteenth century. According to the description given, it was made of bronze, and between three and four feet high, the body being two feet and a half in circumference. It resembles some of the monstrous caricatures of the rude Polynesians more than anything we can call to mind of the idols and gods of the heathen. One knee rested on the ground, the right hand on the head, and the left rested upon the thigh. The cavity for the liquid held about seven gallons, and there were two openings for the discharge of the vapor, one at the mouth and the other in the forehead. These openings were stopped with plugs of wood, and the priests had secret means of applying the fire. The idol was made to represent various passions of the deity it personated, with a view to extort offerings and sacrifices from the worshippers. When the demands of the priest were not complied with, the god expressed his anger by the sweat (steam) which oozed from all parts of the body; if the people were still unyielding he became furious and terrible; murmurs, bellowings, and thunderbolts burst from him;

flashes of fire shot from his mouth and head, and he became enveloped in dense clouds of smoke; when the people, stricken with horror and dismay, complied with the requisitions. The plugs forced from his mouth and forehead by the force of the steam were the thunderbolts of this Jove, and the fire and smoke were the streams of boiling liquid and steam which were forced to escape from the passages thus opened. It is said that the accomplished monks of the middle ages adopted this idol as a favorite engine of their own, to produce the same effect upon the fears of their nominally Christian adherents, as was obtained by the jugglery of the remote inventors of this ireful deity. This ancient monster was called Puster or Pusterich, and was a fine specimen of priestly philosophy and science.

A deeply interesting chapter in the history of the human mind, and the successful impostures and swindles perpetrated by the priesthood, affording an insight into one of the most singular phases of our singular race, might be written by some industrious and philosophical investigator. From the materials at hand we could extend this present suggestive sketch to a length far exceeding the proper limits of this magazine. The statue of Memnon, with its sunrise harp, the tricks and deceptions of the worship of Greece and Rome, the mysteries of the thousand temples of Boodh or of Brahm, the caves of Elephanta, and the golden city of Benares, the juggles of middle-age monasteries and cathedrals, and the cruder skill of the African rainmaker or the aboriginal medicine man, the polished and evangelized pretensions of bleeding pictures of the continent of Europe of even to-day, and the not less successful but ruder artifices of the taata-paari of the South Sea Islands—in all of these, science, by which term we comprehensively include any and every pretension to superior knowledge or skill on the part of the priesthood, whether in mystic converse with the stars or the entrails of a slaughtered animal, equally practised by the seers of classic fanes and the besotted priests of Polynesia or the rainmakers of central and southern Africa—in all of these superiority of knowledge or skill has successfully duped the millions, and created a hierarchy which has rejoiced only when trampling out the light and the souls of the people. We trust the day is soon coming when monastic mechanicians and priestly philosophers will be alike stripped of their coverings, and science will be made free to enlighten man, and lead him onward to his God.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

"TAKE these papers into your desk, Granger, and let them all be copied before to-morrow night," said Secretary Z. to a bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked youth, who stood at his desk one Saturday evening in the act of putting it in order to leave as usual till Monday morning. "Business has got behindhand here, I find, through the negligence of some of you clerks," he continued, looking round on some half dozen young men who were gathered about the door waiting to receive their weekly allowance, "and the matter must and shall be looked into. I thought these documents were copied; they are very important, and must be finished in the best manner by the time I mentioned; they belong to your department, Granger."

So saying, he placed them on the desk of the individual thus addressed, and was turning away, when he met the young man's eyes fixed on him in some surprise; for the order was a very unusual one, and Granger, though but an under clerk in the office, was known to be one of the most faithful and laborious of them all. The Sabbath had heretofore been his own, to devote to those sacred duties which so well befit the day in the estimation of every religious heart. Conscientious he was, too, about the employment of time for mere worldly business on that day; and therefore, though the youngest in the office, he ventured, modestly and respectfully, to say as the Secretary was walking away in a very perplexed and dissatisfied manner:

"To-morrow is Sunday, sir—perhaps——"

"I know that, sir," sharply retorted that gentleman, turning abruptly round, and gazing angrily at the youth. "Do you suppose I am not able to keep the day of the week as well as yourself, sir? Let this work be done without fail at the time I have specified, and don't spend any more time in inquiries or remarks, if you please."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Granger, his face suffused with blushes as he spoke, and his manner embarrassed and confused by the uncommon asperity and ill-humor of his master; "I beg your pardon, sir, but really, I would rather not write on the Sabbath. I'll stay to-night and——"

"Very well, sir, very well," interrupted the Secretary, without waiting to hear the conclusion of the sentence, "do just as you like, by all means, sir; but if your conscience is so very scrupulous, somebody's else must undertake the service, and, henceforth, you must find exercise for yours in some more congenial place and occupation. You will consider your time at your own disposal from this date!"

These bitter and unreasonably hasty words stung the young clerk to the quick, for he was keenly sensitive to disgrace or censure, and he felt in his heart that he deserved neither. But there were his fellow-laborers, listening, and wondering, and winking at one another as the conversation proceeded, saying plainly enough by every look how much they thought he was standing in his own light, and expecting every moment to see him yield from necessity or fear, as they were very sure it was prudent to do. And sorely tempted was the young man to comply with the unreasonable requisition, "just for once," rather than lose his place by resisting the will of his employers; a place, to be sure, not very lucrative, but still desirable, and desired by many an eager applicant; but he needed the income, moderate as it was, for he was poor, and his mother—oh, his mother's need had well nigh resolved him to do evil that good might come to her. But a better thought prevailed through the spontaneous operation of those principles which had been sown in his heart by that mother's care and watchfulness and wisdom. The spirit of true manliness she had infused into his young heart, and real heroism, that heroism which dares to oppose itself to evil—a heroism which thousands who stand unmoved at the cannon's mouth cannot claim, and dare not assume.

Yes, in the hour of temptation, though, as far as he could foresee them, the consequences would be peculiarly disastrous to his interest, he dared to be a *man*! dared to do right! and this is genuine manliness! Now many young people—young lads like him—would, in his situation, think it plainly their part to do the bidding of their employer, especially if there was any risk

of their own interest in refusing. And others would reason, that if older and wiser people thought there was no harm in doing a little business on a Sunday, particularly if it had very much accumulated during the week, why should they be over scrupulous? They would not be responsible for doing what they were obliged to do.

Those who would thus satisfy themselves have not the right sort of principles—have not such as will aid them to triumph over the besetting temptations of their period of life. In short, they have not courage to be *men*. They forget that no one holds authority over them which can compel them to do wrong. They are never to violate the command of God to obey a human master. Better, far better it is, in such a situation, to suffer the wrong than to do it. If your master tell you to take money out of a neighbor's drawer, you would not feel bound to obey, you would scorn to obey him; and the same God who has said, "Thou shalt not steal," says also, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Young Granger waited but a moment, while the color went and came in his boyish cheeks indicative of a painful conflict within, and then he said, in a low and respectful tone, but very firm and decided withal:

"I cannot write on the Sabbath, sir, but I will occupy all the hours that do not belong to that day, between now and the time the office is opened Monday morning, and have the work done in the best manner and shortest time I can possibly do it. I should be very sorry, sir, to disoblige you, or to lose my place, but indeed I cannot write on the Sabbath day."

"Very well, sir; then, as I said just now, you and your conscience must seek occupation elsewhere," said the Secretary, contemptuously. "Your bill, sir, if you please; we will relieve you of such responsibilities as you have hitherto sustained among us with as little delay as possible. You are resolved?"

"Yes, sir," said Granger, deeply wounded by the taunting tone and manner of his master, but conscious that he was in the right, and determined bravely to abide the issue. The Secretary fidgeted about while the money was counted, for in truth he was unwilling to lose so upright, regular and conscientious a hand from the office, and he had not supposed it possible that he would sacrifice his place to his principles. But seeing matters had taken such a turn, he could not compromise his ill-humor and reinstate him for his integrity; oh no, it would be a shocking precedent, and all the other clerks would be taking advantage of it; he must carry out his

threatenings, though unwise and undeserved. So with cold civility he wished a good evening to Granger, and turned to arrange the business with some one out of several who had already volunteered to do it, without a scruple. Alas for an indurated conscience! well may its possessor tremble, for it is the armor with which the arch enemy delights to invest his votary, while he lures him into danger, and laughs to see him fall.

Our young hero felt sad enough as he walked homeward, revolving the scene in which he had just been an actor. What would his mother say, when she had been able to obtain the situation for him only by repeated efforts, negotiations, and delays? Say! Why, he well knew that she would lay her hand on his head and bless him, rejoicing in his victory over temptation, more than if he had won a casket of diamonds. But then she was feeble, old, infirm and poor; and his young sister ought to be kept at school in order to fit her to take care of herself. How sorely would they need the avails of his labor; it was their main, and many times their only dependence, and now which way should he turn? Perhaps they would think he had been rash and hasty; perhaps others would, and it might be very difficult to get employment in consequence. All these things passed rapidly through his mind, sometimes alarming him by their sombre coloring, and then again presenting a hue of satisfaction and hope. One thing he was sure of: he had acted *right*, and there he would rest the matter.

Full of these thoughts he lifted the latch of his mother's lowly dwelling, and presented himself before her with as cheerful an aspect as he could possibly assume, albeit not the most joyous he had ever exhibited.

"What's the matter, Everett?" inquired his sister, as she busied herself in preparing the simple viands which were to constitute their frugal supper. "You look gloomy and miserable to-night—worked harder than common, haven't you, to get things all square for Saturday night?"

"Not much; but I'll tell you about it by-and-by, Sarah Jane," replied the brother; "get us some supper now, for I'm tired and hungry."

Sarah Jane quickened her preparations, and in a short time the widow and her son and daughter were seated at their wholesome board. Everett ate in silence, for he could not talk as usual, and recount the occurrences, conversations, and duties of the day. His mother looked anxious, and his sister perplexed; but both forbore to question or remark, believing he would make them acquainted in the proper time with anything that might have occasioned him disquietude. The poor boy

was not unwilling to tell them all, but he hardly knew how to begin. He feared his clear-sighted mother would conclude he had been rash or disrespectful, and thus brought upon himself and her the disappointment of their hopes. For they had flattered themselves that by diligent and faithful attention to the duties of the place, he might gradually rise to a more responsible and lucrative post in the office, and perhaps to the very highest. This had been his own ambition, his mother's hope, and his sister's confident expectation. How could he cut them all off at one stroke?

"Mother," at length he said, when the supper things were cleared away, and they were gathered round the single candle on the small work-table, "Mother, I know you wonder what ails me to-night, and I may just as well relieve your anxiety first as last. I've lost my place at the office!"

Mrs. Granger looked in his face with great surprise, and waited for something further. But Everett leaned his head on his hand, and the tears he could not repress gushed through his fingers; so he found it impossible to proceed.

"Indeed, my son," said his mother calmly, while Sarah Jane opened her eyes wide in unmingled astonishment and alarm, "Indeed, what can have happened? I hope you have not forfeited it by misconduct!"

"No, mother," replied Everett quickly, "not by what I think, or by what you have taught me to regard as misconduct." He then related the incidents which have just been detailed, without addition or diminution, and felt that a burden was removed from his heart when his cause was committed to her kind and reasonable judgment.

A tear glistened on her faded cheek when he had finished the recital, but it was not a tear of grief or regret.

"My son," she said, "I thank God for this trial, this first trial of those principles which it has been my ceaseless effort and joy to sow in your young bosom, inasmuch as it has shown that they have taken vigorous root in a healthful soil. You have done well, Everett; you have done your duty; you have honored God by obedience to his holy laws, and he will take care of the issue, according to his promise, 'Them that honor me I will honor, and those who despise me shall be lightly esteemed.'"

"But, mother, what shall I do?" inquired the youth. "We are poor and dependent, and I cannot see you toil in your feeble old age. We shall be sorely straitened if I cannot soon get employment again, and you know how difficult it is. I

will go to Mr. B. and see if he will not take me back into his store; but then he would think me such a fool for what I have done, and call me so too, I dare say."

"No, Everett, don't go there again; he will only take you as a boy, and give you boy's pay, if he would consent to take you at all," advised Sarah Jane. "I will leave school and try to get some sewing, or some kind of work to help along; and that, you know, mamma, will reduce our expenses a good deal, and I can study at home by myself what time I can afford."

"Wait, children," said Mrs. Granger, "wait a little; we will not be hasty in our plans, but after partaking the rest the Sabbath is about to offer us, with consciences void of offence, we will then deliberate and act. In the meantime we will try to forget all our worldly affairs, and 'remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

And so they did. The services of the sanctuary, the Sabbath school, the Bible class were duly attended, as well as those of the closet, and the widow's family found themselves not only happy in the present, but trustful and quiet about the future.

Monday evening came, and no change had taken place in the prospects of the widow's boy. He had cherished an idea all along that he should be reinstated at the office when the Secretary's passion had subsided and he could perceive how valuable he really was, and how faithful he had been in the discharge of his duty there. But no tidings came to that effect, and he had made application for employment at several places without the least success. There were no vacancies in the stores, and no additional help was wanted, as it chanced not to be in the busy season. Tuesday came and went in the same manner, and Everett began to be disheartened, notwithstanding the approving smile of his prudent mother, and the castle-building of his light-hearted sister. He could not feel at ease, for every day was consuming his scanty wages, and he was adding nothing, nor knew when nor how he should. Sarah Jane had cheerfully left school as she had proposed, though she was improving every advantage of tuition to prepare herself for a teacher, which office she had hoped to assume next year, that she might aid in defraying not only the expenses of her own incurring, but those of the family which now came so heavily on her noble-minded brother.

Wednesday evening came, and found all the same. Everett had been diligent in his exertions to find business, but entirely unsuccessful, and his disappointment was embittered by the jocose

allusions which were on the lips of his fellow-clerks as he occasionally met them, and their inquiries whether the state of a man's conscience made any difference with the weight of his purse, etc., which species of pleasantry he was not in a mood to relish in the smallest degree. After supper he had gone out again on the same errand, but had not been long away when a loud knock on the cottage door aroused the widow from a train of anxious forecastings, and Sarah Jane from a difficult problem in Algebra which she was trying to study out. The knock was hastily repeated before she had a chance to go to the door, where a stout man was standing, who immediately inquired for Everett Granger. Being told that he would be in directly, the stranger consented to await him within for a few minutes, and make his business known to his mother.

"I called, madam," remarked he, "to see your son, who I learn is out of business for the present."

"He is, sir," answered Mrs. Granger, "and he would be very grateful to any one for honest employment. Do you know——"

"Yes, madam," interrupted the gentleman, "I have no doubt he will suit us, none at all. A young man cannot have a better recommendation than your son has had this day, to fill the very responsible station in which we are desirous to place him." He then informed the widow that he was one of the Directors of the —— banking establishment, and that the sudden death of their Cashier had made it necessary to find some one at very short notice to fill that office; that Secretary Z. had spoken to him in the highest terms of Everett Granger, whom he had dismissed only a day or two before for refusing to comply with his requisition to attend to the ordinary business of the office on the Sabbath day, adding, "He is just the man you want, though young and

inexperienced—you can rely upon him." "And so I thought, too, madam," continued the Director; "a youth like him, who does not fear to do right in the face of ridicule or contempt, and who dares set his own interest at nought to render obedience to the dictates of conscience, is, indeed, just such an one as we wish for; and we have concluded to offer him the situation with no diminution of the large salary which our experienced Cashier had been receiving, out of regard, madam, both to our own interest and the respect and encouragement we would afford to such rare qualities as have shown themselves in him. I congratulate you on being mother to a youth who will one day make you proud of the relation you sustain to him; and I wish the young men who are coming on the stage of business would learn that to be ashamed of conscience and religion, to be ashamed of acknowledging that they fear God and regard his word and his institutions, is to be ashamed of what would raise them highest in the opinion of all whose opinion is valuable or desirable. It's a mistake, madam, a great mistake in boys to think that a carelessness or contempt of these things makes a man. Pitiful idea of manliness they have; and it makes scoundrels of them in the end instead of men—I wish they could see it before it is too late."

Much more the Director said to the widow, and much did her heart and Sarah Jane's rejoice over the bright prospect that now opened before the son and brother. The bargain was speedily made, and Everett Granger was next day initiated into the duties of his new office, which he filled for years to the perfect satisfaction of his employers, to the joy and comfort of his mother and sister, and to the mortification and envy of those who would have persuaded him to do evil that good might come.

THE SABBATH BELL.

The Sabbath bell!—how sweetly breathes
O'er hill and dale that hallowed sound,
When Spring her first bright chaplet wreathes
The cotter's humble porch around;—
And glistening meads of vernal green,—
The blossomed bough,—the spiral corn,—
Smile o'er the brook that flows between,
As shadowing forth a fairer morn.

The Sabbath bell!—Oh! does not time
In that still voice all-eloquent breathe!
How many have listened to that chime,
Who sleep those grassy mounds beneath!
How many of those who listen now
Shall wake its fate-recording knell,
Blessed if one brief hour bestow
A warning in the Sabbath bell!

CHANGES AND THEIR CAUSES.

FROM THE WASTE-DRAWER OF A CLERGYMAN.

WE have now passed the first stage of human life; but we will not say how far we are along in the succeeding. Indeed we have always felt it a duty to be young. Young as we are, we have seen something of men and of the world. A father of ours, now in heaven we doubt not, used to say to us: "To know a man, you must summer and winter with him." And a Scotch lady, of great sagacity and piety, remarked to us, while perplexed on the Rhine, and showing no little of our Yankee peculiarity while abroad: "Ah, there is nothing like travel to learn what folks are."

Both the seasons and the vicissitudes of travel do indeed pretty thoroughly let out the many folds of character, and not unfrequently develop some of our unenviable *idiosyncrasies*.

1. We have always found that certain of our friends were sure to continue their friendship and kind attentions so long as we were prosperous and could serve and honor them; and, *haud ignari* of some changes ourselves, we have met in our way some who had almost forgotten us; our very children had grown up out of their recollection. And at one time, having a little regained our hold on life, finding anew desirable and solid ground of some little respectability, as the world would have it, we were greatly cheered with a most courteous smile, and a warm shake, from one that we had almost buried from our very hopes.

2. We have known one, perhaps two, at whose humble dwelling there was a free ingress and a cordial welcome. A full table and a warm bed never failed us. The evening prayer, and the family Bible, and the morning service, greatly cheered us. But an upward tendency and progress of society seemed inevitable, and changes were demanded: we felt bound to regard them; to pay our respects with all formality due, and to conform to the advances and improvements of life. Who would think of being in the Fifth Avenue what he was in ———, far down town? No one would tread on Tapestry as on the modest Ingrain, nor rudely trespass on hospitalities when too expensive and *untendered*.

3. We have seen some other changes. A new acquaintance has made it necessary to forego the pleasure and advantages of those more antiquated; and we once thought we discovered the pleasant, courteous and kind offices of newly

wedded life, dampened, if not almost cooled, by the stern realities of years, of care, and familiar scenes. We verily thought we saw the lover lost in the husband—the husband absorbed by the father; till the father, husband and lover, all, are long passed out of our sight and society.

4. There are *some* political changes; but they are so necessary that we will not comment upon them at all. They are always virtuous and essential to the stability of our government and the peace of the nation. We will come to other changes, and for some of which it may not be unprofitable for us to account.

5. Our minister came to us exceedingly popular, faithful and useful. The young admired him; the old praised him, and all loved him. Even his young wife was exceedingly prudent, and praised. She was so *economical*; surely to be a helpmeet for the pastor and the *people*. We thought that we had them for *life*. But for some unaccountable reason our young minister, though but little older, is not what he *was*; and the very sermons he once preached to us when repeated, are not at all the same; and *his wife*! — Indeed they remind us of good Dr. —. He told us this himself. He preached, he said, a Thanksgiving Sermon during the Presidency of the elder Adams. Jefferson was Secretary of State. His people admired it. They requested its publication. Jefferson succeeded to the Presidency; and another special season of thanksgiving came. The Doctor preached the same sermon; and what a time! The parish was called together; a committee sent, with powers, to their minister. He listened to their loud complaints, and drily laid before them his old sermon, with their endorsement just four years before. The committee reported—

But what has changed *our* minister we do not know. But the old deacon does not like him as he did, and many cannot in conscience pay so largely for such services. Indeed, the very arrears of his salary cannot, with any show of propriety or justice, be expected.

6. We have known *one* woman, who was always sadly troubled because, as she said, she "never could keep the *middle* extreme." We have thought of her in connection with a friend of ours, who is a "*ruling elder*:" one of those exceedingly useful men, when necessity urges the proffer of their official services. He was

somewhat given to change, but he always had a reason for it. Leaving service one Sabbath, he declared he could not endure such preaching. A sagacious neighbor whispered to him, "That is the very sermon on which you voted to call the parson."

7. This at once reminded us of an intelligent and educated friend; and assured us that it was not ignorance nor prejudice that change men. There is some hidden law here, and more reasons than we always weigh. Our esteemed and intelligent friend had endured a protracted discourse from his pastor, which was sadly objectionable. He could scarcely restrain his indignation. He literally lampooned it, and rebuked its author to his face. But it seems the preacher greatly esteemed this sermon, though so righteously condemned. Six months passed, and on an extra occasion he gave, word for word, his old sermon, honored with a new text. The good hearer, who had so condemned it before, openly declared, "That sermon ought to be published, and it shall be published;" and truly it was published, and both the preacher and the praiser of him were satisfied.

8. We were once on a journey, in the days of public wine drinking. At one table we met a decided refusal of a social glass. It was, in fact, a repulse. We could hardly commend the temperance principles of our fellow traveller, he looked so exceedingly sour and spirited. We continued our journey. Our temperance friend and fellow traveller at length learned our *ecclesiastical* affinities. He at once became exceedingly kind and cordial, and actually, before we parted, he pressed us to the acceptance of a stronger cordial than we had proffered him, and invited us to his house, whenever we should pass his place of residence. We were reminded of the good mother, our cherished sister, who in the midst of deep and general sympathy with an eloquent preacher, in reply to the inquiry as to her seeming indifference, said, "she did not belong to that parish."

But after all, unable as we may be to account for changes in others, we find it more difficult still to account for some of our own. Indeed, of all mysteries that we have ever encountered, we are to ourselves the greatest. We wake sometimes in the morning, and the sun, though coming up in a cloudless sky, does not shine at all. The songs and gambols of the nursery are intolerable. Every door closes rudely; and but for our vows, the personal *appetite* of the table would hardly

provoke our complacency. Indeed, the old Java from her hand has lost its flavor entirely. Somehow or other, these alternations have, at times, grown quite frequent, and the world, men and things, wife and children, and all sorts of matters, are occasionally getting sadly altered, and that not at all for the better. We were beginning to doubt the progress of society, and utterly despairing of the perfectibility of this world; and if these clouds did not sometimes let up, we think we should be for moving away.

In one of these sad hours we fell upon the following lines. They may be read with some little profit, perhaps. They came to us as truly endorsed, truthful as the rappings of the Stratford spirits. We were almost startled at first by their rueful *title*. Feeling so dark myself, I said, "What can be darker?" So glancing my eye over its portentous heading, I entered on its perusal, as follows:—

A DARK HOUR.*

My life seems like a blighted *hope*—
A blossom by the wayside thrown;
The dreams that danced before my eye,
In brighter days, have flown:—
On field and flower, on hill and stream,
A shadow rests, without a gleam
Of pleasant sunshine gilding o'er
The paths of joy I've trod before.
Has Nature changed? Or is the gloom
That deepens o'er her scenes in me?
A sadness of the *heart* that spreads
Its trailing mists o'er land and sea?
Ah! not in nature! Other eyes
See beauty in her sunny skies,
And mountain crags; and in her notes
Of bird and brook, wild music floats
To other ears, as once to mine.
O'er *me* the change has passed—o'er *me*
A spell of bitterness is thrown;
Fair, glorious Nature, not o'er thee.
There's music in thy gushing rills;
Bright is the sunshine on thy hills,
And gentle slopes of flowery hue—
Though not for *me*.—*Alas!* I'm BLUE!

I closed my eyes a moment—walked to the front window of my study. The birds were in the trees, all merry and music. My little dog ran whisking in, chased by a troop of responsibilities, just broken from the indulgent pedagogue. Dinner was announced, and the bounties of a benignant Providence seemed to come unfailing as the widow's oil. I came to the conclusion that though Adam fell, there was a promise left; and though the thorn was fast by every rose that bloomed, it pierced only the hand that rudely plucked it.

The publications of the past month have been inconsiderable in number, though, in some instances, important. From the prolific press of the **HARPERS** has appeared Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life," a work which will have the charm of pleasant associations with those who have read the delightful sketches of rural life embraced in the author's "Our Village," "Belford Regis," and other works. As a descriptive writer, particularly of country life and the homely affections and incidents of the virtuous poor, Miss Mitford has probably no equal in the language. The gentle frankness, simplicity, and unaffected good feeling and poetic grace which adorn her writings, are among the rarest and most beautiful attributes of good writing. This volume is a kind of free, gossiping portraiture of her literary life—pleasantly intermingling personal incidents with critical remarks upon books, and anecdotes of distinguished literary characters with whom she has been on terms of intimacy. Her notices of books are altogether personal—simply such as have pleased her. On these favorite authors she dwells genially and lovingly, quoting from them such portions as best pleased her taste, or seemed best adapted to exemplify the qualities which won her admiration. In these notices there is but little that is new, yet nothing that is not interesting. The kindly tone and the appreciative taste, so characteristic of the author, are visible everywhere; and no reader will listen to her criticisms without a better opinion of the authors whom Miss Mitford has approved of. The work is well adapted to please, and to improve the reader's taste and knowledge of the best stores of the literature of our mother tongue.

The same house have issued the first volume of a new edition of the poems and letters of Burns, with a biography by Robert Chambers, to be completed in four volumes. Mr. Chambers' plan is very ingenious. He interweaves the letters and the poems of Burns into the thread of his biographical narrative, so that the source and occasion of every effort is shown, the development of his genius marked, and the mutual influence of his life and his verse upon each other detected. This throws an unexpected light upon many of the passages of the poet's life, as well as a great interest upon his poems. The life is written in a highly eulogistic, yet candid and manly style, replete with incidents, and most agreeably told. When completed, it will be unquestionably the best edition of the works of Burns extant.

A second volume of Rev. Jacob Abbott's new edition of his well-known Young Christian Series, the "Corner Stone," has been issued by the **HARPERS**. The character of the work is so well understood, and the merits of it so generally acknowledged, that it will only be needful to remind the reader that the present is a much improved edition, beautified by a variety of tasteful illustrations, and admirably executed.

The Messrs. **CARTER** have issued during the month the first volume of a new series of "Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations," designed for the Scripture-reading hour of every evening, as the former series was designed for the like useful office in the morning. In saying that these supplementary volumes will preserve the excellent character of their predecessors, we are sure of saying enough to commend them to our readers. They relate to portions of Scripture of less historical character, but equally susceptible of the kind of illustration for which the scholarship and piety of Dr. Kitto are so admirably fitted. Job and the Poetical Books, is the theme of the first volume; the remaining ones will treat of the Prophetical Books, the Life of our Lord and the Apostles, and Early Christianity. Of

the commentary on Job, we may say we know of no work better adapted to create an interest in that most remarkable poem. The scope, spirit, and moral teachings of the Book are finely developed, and a strain of unaffectedly pious remark kept up, which is well suited to the devotional purposes of the work. We commend them as excellent helps to a better understanding, and a more intelligent and spiritual enjoyment of the precious Word of God.

"Frank Hamilton" is the title of an agreeable and instructive story for young readers, from the press of the Messrs. **CARTER**, replete with valuable moral lessons.

From the press of Mr. **REDFIELD** we have received a poem of great reputation and most evident ability, from the pen of the accomplished editor of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Professor Aytoun, entitled "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." They are designed to reproduce the spirit and tone of the Scottish Cavaliers in the time of the Revolution and Restoration; and are accompanied with historical prefaces and notes, which present these characters in a much more favorable light than they have usually borne in Scottish history. Prejudices are generally conquests; and it is not improbable that the Cavaliers have suffered a degree of reproach which is not deserved. The attempt to remove the odium of history, and to elicit from the deeds of that gallant class of men some traces of excellence and nobleness, is worthy of the efforts of the poet. But whatever may be thought of Professor Aytoun's historical estimates, no reader can withhold from his spirited and most musical verse the praise due to genius. They are remarkable specimens of the genuine ballad, which have no equal in our age. They possess that vigor of versification, that simplicity of expression and directness of aim which belong to the ballad, and reveal a depth of feeling which belongs only to the best style of poetry. We think the reader will class them among the choicest poetic effusions of the day. Mr. Redfield has evinced his opinion of their merits by the very elegant style in which he has given them to the public. The volume has hardly a superior in tasteful and appropriate mechanical execution.

"Characters in the Gospels, Illustrative of Characters of the Present Day," is the title of a thoughtful and meritorious volume of sermons, by Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, issued by Mr. **REDFIELD**. They are six in number, and are selected as representative characters, whose counterparts are met with in every-day life. The personages selected are John the Baptist, who typifies the Reformer—Herod, who stands for the Sensualist—Thomas, representing the Skeptic—Pilate, the Man of the World—Nicodemus, the Seeker after Religion, and the Sisters of Bethany. The skill with which the scattered hints of Scripture are gathered and digested into a clear outline and life-like form of character, and the beauty and force with which these elements are traced in the lives and habits of men of our own day, are very remarkable. The discourses display great literary merits, a close analysis, and a poetic fancy. They are far beyond the average of homiletical writing, and are replete with interest and suggestion.

"Song Leaves from the Book of Life and Nature," is a poem by "An American," published by **REDFIELD**. The traces of fresh thought, manly principle and delicate feeling are undeniably here to be found. The reader finds the best sentiments of his nature appealed to, and his noblest views of life and truth interpreted.

To those of our readers who are studying the German language, we beg to commend a newly issued Lexicon, which is an abridgment of a larger work, by Professor Adler, of New York, published by D. **APPLETON & Co.**, in a

small octavo. The larger work was the best lexicon of the German language accessible to English students. The present is likewise the best manual vocabulary to be obtained. It is clear and methodical in arrangement, comprehensive in its scope, and fine in its definitions. Having been perplexed by imperfect dictionaries, we know that we shall be contributing to the comfort and progress of all who desire to study this noble language, by calling their attention to this philosophical and meritorious work.

A new edition of their concise and well-arranged "Bible Dictionary" has been issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, at Philadelphia. In the same compass we know not where to look for so much of that practical information which the Sabbath-school teacher and the Bible reader need for an intelligent study of the Sacred Word, as is contained in this little volume.

"A Reel in a Bottle, for Jack in the Doldrums," is the singular title of a work purporting to be "edited from the manuscripts of an Old Salt, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever," and published by Mr. SCHUBNER. It is an allegory, representing the adventures of two of the King's seamen on a voyage to the celestial country—a kind of Pilgrim's Progress, by the sea. Its unique title will suggest the probable character of the contents. There is a broad humor, a use of the allegory in extreme forms and to extravagant lengths, which, though always expressive, sometimes has the air of caricature, and often impairs the moral force of the truth designed to be conveyed. It is, however, a masterly performance. A rich imagination, a strong sense of the humorous, a keen insight into character, and a most graphic pen, are visible in every page, while the religious vein is worthy of the noble type of Bunyan's. It admirably satirizes many of the errant follies of the day, and in the reasonings and conduct of the simple-minded, heavenly voyagers, many an opinion current in society is strikingly arraigned and condemned. No reader will be apt to question its power as a work of art, or its manly decision and evangelical purity in matters of religious opinion. It can hardly fail to do much good; and in the hands of sailors, for whom it would seem to be principally designed, it must prove at once a charming and a useful teacher.

Messrs. MASON & LAW, the enterprising music publishers, have recently issued a very valuable work for all musical students, "The Theory and Practice of Musical Composition," by Adolph Bernhard Marx. Though comparatively unknown to American readers, musical critics and writers have for many years been referring to Marx as an oracle in the science of musical composition. In Germany, where music is taught as trigonometry is taught here—with the thoroughness which we adopt when we mean to understand a thing—it has for some time been regarded as the best manual extant. Its comprehensiveness is truly German, and its perspicuity and conciseness more than German. It begins at the beginning, and steadily and luminously carries the pupil through the intricacies of the science, till he is master of it. Music is one of the most beautiful, complete, and compact of the sciences, and ought to be introduced into our schools and colleges, if for nothing else than its elegant processes as a mathematical science, and

its adaptation for fine mental discipline. Geometry is not a more exact and symmetrical science than music. This work will furnish the means of its pleasant and successful study, such as we have never had before. We would commend to all young pianists and singers the bracing effect of a thorough and conscientious mastery of this work. They little know what freedom and meaning and delight it would impart to their musical attainments.

"Young Men Admonished," is the title of a handsome volume of lectures, originally preached in the Broadway Tabernacle, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, and published by a large publishing house in Buffalo, Messrs. PHINNEY & Co. The volume discusses several of the most important topics relating to the dangers and duties of young men, in a style of candor, kindness, and manly good sense, which are finely consonant with the ingenuous temper of youth. The author shows himself throughout to be a sincere friend to the young, and to have observed and thought for himself. There are other works for young men of greater pretensions, but we hardly know of one which could be placed in their hands with better promise of success in doing them good. Its fairness of argument, and seriousness of spirit, are both winning and impressive. The lecture on the Theatre, which has been added to this edition, is, we think, the best dissuasive from that dangerous amusement we ever read, of its length.

"The Academy Vocalist" is a new compilation of vocal music, by Professor George F. Root, of this city, published by MASON & LAW. It is designed for young ladies, but as the base cleff is constantly used, the music is adapted for other voices. The collection comprises a variety of adaptations—some of popular songs, others from German and foreign authors, and several original pieces. While there is great variety, the pieces are all good, and most of them admirable. Some of them are gems, each of which is worth the price of the book. The whole work exhibits great taste, scholarship, and experience, and we commend it as the best book for easy glees, part-songs, and music for the school or the family circle, we know of. We can hardly over-estimate the value of these collections. Mr. Mason's introductory treatise is an admirably compact, clear and ingenious effort, which comprises all that is really needful for a complete system of vocalization.

ART-UNION—We present to our readers a beautiful engraving of a painting by our native artist, CROPPER, now in possession of the Art-Union, of this city, and numbered among its rich and elegant prizes to be distributed at the close of the present month. The scene is at Tivoli, so celebrated for the beauty of its situation, its classic associations, and the number and importance of its ruins. The Sibyl's Temple was one of the most elegant of its public structures, and is one of the most picturesque of its ruins. The union of boldness and grace which the artist has exemplified in transferring it to his canvas, will do him great credit with the lovers of art. The painting is among the best of the Art-Union's collection, which every visitor of their beautiful gallery will feel at-once to be high praise indeed.

Passing Away, OR DREAMS OF THE HEART.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY GEORGE LINLEY.

ALLEGRETTO.



1. Passing away, passing away. The dreams of the heart are
2. They come at a time when the heart is free, When the season of youth shines

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody is simple, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues the rhythmic pattern from the introduction.

passing away; As the mist that melts in the sun-beam's ray, As the
glo-riously; With no af-ter shadow of grief or pain; But

The second system of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

PASSING AWAY.

ro - - sy clouds of the part - ing day. They
O! how soon do they vanish a - gain. Al-

Rall.
come when the young thought of hope expands, Twining the soul with their silk - en bands;
ready, I feel their fleeting power, Like the sum - mer song of the bird in the bower;

Tempo.
Pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, The dreams of the heart are

Rall.
pass - ing a - way, The dreams of the heart are pass - ing a - way.

GIPSIES IN THE COUNTRY.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

I HAVE always liked wanderers of all kinds, good and bad, and I have no doubt, if I could have had my own way when I was a boy, but I should now belong to that world-wide fraternity. There is, it seems to me, something roving and desultory in my constitution—something which leads me to yearn for change and excitement. This feeling, at some time or other, but generally in youth, is powerful in the bosoms of most men, and leads most men into some few follies, and many hardships. The boy who reads Robinson Crusoe and Cook's Voyages at school, thinks it must be a fine thing to live on a desert island, and to sail around the world in quest of adventures, and undiscovered islands of dusky feathered savages. And so indeed it is—in the imagination! But when he at last, no matter by what means, breaks loose from shore-life, and the habits of landmen, and becomes one of those who "go down to the deep in ships," the tune is altered with him, and he finds that life on the sea is not only anything but romantic, but full of labor and peril, and a thousand petty disgusts. But perhaps it is a soldier's life which charms him. He has been reading of Cæsar and Hannibal, of Wellington and Napoleon, or, it is more than likely, of the illustrious Washington. It is surely a glorious thing to be a soldier; to wear a red coat with bright buttons, and fringed epaulettes, a feather in the cap, and a long, sharp sword by one's side. How the ladies will admire one!

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Then there are the waving flags and banners, the bright guns with sharp bayonets, the great loud-mouthed cannon, and the many-mingled sounds of the different instruments of music. How it fires one's blood to hear the band playing on parade days, and funerals! That is the most powerful charm of all, that martial music; with that shouting, and screaming, and wailing in one's ears, it is easy "to do, or die." But the boy

means to "do," not to "die;" death never, or rarely intrudes itself into the visions of the would-be soldier.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves"—

soldiers especially. Then there are the countries to be marched through with flying colors; the foe to be met, and routed—always routed, never to be victorious; the fields full of tents and encampments, and the bulletins full of praise and promotion, and at last a page all to one's self in history, the history of one's own beautiful country. Yes, it is glorious to be a soldier—in the imagination! But the reality is quite another thing. The breaking-in of the raw recruit in the awkward squad, the hours of drill and practice, the long, wearisome, forced marches through dull and unpicturesque countries, the skirmish and ambush and constant harassing of the foe, the battles themselves, the fear, the danger, the narrow escape, the dead and dying, and the sorrow and misery on both sides for years to come—all this makes the life of the soldier miserable and detestable. The love of warlike glory in a man or nation, is a certain sign of corruption and evil at the very core of both.

But there are other modes and ways of wandering and roving, a little more innocent, though less picturesque and attractive, at least in this country. It is related of Schiller's "Robbers," that it occasioned the taking to the road of a few hair-brained German students, whose imaginations had been excited by the character of Charles de Moor, and somewhat, perhaps, by keen appetites and empty pockets. This was doubtless the case in Germany, and if the truth could be known in other European countries, instances of similar infatuation might be traced to the Newgate calendar, Jack Sheppard, and books of the like character. Thank Heaven, we have no such books in vogue among us, and consequently no highwaymen—none at least to mention. There is something in the idea of robbing by open force

on the open highway, by day or night, with or without a dark lantern, and a pair of pistols in the belt—something so mean and scoundrelish in the whole affair, that it can never gain ground in the American character. It is repugnant to the feelings of all, even the basest, who “are to the manner born.” Nor is “tramping,” as it is called in England—the travelling of journeymen of different trades, from one part of the country to another, in search of employment—in vogue among us either, or ever likely to be to any extent. We are emphatically a stationary people, and we sing in our actions and hearts, if not openly with our mouths, “There is no place like home.” In England, and many other parts of the continent, the home-feeling is less strong, or less likely to keep the people at home. I believe the Swiss love their bleak hills, the French their native *pays*, the Germans their Fatherland, the English the white cliffs of Old Albion, the Russians their snows and serfdom—they seem to have but little else to love—and, in fact, all the different people love the land which gave them birth, and holds their fathers’ graves. But from the state of things in Europe, the oppressive laws which grind the people, the *bourgeoisie*, into the dust, the uncertainty of political affairs, and the flaming news which continually reach their ears of the wealth and beauty of the new world—from all these causes they are less stationary than ourselves, and more inclined to change their manner of living and country: especially as the majority of those who leave their homes, leave them for this country alone. They have some cause to wander—they gain by change; that we never can. Where could we go, if we should leave our country? Where be happier and better than here at home, where we have freedom all the while, and Fourth of July once a year?

A thousand other reasons might be given for the anti-nomadic character of our people; but enough is as good as a feast. So I will say no more upon that head, but turn more immediately to the subject in hand—the fact of live gipsies being now, or very lately among us. Something so different from our usual line of business is strange, if not a little remarkable. And as few, perhaps, have ever personally seen a band of real, no-mistake, live gipsies, I will make a short paper about a visit which I, last summer, paid to an encampment in our village. When I say our village, I mean you shall all have the privilege of guessing what and where it is. Hereafter, in any sketch that I may write, I shall avoid names, because I have before now given offence by not doing so. Our village,

you must know, then, is a sea-side town of considerable eminence, not far from a great city, the inhabitants of which resort to us in large numbers on holidays, and other times of merriment. Our village is small, but it is ambitious, and always endeavoring to seem, what it is not at present, a town. Our roads have discarded the grass which used to fringe their ruts, but have not succeeded in paving themselves; as yet they are mere dust-paths, half way between roads and streets, combining the inconvenience of both, without the convenience of either. But houses cluster together as close as possible, and affect a great number of inhabitants, mostly male children, but are yet too distant and unpopulous to look and be citified. The gardens which used to bask so pleasantly before them, have given way reluctantly to dirty courts, and front yards filled with rubbish and stunted lilac and rose bushes, and here and there a magnificent willow that would be an honor to the grave of the beautiful itself, droops sadly by a pile of brushwood, or over the stall of some poor but ambitious widow who sells, or tries to sell, apples and candies to the village children. Those extremes of Nature and Art, sod and mortar, lie in confused heaps everywhere; and confused hod-carriers may be seen in the vicinity and companionship of farmers and other countrymen. So much for the outward aspect of our village which the gipsies last summer condescended to visit, and now for the gipsies themselves, the lions and “black swans” of the whole country round about for the few weeks they stayed.

Lord Byron said, in speaking of the success which attended the publication of the two first cantos of “Childe Harold,” that he went to bed one night, and woke up the next morning and found himself famous. So it was with our villagers. They went to bed one night, and woke up the next morning and found themselves famous, with an encampment of gipsies in their midst. It was totally unexpected by all. The gipsies were as unlooked for as the man in the moon. Indeed, had they given us any notice of their intention of paying us a visit, it is somewhat doubtful whether they would have been allowed to do so, by the selectmen and militia of our village. But there they were, and nobody the worse or wiser for it. In fact, the influx of visitors from neighboring towns, and the movement which they gave to the trade of the village, on learning that the gipsies were with us, made most of us think ourselves considerably the better, and some few, but those were the

young and romantic in all cases, wiser. Whether this was so or not, time, and a score of brilliant fortunes promised us, will show.

Not far from the main road is a small grove where we sometimes have picnics, and summer merry-makings. You turn down a little path winding from the roadside through a pasture, and after walking a few hundred yards you are in the grove which is the pride of our village. Here the gipsies encamped without leave or license from anybody, and stayed as long as it pleased them. Their tents were small and inconvenient, but large enough and convenient enough to accommodate people of their notions and habits of life. In the space of about twenty yards six were pitched and populated. The tallest and most commodious was about four feet in height by six feet in breadth. It was thrown loosely over four hoop-poles, and rather resembled a rude attempt at a wagon-top than anything inhabitable. What would have been canvas covering in other cases, was in this a compilation of old blankets, patched quilts, and ragged shawls, sewed together in some places, and in others fastened by primitive wooden pins, the whole held to the ground by a number of brickbats and a row of stones, evidently brought from the ruins of an old cellar in the neighborhood. Tinker's tools, hammers, portable anvils, old pails and tubs lay near, and the long necks of sundry suspicious-looking black bottles peered from under the flapping shawls, in company with unwashed dishes and tin pans; and glimpses of pillows and spotted bedticks were seen lying on the bare ground. This last item, however, was in some degree amended; for the morning after their arrival the gipsies made a heavy purchase of old straw, upon which their beds were afterwards laid.

I paid them a visit on their second day's *levée*, and was much amused by the appearance of their encampment, and the cool and unconcerned manner with which they suffered what would have been to us, the most serious of discomforts and inconveniences. They had evidently finished a large washing just before my arrival, for streams of soap-suds were soaking into the grass and running down the paths, while the remnants of a wet wardrobe were spread out to dry on the bushes and limbs of trees. Fishing nets were dangling on poles and undergrowth, and on the lower limb of an immense oak, a swing had been erected for the amusement of the gipsy children. Three large iron pots were suspended on iron stakes, and some half a dozen of the tribe were gathered around, breaking brush-

wood to make them boil. It was near their dinner hour, and they looked very hungry and uncouth. The male part of the band were quite white, but the women were dark and foreign-looking. Their hair was long and black, much like that of our Indian squaws, and their complexions a dark olive color. Altogether they resembled a band of civilized Indians, or a troop of dusky Egyptians. Their kinship to the latter was unmistakable in every feature of their faces, and was strengthened by a strong love of ornaments and gewgaws. Most of the ladies were decorated with earrings of filagree work, coral or glass beads, and cabalistic finger rings of, what is commonly considered, cheap gold. Something that is called gold by way of courtesy, not from any metallic similarity between it and the root of all evil.

Their dresses were not all like those of gipsies in books and at the opera; the men did *not* wear breeches cut off at the knee, nor red flannel shirts, nor old coats slung over their backs, like fatigue-jackets on parade days; nor did they lean upon young saplings; but were dressed as civilized as any of our villagers, and as well as many, though perhaps a little more slovenly in their personal appearance; and the ladies, too, would have stood a fair comparison with many of our village dames. Nor did they affect any singularities in their way of dressing, either in the shape of Bloomer costumes, Swiss bodices, or straw hats, from under which the tresses of gipsequeen are supposed to flow. Nothing of the sort; a more unpicturesque and unpoetical set of beings was never beheld. It was a great shock to the young and romantic in our village, and they have hardly got over it yet. For my part, however, it was only what I had expected. I never believe the half that I read in books, nor the quarter of what I am led to expect by my imagination.

But they were *bona fide* gipsies though; there was no doubt about that; the real article imported for the occasion. I had a long talk with one of the ladies, and she gave me quite a little history of their ramblings and dwelling-places in Europe, for the last half a dozen years. The rest of the tribe to which they belonged, I have forgotten its name, were then in the north of England, near Devonshire, green Devonshire,—the county of beautiful pastures, and renowned horned cattle. Some forty or fifty of its members, including those who encamped with us, emigrated a few months before, in the spring, and landed in the Southern States, where they remained a month or two; but not being over-pleased with the country, or its inhabitants, or

something of the sort—what it was I could not exactly learn—they had travelled north, stopping in various towns on their way, until they reached our village. Only a part were encamped there then; the rest had not yet come up, but were slowly following in their track. One hundred more were expected to join them, at intervals, in different parts of the country.

Their occupation, or rather the occupation of the men, was tinkering. The father of the large family who was with us was then out in the neighboring villages, busy at his trade, and perhaps at other things which are not generally considered its legitimate branches. But this is all mere conjecture on my part. While they were with us, as far as I have ever heard, they were scrupulously honest and fair dealing, and I hope equally so in other places. The women stayed at home like good wives and daughters, and waited upon each other and the children.

One of them made some little pretence of being a "wise woman;" but I could not hear that she ever imparted much of her wisdom to those who visited her for the sake of learning their future destinies. She looked into pails of water, and into the depths of crystals, but to little purpose, I fancy. Only the youngest had faith in her, and they soon became sceptical of her abilities. (How absurd, let me remark in parentheses, is the whole idea of fortune-telling, and divination of any kind. It is a sure mark of ignorance and superstition, a weakness in all who believe in it. As if men or women like ourselves, could for a moment tell what would happen to us in years to come, the issue of which, if any such there be for us on earth, is known to God alone. We cannot ourselves guess it, looking from within outwardly; how, then, should they who look upon our lives and thoughts from without entirely? We make or mar our own fortunes, and we alone. The true man and woman is not the creature of circumstances and contingencies. Only themselves, and God over all, make their fortunes and misfortunes.)

A short time before the arrival of the gipsies, I had read Borrow's strange but talented book "*Lavengro*," and in the course of my conversation with them, I tried a few scraps of his Rommany, which they affected not to, or really did not understand. Borrow, as an author, the educated part of them were familiar with, but as a gipsy they knew him not: he was "with, but not of them." Indeed, they affected to doubt the fact of his ever having really been amongst them. He could not speak Rommany, was not a "*Romminy chal*," nor in any respect acquaint-

ed with their language, people, or manners. So they said, but I am inclined to doubt them much. No man like Borrow could write a book like "*Lavengro*" but from actual observation of, and participation in its scenes. Otherwise he would be one of the greatest romancers on record; equal to old De Foe, whose minute detail of seeming facts, and wondrous verisimilitude in his "*History of the Great Plague in London*," and the "*True Account of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal*," deceived thousands in his own day, and are likely to for all time. Borrow was evidently a thorn in their side, so I said no more about him, but talked of more agreeable matters, and paid them frequent visits during the few weeks that they remained in our village.

In a few days those who were "tramping" in the country around came in to the encampment, and remained there until the whole band departed. They were a stout, hardy, stalwart set of fellows, like the Roaring Tinkers in *Lavengro*. Their breeches were of ribbed courderoy, and their coats black velvet, loose and unfashionable in cut and make, with shining brass buttons; and around their necks they wore highly colored figured bandannas. An idle, vagabondish band, but honest I dare say, as the world goes. They worked but little while with us, but spent their time in fishing, gunning, playing ball, and various other games, or in singing Rommany songs, and dancing to the music of a couple of fiddles, upon which they played with a great deal of skill and power. Idleness was their chief employment, and one in which they seemed to delight greatly. They made their lives a sort of grim, unmasked embodiment of the feeling which breathes through Tennyson's wonderful poem, "*The Lotus Eaters*." The song of their hearts was,

"All things have rest, why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things?"

And it was doubtless this feeling which made them and the thousands of their fraternity, gipsies. There is too much work, too much labor in the world. From the highest to the lowest, men tug at their different oars of business like galley-slaves. Toil is not the means, but the end of their existence, "the be-all and the end-all here." Man was sent into the world to act the mill-horse, on an intellectual scale, and wo be to him if he refuses to do it. Nay, so strangely and strongly organized is society, he cannot help himself if he would, unless, indeed, he separates himself from it altogether, and becomes an idler, a wanderer, a vagabond, a gip-

sy. And many do become all these, simply because they are thoroughly and heartily tired of ill-paid and hopeless labor. There is something charming to the imagination, as I said before, in being free, perfectly free from all social trammels and laws; in being able to work or play, just as one pleases; to change one's home at will, and to rove and wander about the world with no master and no care. All this is very pleasant an imagination, but quite another affair, I must beg leave to think, in reality. The tinge of romance with which my boyish fancy invested a gipsy's life, has entirely departed. I saw too much of those who paid us a visit last summer. Not only were they unpicturesque and common-place to the last degree, but uneducated, vulgar, and without doubt, vicious. Of this I had never thought before; my gipsies, the gipsies of my imagination, were gentlemen, dreamers, poets, with nothing to do, plenty to eat, in possession of good beds to sleep on, and with their pockets full of money, all of which our gipsies lacked woefully. They had but little to do, to be sure, but that was without doubt more from necessity than choice; they had

plenty to eat, but it was the coarsest kind of fare: as for their beds, they might all sing with the gentleman in the song,

"My lodging is the cold, cold ground,"

and of the money, I doubt whether they ever saw enough to fill a fair-sized pocket-book. No! no! these things are what Carlyle would call "an immense sham," as I learned to my full satisfaction last summer when the gipsies encamped in our village.

I still think there is too much work and too little play in the world, and have no inclination to turn wanderer, or gipsy in hopes of bettering my condition, nor would I advise any one else to. But if they feel so inclined, they may take a week's trial with our gipsies—if they can find them! This, however, I think a little doubtful, for the last I heard of them was, that nobody knew where they had gone, nor what had become of them! Indeed, but few of us choose to remember at all,

"The days we went a gipsying,
A long time ago!"

GOING HOME.

"I'm going home,"

Were the exulting words of a young friend
I met one summer morning. "Going home!"
I musing said—"who is it that is not?"

The lonely, houseless wanderer of the earth,
Attired in rags, and wretchedness, and filth,
Who walks the sunless byways of the world,
Is he not going home?

The king!

Enthroned in regal splendor, with a crowd
To do his lightest bidding, will not he
Soon lay aside his sceptre and his crown,
And go to his long home?

The warrior!

Flatter'd by the homage of the world,
And cover'd with its glory and its gauds,
Will he not soon complete his last campaign,
Sheath up for ever his blood-tarnish'd sword,
And go to his long home?

The orator!

Who shakes the listening senate of the world

With the deep thunder of his wondrous words,
Will not his final peroration soon be heard,
And he be going home?

The traveller! who wends his weary way
O'er every sea and shore of this green earth,
Will he not soon cease from his wandering life,
And take a journey to his changeless home?

'Tis even so:

Traveller and warrior, pauper, slave, and king,
Are journeying daily towards that last long home
Where all is fix'd, and no removals are,—
And we are journeying with them.

Let us then seek

To gather wisdom in our onward path;
And what we gather let us strive to make
As useful to our fellows of the way
As was the wisdom of the poor wise man
To the beleaguer'd citizens of old.

But, above all,

Oh! let us mark the place to which we go;
For where the heart is there will be our home.

A TRADITION OF THE CHURCH AT LAODICEA.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

At the time when the Laodicean church was in the state described in the first part of the Revelation of John, lived the Elder Onecephorus. The world had smiled on him—and though a Christian, he was rich and full of honors. All men, even the heathen, spoke well of him, for he was a man courteous of speech and mild of manner.

His wife, a fair Ionian lady but half reclaimed from idolatry, though baptized and accredited as a member of the Christian church, still lingered lovingly on the confines of old heathenism; and if she did not believe, still cherished with pleasure the poetic legends of Apollo and Venus, of Jove and Diana.

A large and fair family of sons and daughters had arisen around these parents; but their education had been much after the rudiments of this world, and not after Christ. Though according to the customs of the church, they were brought to the font of baptism, and sealed in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and although daily, instead of libations to the Penates, or flower offerings to Diana or Juno, the name of Jesus was invoked, yet the *spirit* of Jesus was wanting. The chosen associates of all these children, as they grew older, were among the heathen; and daily they urged their parents, by their entreaties, to conform in one thing after another to heathen usage. "Why should we be singular, mother?" said the dark-eyed Myrrah, as she bound her hair and arranged her dress after the fashion of the girls in the temple of Venus. "Why may we not wear the golden ornaments and images which have been consecrated to heathen goddesses?" said the sprightly Thalia; "surely none others are to be bought, and are we to do altogether without?"—"And why may we not be at feasts where libations are made to Apollo or Jupiter?" said the sons; "so long as we do not consent to it or believe in it, will our faith be shaken thereby?" "How are we ever to reclaim the heathen, if we do not mingle among them?" said another son; "did not our Master eat with publicans and sinners?"

It was, however, to be remarked, that no conversions of the heathen to Christianity ever took

place through the means of these complying sons and daughters, or any of the number who followed their example. Instead of withdrawing any from the confines of heathenism they themselves were drawn so nearly over, that in certain situations and circumstances they would undoubtedly have been ranked among them, by any but a most scrutinizing observer. If any in the city of Laodicea were ever led to unite themselves with Jesus, it was by means of a few who observed the full simplicity of the ancient faith, and who, though honest, tender and courteous in all their dealings with the heathen, still went not a step with them in conformity to any of their customs.

In time, though the family we speak of never broke off from the Christian church, yet if you had been in it, you might have heard much warm and earnest conversation about things that took place at the baths, or in feasts to various divinities; but if any one spoke of Jesus, there was immediately a cold silence—a decorous, chilling, respectful pause, after which the conversation with a bound flew back into the old channel again.

* * * * *

It was now night; and the house of Onecephorus the Elder was blazing with torches, alive with music, and all the hurry and stir of a sumptuous banquet. All the wealth and fashion of Laodicea were there, Christian and heathen, and all that the classic voluptuousness of Oriental Greece could give to shed enchantment over the scene, was there. In ancient times, the festivals of Christians in Laodicea had been regulated in the spirit of the command of Jesus, as recorded by Luke, whose classical Greek had made his the established version in Asia Minor. "And thou, when thou makest a feast, call not thy friends and thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, and the maimed, and the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

That very day, before the entertainment, had this passage been quoted in the ears of the family

by Cleon, the youngest son, who, different from all his family, had cherished in his bosom the simplicity of the old belief.

"How ridiculous! how absurd!" had been the reply of the more thoughtless members of the family when Cleon cited the above passage as in point to the evening's entertainment. The dark-eyed mother looked reproof on the levity of the younger children, and decorously applauded the passage, which she said had no application to the matter in hand.

"But mother, even if the passage be not literally taken, it must mean *something*. What did the Lord Jesus intend by it? If we Christians may make entertainments with all the parade and expense of our heathen neighbors, and thus spend the money that might be devoted to charity, what does this passage mean?"

"Your father gives in charity as handsomely as any Christian in Laodicea," said his mother warmly.

"Nay, mother, that may be; but I bethink me now of two or three times when means have been wanting for the relieving of the poor, and the ransoming of captives, and the support of apostles, when we have said that we could give no more."

"My son," said his mother, "you do not understand the ways of the world."

"Nay, how should he?" said Thalia, "shut up day and night with that old papyrus of St. Luke and Paul's Epistles. One may have too much of a good thing."

"But does not the holy Paul say, 'Be not conformed to this world.'"

"Certainly," said the elder; "that means that we should be baptized, and not worship in the heathen temples."

"My dear son," said his mother, "you intend well, doubtless, but you have not sufficient knowledge of life to estimate our relations to society. Entertainments of this sort are absolutely necessary, to sustain our position in the world. If we accept, we must return them."

But not to dwell on this conversation, let us suppose ourselves in the rooms now glittering with lights, and gay with every costly luxury of wealth and taste. Here were statues to Diana and Apollo, and to the household Juno—not meant for worship, of course not, but simply to conform to the general usages of good society; and so far had this complaisance been carried, that the shrine of a peerless Venus was adorned with garlands and votive offerings, and an exquisitely wrought silver censer diffused its perfume on the marble altar in front. This complaisance on the part of some of the younger

members of the family, drew from the Elder a gentle remonstrance, as having an unseemly appearance for those bearing the Christian name; but they readily answered. "Has not Paul said, 'We know that an idol is nothing!' Where is the harm of an elegant statue, considered merely as a consummate work of art? As for the flowers, are they not simply the most appropriate ornament—and where is the harm of burning exquisite perfume, and is it worse to burn it in one place than another?"

"Upon my sword," said one of the heathen guests, as he wandered through the gay scene, "how liberal and accommodating these Christians are becoming. Except in a few small matters in the temple, they seem to be with us entirely."

"Ah!" said another, "it was not so years back. Nothing was heard among them then, but prayers and alms, and visits to the poor and sick; and when they met together in their feasts, there was so much of their talk of Christ, and such singing of hymns and prayer, that one of us found himself quite out of place."

"Yes," said an old man present, "in those days I quite methought me of being some day a Christian; but look you, they have grown so near like us, now, it is scarce worth one's while to change. A little matter of ceremony in the temple, and offering incense to Jesus, instead of Jupiter, when all else is the same, can make small odds in a man."

But now, the ancient legend goes on to say, that in the midst of that gay and brilliant evening, a stranger of remarkable appearance and manners was noticed among the throng. None knew him, or whence he came. He mingled not in the mirth, and seemed to recognise no one present, though he regarded all that was passing with a peculiar air of still and earnest attention; and wherever he moved, his calm penetrating gaze seemed to diffuse a singular uneasiness about him. Now his eye was fixed with a quiet scrutiny on the idolatrous statues, with their votive adornments—now it followed earnestly the young forms that were wreathing in the graceful waves of the dance; and then he turned toward the tables, loaded with every luxury and sparkling with wines, where the devotion to Bacchus became more than poetic fiction; and as he gazed, a high indignant sorrow seemed to overshadow the calmness of his majestic face. When, in thoughtless merriment, some of the gay company sought to address him, they found themselves shrinking involuntarily from the soft piercing eye, and trembling at the low sweet tones in which he replied. What he spoke was brief, but there was a gravity and tender wisdom in it,

that strangely contrasted with the frivolous scene, and awakened unwonted ideas of heavenly purity, even in thoughtless and dissipated minds.

The only one of the company who seemed to seek his society was the youngest, the fair little child Isa. She seemed as strangely attracted towards him, as others were repelled; and when unsolicited, in the frank confidence of childhood, she pressed to his side, and placed her little hand in his, the look of radiant compassion and tenderness which beamed down from those eyes, was indeed glorious to behold. Yet here and there, as he glided among the crowd, he spoke in the ear of some Christian, words which though soft and low, seemed to have a mysterious and startling power; for one after another, pensive, abashed and confounded, they drew aside from the gay scene, and seemed lost in thought. That stranger—who was he? Who? The inquiry passed from mouth to mouth, and one and another, who had listened to his low, earnest tones, looked on each other with a troubled air. Ere long he had glided hither and thither in the crowd; he had spoken in the ear of every Christian—and suddenly again he was gone, and they saw him no more. Each had felt their heart thrill within them—each spirit had vibrated as if the finger of its Creator had touched it, and shrunk conscious as if an omniscient eye were upon it. Each heart was stirred from its depths. Vain sophistries, worldly maxims, making the false seem true, all seemed to rise and clear away like a mist; and at once each one seemed to see, as God sees, the true state of the inner world, the true motive and reason of action, and in the instinctive pause that passed through the company, the banquet was broken up and deserted.

"And what if their God were present?" said one of the heathen members of the company, next day; "why did they all look so blank? A most favorable omen, we should call it, to have one's patron divinity at a feast."

"Besides," said another, "these Christians hold that their God is always everywhere present; so, at most, they have but had their eyes opened to see Him who is always there!"

* * * * *

What is practically the meaning of the precept, "Be not conformed to the world"? In its every day results, it presents many problems difficult of solution. There are so many shades and blendings of situation and circumstances, so many things, innocent and graceful in themselves, which, like flowers and incense on a heathen altar, become unchristian only through position and circumstances, that the most honest and well-intentioned are often perplexed.

That we must conform in some things, is conceded; yet the whole tenor of the New Testament shows that this conformity must have its limits—that Christians are to be *transformed*, so as to exhibit to the world a higher and more complete style of life, and thus "*prove* what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

But in many particulars as to style of living and modes of social intercourse, there can be no definite rules laid down, and no Christian can venture to judge another by his standard.

One Christian condemns dress adornments, and the whole application of taste to the usages of life, as a sinful waste of time and money. Another, perceiving in every work of God a love and appreciation of the beautiful, believes that there is a sphere in which he is placed to see the same trait in his children, if the indulgence do not become excessive, and thus interfere with higher duties.

One condemns all time and expense laid out in social visiting as so much waste. Another remembers that Jesus, when just entering on the most vast and absorbing work, turned aside to attend a wedding feast, and wrought his first miracle to enhance its social enjoyment. Again, there are others who, because *some* indulgences of taste, and some exercise for the social powers is admissible, go all lengths in extravagance, and in company, dress, and the externals of life.

In this matter, there are some things about which, on reflection, most devout Christians are agreed. All are agreed that any custom or indulgence, however in itself beautiful, becomes sinful when its effect is to countenance any form of evil. In the first ages, when a Christian could not adorn his house with a picture or a statue, without giving countenance to idolatry, the indulgence of taste in this form became sinful; and now there are many indulgences of taste, held forth in theatres and operas, and in some popular forms of social amusement, which the Christian must abandon for the same reason. He may have as fine an ear for music, as quick an eye for scenery and decoration, as vivid an appreciation of artistic grace as any other man, yet he must not indulge it—simply because he shall become an encourager of very serious evils, if he does.

In the same manner, with regard to style of life and social entertainment—most of the items which go to constitute what is called style of living, or the style of particular parties, may be in themselves innocent, and yet they may be so interwoven and combined with evils, that the whole effect shall be felt to be decidedly unchristian, both by Christians and the world. How, then

shall the well-disposed person know where to stop, and how to strike the just medium?

We know of but one safe rule: read the life of Jesus with attention—*study* it—inquire earnestly with yourself, "What sort of a person, in thought in feeling, in action, was my Saviour?"—live in constant sympathy and communion with him—and there will be within a kind of instinctive rule by which to try all things. A young man, who was to be exposed to the temptations of one of the most dissipated European capitals, carried with him his father's picture, and hung it in his apartment. Before going out to any of the numerous resorts of the city, he was accustomed to contemplate this picture, and say to himself, "Would my father wish to see me in

the place to which I am going?" and thus was he saved from many a temptation. In like manner the Christian, who has always by his side the beautiful ideal of his Saviour, finds it a holy charm, by which he is gently restrained from all that is unsuitable to his profession. He has but to inquire of any scene or employment, "Should I be well pleased to meet my Saviour there? Would the trains of thought I should there fall into, the state of mind that would there be induced, be such as would harmonize with an interview with him?" Thus protected and defended, social enjoyment might be like that of Mary and John, and the disciples, when, under the mild, approving eye of the Son of God, they shared the festivities of Cana.

HAUNTS AND HABITS OF THE ROBIN.

"The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the threatening sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates; and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet."

THOMSON.

THERE is much in natural history, even if we confine ourselves to strict and literal facts, to instruct the heart and delight the understanding; and if we call in the aid of memory and association, we may, without wandering into the misty region of fable, find sufficient material for the purpose, even when writing on the least known and admired of God's living creatures. This is pre-eminently true of that lively, and familiar, and interesting bird the Robin Redbreast; spruce Robinet, the cheerful Ruddock, as he is called, welcomed and loved alike by old and young;—the bird to which the poet Carrington addresses these fine lines, in the sentiment of which all must cordially sympathize:—

"Sweet bird of Autumn! silent is the song
Of earth and sky, that in the summer hour
Rang joyously, and thou alone art left
Sole minstrel of the dull and sinking year.

But trust me, warbler, lovelier lay than this,
Which now thou pourest to the chilling eve,
The joy-inspiring summer never knew.
The very children love to hear thy tale,
And talk of thee in many a legend wild,
And bless thee for those touching notes of thine!
Sweet household bird, that infancy and age
Delight to cherish, thou dost well repay
The frequent crumbs that generous hands bestow:
Beguiling man with minstrelsy divine,
And cheering his dark hours, and teaching him
Through cold and gloom, autumn and winter, HOPE.
Who feeds the fowls of air, shall He forget
His own elect ones, who their every want
To Him in prayer and thankfulness make known?"

It is, indeed, truly a "household bird," and one around which *home* memories and associations most thickly cluster; a lively and pleasant feature in the scene, when there is least in the outward aspect of nature to cheer and gladden us, and we love it accordingly, with an affection

such as we bestow upon few other irrational creatures. How cheerily sounds its short sweet warble, amid the gloom and silence of a winter's day! How brightly gleams the ruddy breast, contrasted with the dull, leaden-colored sky; the brown, naked branch; or the snow-covered earth! Who is there to whom the Robin is not a welcome visitant, and to whom these sweetly simple lines, by Dr. Jenner, seem other than appropriate?

"Come, sweetest of the feather'd throng,
And soothe me with thy plaintive song,
Come to my cot, devoid of fear,
No danger shall await thee here:
No prowling cat with whisker'd face
Approaches this sequester'd place:
No school-boy, with his willow bow,
Shall aim at thee the murderous blow:
No wily lime-twigg here molest
Thy olive wing, or crimson breast.
Thy cup, sweet bird! I'll daily fill
At yonder cressy, bubbling rill;
Thy board shall plentifully be spread
With crumbets of the nicest bread;
And when rude winter comes, and shows
His icicles and shivering snows,
Hop o'er my cheerful hearth, and be
One of my peaceful family:
Then soothe me with thy plaintive song,
Thou sweetest of the feather'd throng!"

Can we suppose that the part which the Robin is made to play in the well-known story of "the Babes in the Wood" had its origin in any other than a deeply-seated and widely diffused sentiment in favor of the bird? It is in such fables as these, that popular feelings and superstitions are embodied, and made manifest, so that the likes and dislikes of a people may be surely traced in their national ballads, not one of which is more beautiful and pathetic than that wherein the untimely fate of the fair children is so sweetly and touchingly described, and in which it is said—

"No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives;
But Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves."

In a poem entitled "England," by John Walker Ord, we find these simple lines expanded into a fine Spenserian stanza—

"And at their graves no virgins clad in white
Attended, and no minstrelsy was heard,
But they were gather'd to eternal night
By the dear love of what?—a helpless bird!
Who sung their dirges and each corpse interr'd,
Gathering the sweetest leaves of all the wood,
And shrouding them of its own sweet accord;
So that they slept in holiest solitude,
Where nature was their tomb, and no one might intrude."

Ever mingled with the feeling of pity, called forth by this story of helpless innocence perishing thus untimely, is one of love for the bird, which so "painfully," that is, tenderly—carefully, performed the last sad rites of sepulture, and sung a requiem over the dear children, at the account of whose cruel death many a young heart has bled, and for whom many youthful eyes, and, for that matter, older ones too, have shed tears of sorrow; even as, according to the nursery rhyme, did all "the birds of the air"—

"When they heard the bell toll for poor cock Robin,"

slain by the wicked sparrow, no doubt for sheer envy at the universal regard in which Robinet was held.

As an introduction to a more precise description of the Haunts and Habits of the Robin, we may quote Grahame's poetical and graphic lines—

"How simply unassuming is that strain!
It is the Redbreast's song, the friend of man.
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well conceal'd. Sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, where the spacious door
White-dusted, tells him plenty reigns around;
Close at the root of brier-bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with shealings bedded white.
He fixes his abode, and lives at will.
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the goodwife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves;
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill,
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.
Not seldom does he neighbor the low roof
Where tiny elves are taught; a pleasant spot
It is, well fenced from winter blast, and screen'd
By high o'erspreading boughs from summer sun.
Before the door a sloping green extends
No farther than the neighboring cottage-hedge,
Beneath whose boughs shade a little well
Is scooped, so limpid, that its guardian trout
(The wonder of the lesser stooping wights)
Is at the bottom seen. At noontide hour,
The imprison'd throng, enlarged, blithesome rush forth
To sport the happy interval away;
While those from distance come, upon the sward,
At random seated, loose their little stores:
In midst of them poor Redbreast hops unharm'd.
For they have read or heard, and wept to hear,
The story of the Children in the Wood;
And many a crumb to Robin they will throw.
Others there are that love, on shady banks
Retired, to pass the summer days; their song,
Among the birchen boughs, with sweetest fall,
Is warbled, pausing, then resumed more sweet,
More sad; that, to an ear grown faulceful,
The babes, the wood, the man, rise in review,
And Robin still repeats the tragic line.
But should the note of flute, or human voice,
Sound through the grove, the madrigal at once
Ceases; the warbler flits from branch to branch,
And, stooping, sidelong turns his listening head."

Long as this extract is, we are strongly tempted to pass on from the leafy spring-time to the bare desolate winter, and continue the description of the Scottish poet :—

“Of all the tuneful tribes, the Redbreast sole
Confides himself to man : others sometimes
Are driven within our hivel-posts by storms,
And, fearfully, the sprinkled crumbs partake :
He feels himself at home. When lours the year,
He perches on the village turfy copes,
And with his sweet but interrupted trills,
Bespeaks the pity of his future host.
But long he braves the season, ere he change
The heaven's grand canopy for man's low home ;
Oft is he seen, when fleecy showers bespread
The house-tops white, on the thawed smiddy roof.
Or in its open window he alights,
And, fearless of the clang and furnace glare,
Looks round, arresting the uplifted arm,
While on the anvil cools the glowing bar.
But when the season roughens, and the drift
Flies upward, mingling with the falling flakes
In whirl confused, then on the cottage floor
He lights, and hops and flits, from place to place,
Restless at first, till, by degrees, he feels
He is in safety : fearless then he sings
The winter day ; and when the long dark night
Has drawn the rustic circle round the fire,
Waked by the dinsome wheel he trims his plumes,
And, on the distaff perched, chaunts soothingly
His summer song ; or, fearlessly, lights down
Upon the basking sheep-dog's glossy fur ;
Till, chance, the herd-boy, at his supper mess,
Attract his eye, then on the milky rim
Brisk he alights, and picks his little share.”

Elsewhere Grahame addresses some musical lines to a Redbreast that flew in at his window, which, however, we must refrain from quoting. If that is not enough to make you too proud a bird to “sing to simple ears a simple lay,” why, we know not what is. And now we may in respect to the song of the Robin quote some curious remarks upon its variations, in accordance with the seasonal and atmospheric changes, from “Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom.”

“Few observers of nature can have passed unheeded the sweetness and peculiarity of the song of the Robin, and its various indications with regard to the atmospheric changes : the mellow liquid notes of Spring and Summer, the melancholy sweet pipings of Autumn, and the jerking chirps of Winter. In Spring, when about to change his winter song for the vernal, he warbles for a short time in a strain so unusual, as at first to startle and puzzle even those ears most experienced in the notes of birds. He may be considered as part of the naturalist's barometer. On a Summer evening, though the weather may be in an unsettled and rainy state, he sometimes takes his stand on the topmost twig, or on the ‘house top,’ singing cheerfully and sweetly.

When this is observed, it is an unerring promise of succeeding fine days. Sometimes, though the atmosphere is dry and warm, he may be seen melancholy, chirping and brooding in a bush, or low in a hedge : this promises the reverse of his merry lay and exalted station.”

A poet, has given this sometimes melancholy chirping of the bird a funeral character—

“Though silent is the nightingale,
The Robin here takes up the tale,
And unto ears that love to hear,
To hearts that fancy fairy things,
In plaintive prelude sweetly sings
The requiem of the dying year.”

With William Howitt the bird is a musing monk, haunting the deserted cloisters of Wykeham's college at Winchester ;—

“A Robin Redbreast was the only musing monk that we found in these cloisters. He went with us all round, hopping from opening to opening, or perching on the bushes near us. ‘Ay,’ said the porter, ‘that is the chapel Robin, it regularly attends service.’ The Robin is a monk indeed.”

Here is a picture by Mrs. Ellis, which may well be taken for the death scene of the departing year, in which also the Robin figures as a mourner :—

“With wintry aspect had that day begun ;
There was no wind, no rain, but yet no sun ;
A dreamy silence slumber'd all around,
And damp and dull the dews lay on the ground ;
No movement stirr'd the air, save now and then
A leaf came flickering down upon the plain ;
A lonely Robin from the leafless spray,
Tuned a sad song, then wing'd its flight away.”

James Montgomery also speaks—

“The song of the Redbreast with *ominous* note,
Foretelling the fall of the leaf.”

Elsewhere the poet hails this note as the harbinger of Spring and liberty :—

“Soon shall spring, in smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year ;
Then amid th' enamour'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear.
Then shall I, too, join'd with thee,
Swell the Hymn of Liberty.”

By that close observer of nature, Neville Wood, we are told that—

“The song of the Robin is not very loud, but it is remarkable for its sweet, soft, and melancholy expression. In summer, as I have observed, it is little noticed, but in autumn it is peculiarly delightful, though I am certain of the truth of Selby's supposition, that the notes which are heard in autumn and winter, proceed from the

throats of the young of the year. Nor do I ever remember to have heard the adult bird singing in its natural state during the inclement seasons. But when confined to the house, or in a cage, both old and young will carol away right merrily. In softness and sweetness, I think the song of the Robin Redbreast is unexcelled by any of our other sylvan choristers, though as a whole it is surpassed by many. Witness, for instance—leaving the Brake Nightingale, “the leader of the vernal chorus,” out of the question,—the ethereal strains of the Garden Fauvet, the Blackcap Fauvet, the Wood-Lark, and many others. But none of these, no, not even the Brake Nightingale itself, possesses that ineffably sweet expression, which we must pronounce to be peculiar to our admirable favorite.”

Similar testimony to this is given by Bechstein and other naturalists. In a beautifully illustrated work on the Song Birds of Great Britain, it is stated that the song of this bird is “sweet and well supported, and is continued almost throughout the year.” Allusion is also there made to the various familiar and affectionate appellations by which it is known, as in Bornholm (Sweden), *Tommi-Liden*; in Norway, *Peter Ronsmed*; in Germany, *Thomas Gierdet*; in England, “*Bob*,” &c. Wordsworth also alludes to some of these titles of endearment, when, addressing the Robin, he says:—

“Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland!
The bird who by some name or other
All men who know thee call thee brother?”

The nest of the Robin, we are told by Mudie, a good authority on such matters, is “on the ground, at the roots of trees, and in other concealed places, formed of the same materials as the nest of the wren,” that is, almost anything suitable which can be found near the spot, and lined with wool or hair; these materials are very loosely put together, so that it is generally a rather bulky affair. “If, however,” continues the above named naturalist, “there is not a natural concealment of foliage, the birds contrive to form an artificial one of dry leaves, under which they may reach the nest without the precise spot being known; and when the dam leaves her eggs, she sometimes covers them in the same manner, so that the strewing of leaves mentioned in the old ballad of “the Babes in the Wood,” is true to the habits of the Redbreast.

Hitherto we have looked only on the bright side of Robinet's history; but it is now our duty, as faithful chroniclers, to state the sad fact, that he is, to his own feathered friends and kinsfolk, a most disagreeable, quarrelsome fellow; a very Turk among the bushes, disturbing the sweet serenity of the sylvan scene with his brawls and scuffles, and frequently, shocking to relate, staining the greensward and the pure white blossoms with blood. Who that knows this, would—*could*, invoke him as the “gentle bird!” Yes, Robinet! for the truth must be told, thou art a fierce, pugnacious fellow, and of a verity dost not deserve the affection which is lavished on thee by those who see in thee a poor little harmless creature, driven by the inclemency of the weather, and the pangs of hunger, to seek shelter and food from man, and who doubtless think thee very grateful therefor, though even this may be doubted; for, as soon as the ice-bound streams begin to flow once more, and the bare branches to put forth buds, thou art away into the woods to seek the food which best thou lovest, and to build a home for thy expected progeny. Not that we would blame thee for thus obeying the promptings of nature, nor, indeed, for anything, save thy quarrelsome propensities: so never heed the ungracious truths which we have been telling of thee, but believe us to be quite in earnest while repeating the anecdote and verses in thy praise, which follow.

The following paragraph, illustrative of the Robin's docility, and attachment to its friend and benefactor, man, is extracted from Percy St. John's “Birds.”

“John McKelvie, gardener to the lady of the late General Hughes, at her seat of Mount Charles, beautifully situated on the banks, and near the mouth of the classic Doon, has a host of winged companions, all of which come at his call, flutter around him in the garden, and feed from his hand. At the head of this feathered tribe stands a Redbreast, which all but speaks, in return for the long kind treatment it has experienced from its master. This bird, when called upon, will fly from the furthest point at which it can hear his voice, alight on his hand at once, and without any apprehensions, pick its meal, and oftentimes will sit on his shoulder as he walks or works, and nestle in his bosom in well-known security. Nay more, when the gardener goes to town, if the Robin by any chance spies him as he departs, it gives him an escort, chirping and fluttering along the hedge before him, until he reaches the toll-bar, at Alloway place, on which, or on a neighboring tree, it perches awaiting his return.”

Mrs. Schoolcraft, the wife of an English mis-

sionary at Mackinaw, on Lake Huron, relates that—

"The North American Indians have a tradition that the Robin, which, with them, is a considerably larger bird than with us, was once a youth whose father enjoined on him too long a fast (twelve days), on occasion of the customary abstinence from food before entering upon the duties of manhood, and choosing a guardian spirit, which must be something dreamt of during this fast. When the youth was upon the point of perishing with hunger, the transformation was effected, which saved him from such a doom: and the story goes on to tell how the father, who had been thus severe from a desire to make his son a great chief and warrior, went to the lodge in which he was confined, on the morning after the prescribed time had expired, and how he saw the change take place, crying out the while in agony of spirit,—*"My son! my son! do not leave me!"* But the bird looked down on his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told

him he should always love to be near man's dwellings; that he should always be seen happy and contented, by the constant sprightliness and joy he would display; that he would ever strive to cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation to him for the loss of the glory he expected—and that, although no longer a man, he would ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race."

This tradition is beautifully expressive of the universal feeling of affectionate regard for the Robin, which seems to prevail wherever the bird is known; it appears to be looked upon as a kind of connecting link between humanity and the feathered creation, and it is a creature so intimately associated with the recollections of *home* and *childhood*, and all that is brightest, and freshest, and purest in the heart and imagination of man, that we need feel no surprise at the number of poetic tributes which the bird has received from the sensitive and the gifted sons of genius.

ROSALIE.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

The firelight flits and dances
Within the pleasant room,
And the window's crimson drapery
Shuts out the twilight's gloom;
While the sound of cheerful music
Is mingling with the mirth
That rises from the merry group
Around the blazing hearth:
But Rosalie
Heed's not the music, nor the sound
Of childhood's glee.

The wintry wind is howling
With rage-defying might,
And pours its utmost fury forth
On this tempestuous night;
And as with louder bellow,
The blast of sleety rain
Dashes with hurricane-like force
Against the window-pane,—
Sweet Rosalie
Looks forth upon the stormy waste,
With restless eye.

And while her troubled forehead
Is pressed against the pane,
An agony of fearful thoughts
Is whirling through her brain;

She sees a gallant vessel
High on a mountain wave—
Then downward plunging fathoms deep
Within a billowy grave—
And with convulsive effort,
Her slender hand is pressed
Above the lock of hair that feels
Each throbbing of her breast,
As, shudderingly,
Her fancy sees their twin-locks float
Beneath the sea.

'Mid pausing mirth and music,
The blast is louder heard,
And a child, whose sudden sympathy
The thought of danger stirred,
Exclaims with tone most earnest,
And brow no longer bright,—
"Oh, sisters!—think how many ships
The storm may wreck to-night!"
The vision had not needed
One touch of anguish more,—
It was too much,—the passive form
Sank fainting to the floor.
Poor Rosalie!
That night the fair hair floated deep
Beneath the sea!

TOO LATE! A DREAM.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

I have never crossed the Atlantic, though it has ever been one of the strongest desires of my heart to do so—to visit what was the home of my fathers, the region of revolutions and battles, the country of song, of eloquence, of great deeds, good and bad. Probably my short purse will never permit me to enjoy all this, and mercy may give me to see a “better land.” But in my dreams, I often visit it. There is not a mountain or lake in Scotland which I have not many times climbed or sailed over, nor a landscape of note which I have pictured in my imagination. In one of these mental visits, lately, the following pictures were before my mind.

I was walking in a nobleman's park, the tall trees were in clusters, and their arches everywhere admitted light and shade in beautiful contrast. The wild birds had their home here, and even the timid deer were seen bounding from one thicket to another, without uttering the wild whistle which we hear in our forests, when a deer sees a man. In the midst of all that was lovely, stood the old family mansion—and there it had stood for centuries. Its towers, its wings, its great niche for the family plate, its gardens and stables and its thousand conveniences and elegances. But all around the house was still. The clock in the tower was stopped, the horses in the stables were unharnessed, and the domestics were gathered round in whispering groups. The bell and the knocker were bandaged in crape, and I now knew that death was looking into the windows, or that he had already entered the door. On entering the lofty rooms, paneled and stuccoed after the fashion of other days, you of necessity associated it all with great wealth. In the antiquated but beautiful furniture, you saw, at a glance, that in no generation, had the possessor been called upon for self-denial. In one of the most remote rooms, whose doors were curiously inlaid with variegated wood, whose ivory knobs turned noiselessly, whose carpet rendered the heaviest tread a velvet one, lay an old man, the possessor of all this estate. He was tall, noble in mein, but trouble had most evidently known him long. His countenance was sunken and haggard—the lips colorless, and the

breast scarcely moving as he breathed with great difficulty. It was difficult to say whether he was weighed down most heavily by bodily or mental agony. Friends were standing near him, but they were not near in blood. Servants were in waiting, anxiously waiting, but their sorrows were not those which children have for a dying father. A large scroll of parchment was lying on the table. It was the will of the dying nobleman. The gentleman named in it as executor was carefully reading it over.

“Mr. Douglas,” said the dying man, “I know you will scrupulously observe all the directions of that instrument. I believe I have been minute and particular. As to that son—my only child! The memory of the past is overwhelming. He is mine, as you know only by adoption. I took him when a mere child at the dying request of his father. I have educated him as my own child and loved him as such. Oh! what returns have I received from him! Ungrateful, disobedient, prone to all that is evil, giving himself up to every vice, he grew more and more vile, till at last he fled from me and from his country, and for many years has lived in a foreign land, amid society and scenes which I dare not think of. During all these years I have supplied his necessary wants, and have tried every method to recall him. But he seorns every overture I can make. For the last six months I have sent by every packet, sometimes writing and sometimes sending special messengers, urging him to return to me—promising that I will forgive all and make him my heir, if he will return. I have taken the pains to be assured that my messages and letters have been put into his hands—as many as one a week for a long time. In that will, Mr. Douglas, I have directed that if he returns before my death, even if it be but an hour before I die, he shall still be my son and heir. If he does not, the reason is that he is unworthy, and I have cut him off from all part in the inheritance. You understand me, do you not, sir?”

“I do, sir! I shall follow your directions to the letter.”

At that moment the sufferer was seized with anguish, and the pain brought large drops of

cold sweat upon his forehead. It seemed as if his end must be at hand. I wanted to console him, but he seemed to have a consciousness that dreaming people cannot do good.

* * * * *

My dream was changed. I seemed to be ascending the creaking stairs of a miserable old building in one of the narrowest, most filthy streets in New-York. All around seemed dirty, decaying and vile. These stairs led up into a comfortless attic story. It was about noon. The room had an old table, a few broken chairs, a cot bed, as its furniture, while bottles that were empty, and cards scattered round, showed that it was a miserable haunt of dissipation. A young man sat leaning on the table, who wore a torn coat, dirty shirt, and slovenly garments to correspond. A large letter lay before him. His eyes were red, his countenance haggard and woe-ful, and everything about him distressing. He was musing over the letter. He would read it, or a part of it, and then get up and hurriedly walk across the room. Again he would sit down and read. After doing so repeatedly, he suddenly stopped, and said aloud—"Yes, it is just so. I have tried this course a great while. My companions are friends just as long as my money lasts, and then they forsake me till I receive more. Once more I am stripped, and they have helped to strip me, and have even proposed to me to commit robbery in order to replenish their wants and mine! When have they ministered to me? I have been in the hospital, and in prison, and not one of them ever came to me! And yet this good man—how differently has he done! It

is plain too that he is very near his end. The physician says there is no hope of my reaching him alive, unless I do it within thirty days from this very day. If I reach him, I may receive his pardon, his blessing, and his property; if I fail, I lose all. And now what shall I do? And the packet—the last packet sails this very day! Here I am a beggar, when I might there be the possessor of all the heart could wish. Nothing but my sins have kept me from all this. Can I give these up? Can I become virtuous and good? I trust I can. I will make the trial. I will make one effort more to recover and save myself. This letter ensures the payment of my passage when I reach home. And at 12 o'clock the packet sails. She must be already down the harbor, and the steamboat must in a few minutes leave the wharf with the passengers and the mails. I have not a moment to lose."

Away went the young man down the stairs, and down the alley, with nothing but a small bundle of clothing under his arm. Towards the wharf I saw him rush. Panting and pale he went onward. Some thought him deranged. Some thought him a thief—all thought him to be in a hurry. At length he sees the wharf, and hears the hissing of the steam of the boat that is to carry the passengers down to the ship already under sail. There is the boat, and there! they are just letting her off from her moorings! Away he darts, and reaches the wharf. Alas! she is off, and he is just one minute too late. In agony he saw it all, and cried—"too late—too late!" and sank down in despair. It was too late, and he lost the inheritance forever. What a dream!

SNOW FLAKES.

BY MRS L. G. ABELL.

How blest the home where droops around
The soft and brooding wing of Love,
As fleecy snow-cloud flakes descend
In beauty from above—
They come, as softly melting down
As gentle words upon the heart,
Distilling life with beauty round
As sweet words love impart.

They fall, as one by one they come
Glittering with pure and starry light,
Concealing every spot and stain
With robe of purest white—
As charity with words of love,
Her downy mantle, covers o'er
The faults which human nature stain,—
So fall the *snow flakes* evermore—

"IT WILL DO VERY WELL."

WHATEVER is worth doing, is worth doing well. This is an axiom so often enforced as to render it trite and common-place; yet, while theoretically recognized, it is seldom practically exerted. It is like one of those duties that no one ever disputes, but few ever *do*—moral obligations admitted but omitted. Now, as the principle implied in our axiom is by no means unimportant, and as the *consequences* of any particular line of conduct are much more impressive than mere abstract denunciation—as the living specimen is more effective than the dead letter—we would try a little practical illustration.

There dwelt a certain man in a certain town, both of which, for certain reasons, shall be nameless; the chief of which reasons, however, is, that any man, in any town, to whom the character applies, may take it to himself. This man was a particularly amiable, inoffensive personage—never troubling himself with the squabbles of the vestry, or wrangling about the petty politics of the town. He didn't care, not he, whether the new pump was placed at the corner of the court, according to the dictum of the attorney, or at the bottom of the alley, after the opinion of the parson. Of course, if he heeded not these home affairs, he could not be expected to trouble his head about the measures of Government. He was of no party. Whig, Democrat, or Free Soil, Conservative or Radical, all wanted physick, and that was in his way. Nobody remembered our friend otherwise than the same indolent, amiable individual. As a boy, he went under the familiar soubriquet of "Easy Sam;" and he was the general friend, butt, drudge, and favorite of the whole school. He was no fool, but one of those fat-faced, sleepy-eyed, sleek-haired varlets that mothers think so much, and other people so little, of. Never was a less selfish urchin; if his share of a feast was smaller than his neighbor's, he only said, "It will do very well!" Never was a less ostentatious individual; and yet, even of his own performances, he would say, "It will do very well!" As he shot up out of a fat, chubby boy into a tall, lathy lad, his principle of passive contentment grew upon him. Far from deficient in abilities or devoid of intelligence, he did not excel in anything, because he put forth just enough ability to save himself from punishment,

and exerted just enough intelligence to secure himself from disgrace. Had he been a jot less industrious or intelligent, it would have been better for him, because he might then have met with sufficient rebuke, or even castigation, to force him into more strenuous exertion, and to arouse the latent energies that lay dormant within him. But no; he was as great a favorite with the masters as he was with his companions, for he seldom, if ever, needed either censure or punishment: his gentle, docile disposition, kept him from offending, while his scholastic duties were always creditably performed. What he had to do he *did*, and what he did would, generally, do very well.

His cousin Ernest was a very different sort of lad; and, though we intend to follow exclusively the fortunes of Easy Sam, we introduce his cousin Ernest for a moment, just to illustrate our meaning by the force of contrast. His cousin Ernest, then, was quite a contrast to him. Hasty, uncertain, irascible, few liked him; few were there that did not infinitely prefer our good-natured hero. Ernest was often in trouble; Sam, as we have seen, seldom in disgrace. Yet was there an indomitable energy of spirit, a habit of industry and perseverance, about the former that, in all their performances, left our easy hero in the shade; and, truth to say, the *lentus in umbra* suited Sam's docile disposition uncommonly well. Ernest was never satisfied with his own productions until it could be said, it is very well done: "very well," in the abstract, he scouted as much as very badly. This peculiarity accompanied them in all their amusements, and was just as clearly discernible in their chosen occupations as their demanded duties. When Easy Sam made an indifferent drawing, he was content to patch it here, and shade it there, and make it *do*; when Ernest was unsuccessful in a similar attempt, he put it in the fire, and made another. When Easy Sam tilled his little garden, he satisfied himself with raking in the weeds; Ernest stooped down and pulled them out, "Trifles!" you say; "what matters the different conduct of a couple of schoolboys?" True; but trifles not only "make up the sum of human life," as sings the poet, they also form the great medium of moral education. We learn, indeed, much from the great

events of history, but much more from the commonplace occurrences around us. In the trivialities alluded to, we may trace, on the one hand, the elements of excellence; on the other, the germs of a vapid and spiritless mediocrity.

Easy Sam was destined to the medical profession; and, when he left school, he was accordingly sent to walk the hospitals. "Walking the hospitals," we know, often comprehends the whole art and mystery of drinking porter and smoking cigars; but Sam could not drink porter, because it made his head ache, nor smoke cigars, because they choked him; so he was forced to study, and as he was also, like many dull people, studiously inclined, he managed to pass his examination, and became licensed to dose people *secundum artem*. The very intelligent men, indeed, who presided at his examinations, were heard to agree that Sam would never set a river a-fire; but, as such incendiary propensities were anything but natural to Sam's disposition, the prediction gave him no concern whatever. Though doctors are proverbially allowed to differ, they agreed that Sam had passed his examination very well. He passed, and went down to his native town to show his skill.

Sam was well known and much esteemed, and not a little practice soon gladdened his heart. His kind and amiable manners were quite in his favor. Kind and amiable manners are one of the best ingredients in a doctor's pharmacopoeia. The old ladies—and young ones, too, for that matter—the old ladies, who had nothing the matter but whimsies, and who sent for a doctor for want of something better to do, were delighted with Sam, for he would sit and gossip by the hour, retail all the news of the place with the utmost amenity, and gave the nicest medicines that could be imagined; yet was there something wanting in Sam's practice that could hardly be described—something that could be felt, but not told. He did nothing in a first-rate style, had no new-named complaints to satisfy the interrogatories of his patients, but just let them die of old fashioned diseases. Something slovenly and second-rate there was about his *modus operandi*; he allowed his patients to suggest, and too often adopted their suggestions—the worst thing in the world for a medical man to do; and when the nurses said they had done so and so, or tried such and such, he was silly enough to say, "Just so, Mrs. Gruel; it will do very well." Thus Sam began to find his practice fall off. No one found fault with him—no one could dislike him, but he was sinking gradually into neglect; and, when a new practitioner set up in the same town, mat-

ters got much worse. This disciple of Galen was never at a loss for a hard name, and, if he did not know one, he coined one. He was a smarter, if not a cleverer man, and soon took the wind out of Sam's sail. It was with bitter heart-sickness that our hero felt the decline of his business, for his poor old mother was dependent on his exertions—she who had impoverished herself to send him to the hospitals; and his kind and generous heart ached as he perceived that disappointment and embarrassment awaited him. He was one of the best of sons, unwearied in his solicitude for his mother's comfort, and his home was rendered happy by domestic love. By degrees, however, narrow means became manifest, and little hardships had to be endured, which he exceedingly regretted on her account—not his own, for, as far as he was concerned, it all did very well.

Sam was so great a favorite in his own sphere that he was always pretty sure of a certain amount of professional employment. Some of the ladies, young and old, above alluded to, liked his easy ways, his nice physis, and his *emollient* manners, better than the sharp practice of his opponent; and, but for an unlucky incident connected with his besetting foible, he might have lingered on the noiseless tenor of his way until he grew into a seedy old man, with silver hair and gold-headed cane, the gentlest and the poorest of village Esculapians. But Sam, among other indolent habits, had a shambling, shuffling style of penmanship, that had fallen from bad to worse, because he found that his few correspondents understood him well enough, and therefore he considered that his handwriting did very well. A set of as broken-kneed, bandy-legged letters composed Sam's alphabet as ever you saw. Physicians seem to have, indeed, a prescriptive right to write as illegibly as possible; the more difficult the druggist finds in making out their hieroglyphics, of course the more merit is due to him; and Sam, though he could lay claim to few of the elements of success that dignify the heads of the profession, had at least this quality in common with them—a cramped and yet slovenly style of penmanship as the best. Sam's writing "materiel," like that of most easy, indolent men, was a perfect specimen of disorder. You never yet met with a careless, do-well-enough man, but his writing-desk betrayed him—his ink all mud, his pens all rusted and crusted, his paper in scraps—above all, his blotting-paper gone. Blotting-paper is a great test of moral character.

One day Sam came home in a great hurry to write a prescription; he was forced to go elsewhere, but he must send a prescription to the

druggist's shop. One steel pen had its nibs crossed, like the tail of a king-fisher; another had them broken short off; a third would do very well, but the ink—the ink was positively dried up. Sam had long made it *do*, but the last drop was now gone. He was obliged to write with a pencil; his mother remonstrated, but in vain, and the precious prescription was sent off to be made up. You anticipate the result, no doubt, for once it did *not* do very well. A sad mistake was made by the compounder; it did very *badly*, and so did the poor child to whom it was administered.

It chanced that this child was a special favorite of poor Sam's—a meek-eyed, golden-locked little fairy, that had twined herself about his tender heart; and deep and bitter was the anguish of his spirit as he sat all night with the little attenuated feverish hand in his, or laid his finger on the feeble pulse, and watched the damp and pallid forehead, with its light blue veins, and the long-lashed eyelid quivering in agony, and to think that all this was his fault, and to bear the reproaches of the parents, as well as the keener reproaches of his own conscience—all this was inexpressibly bitter, and gave poor Sam a deep and lasting lesson, though, alas! it was not sufficiently powerful to overcome the influence of long-rooted and most pernicious habit.

The child recovered after a long and dangerous illness: so far Sam's affectionate heart was relieved; but, alas! Othello's occupation was indeed *gone*. In a small country town such a thing became universally known. The lad who made up the medicine might have shared the blame, but the damning fact came out that it was written with a *pencil*. This was so gross an instance of carelessness that it could not be overlooked. The most whimsical of the ladies, whose amateur illness we have noticed, could not put up with it: should he make mistakes in *their* medicines!—should he write *aqua pura* for *aqua rosea*, what might not be the consequence!

Sam fell into utter neglect. His prospects were blasted: abject poverty stared him in the face; and, what to him was worse, his poor old mother was left without resource. Fortunately, however, Sam's inoffensive disposition and kindly demeanor had made him friends; and one of them, an old fellow with a warm heart in his bosom, determined to advance sufficient money to set him up in business. There was but one sort of business to which our friend felt himself competent, and, though it seems a singular choice after what had happened, he decided on removing to a distant place (for he feared his misadventure

might injure him in his own neighborhood), and setting up as a druggist. His old friend cautioned him to the utmost carefulness in the preparation of prescriptions, which advice he scrupulously followed, and, in fact, he never made a slip of that sort again, though, we regret to say, he was far from entirely cured of his infirmity.

Sam was now not a little successful; his civility and good temper accompanied him, and was as much to the purpose behind the counter as it had been in the sick chamber—more so, indeed, to judge by the results, for he became a prosperous man as he was now doing very well—and as his mother was now growing old and feeble, he felt that prudence was veering round, and beginning to look in the same direction that passion had long been gazing. Prudence and passion are too often like the opposite ends of a finger-post—and such had long been the case with our hero; but now the case was undergoing an alteration: in a word, easy Sam now allowed himself to think of a wife.

After his marriage, Sam lived for several years a happy and contented man—his characteristic foible producing no more serious results than petty misadventures. Camomile flowers would come falling out of incompetent paper-bags that had been supposed to do very well. Leeches escaped from insecure receptacles, and were found dried to mummies or drowned in honey. Soda-water was found dead as ditch-water, having been most carefully wired over unsound corks. But these things were trifles. Sam managed to maintain his wife and increasing family in comfort, though he could never achieve what may be called a first-rate business, because there was always the same slovenly, make-shift way of doing things that materially injured his success.

At length events of more importance transpired. His old mother slept with her ancestors, and his old friend soon followed the way of all the earth. This latter point was one of great importance to Sam, for the old man's heir determined to call in his father's money; and among this same was the loan advanced to Sam to set him up in business, and upon which little more than the interest had been paid. Our friend's prudence had not, indeed, been very conspicuous in this matter, for he ought, gradually at least, to have liquidated the debt before he incurred other liabilities; but, like many men, Sam thought if he punctually paid the interest he did very well.

He had now an inexorable churl to deal with, instead of his kind old patron, who, by the by, had fostered his indolent security by declining

some instalments of the principal—a heartless and inexorable churl, who pressed for immediate payment; and, in a word, Sam was a ruined man. His stock-in-trade, his furniture—all was swept away; and he had the heart-rending sight to see his wife and children without a home to shelter them or a bed to lie on. Bankrupt and beggared, poor Easy Sam was for some time in the greatest trouble. He was subjected to the misery of delay, reprimand, suspicion, and disgrace; and had nothing before him but a hopeless struggle against want and misery.

Sam could have borne this tolerably well had he alone been concerned, but, when he thought of the dear ones depending on him for support, that thought well-nigh maddened him. On their account, he could stoop to do what for himself he never would have done, that is, to apply to his cousin Ernest for a little temporary relief. That personage, acting on his old principle of doing everything as well as possible, had cultivated his boyish taste for drawing into an excellent talent. Hence he had become a first-rate artist. He was, indeed, at the head of his profession, and in receipt of a princely income; but he was churlish and uncertain as ever, and sent his poor cousin a paltry sum, with a cruel letter, containing a hint that it was all he must ever expect from him. Perhaps the amiable reader may prefer the character of Easy Sam, with all his foibles and in all his distress, to that of Ernest, in the success of his energies and the height of his prosperity, and perhaps the writer may agree with such a sentiment; but it must be remembered that amiability and energy are by no means necessarily disunited. Many a man of merit displays both excellences; and it may be remarked, that if such a man as Ernest is eminently successful, in spite of his unamiable disposition, much more likely is a man of benevolent heart and kindly demeanor to be so—a man who joins the "*suaviter in modo*" to the "*fortiter in re*."

Sam's bosom burned with indignation. He longed to send the paltry donation back again, but his wife and children were around him, and he was obliged to retain it for a few weeks—only for a few weeks, my worthy friend. He longed to send it back, and in a few weeks he had the great satisfaction of returning the amount to the unwilling donor. The reason for this was, that, in the course of the remarkable vicissitudes of human life, a flood of extraordinary prosperity poured in upon Easy Sam.

It happened just at this time—and strange casualties, most opportune coincidences *do* happen, you know, in the world, as well as on paper

—it happened that a rich relation died; and really, my half incredulous reader, rich relations *do* die for the benefit of poor relations, as well as the convenience of unhappy authors. Well, a rich relation died and left the great bulk of his property to Easy Sam.

Joy and gladness now broke into the dark dwelling of our friend, whose first care was to return the money, as above hinted, to his cousin. He was now in a state, not only of independence, but of comparative affluence. He could afford to give up business, particularly as business had so ungraciously given up him; he honorably paid his debts; and he thought (foolish fellow) that he might take it very easy. He was not—so he thought—obliged now to be so particular—he had nobody now to please but himself; in short, he had the idea, though it was not definitely admitted by his mind or consciously recognized by his understanding, that a man who had not his bread to get might fairly act out the principle, "It will do very well." One of Sam's first acts was to set out for his native town, and procure a habitation fitted for his altered fortunes. He left his family behind for a time, until he could introduce them to his newly-furnished abode; and, having met with a house to his mind, he entered with great glee upon that pleasant employment—pleasant enough when you have got plenty of money—of furnishing. He had made a point of giving his family an agreeable surprise, and, having purchased a horse and gig, drove over to fetch them. The day was bright and cheerful, but not more so than the party. The bright blue sky was beaming overhead, but the delicious sunshine of domestic love was shining still more brightly in their hearts. They had proceeded half way on their journey, when the breaking of a trace obliged them to stop. Impatient to introduce them to the new house, Sam fretted and vexed himself at the hindrance. The ostler would have fetched a saddler; but this would involve additional delay. They might not even reach home before nightfall, and a pretty disappointment it would be to drive up to his new door in the dark; so he got the man to patch up the harness with some spring cord, declaring to the rustic master of the horse that it would do very well.

How often in after years did those words haunt his night dreams and his walking meditations! Our party had reached the summit of the steep hill that overlooks that quiet country town, and Sam was pointing out with his whip the still distant scene of their future home, when the horse, making a trip, suddenly tightened the trace: the make-shift repair broke again, and the trace

fell dangling to the ground. You anticipate the disaster. The horse was startled; the carriage swerved; the animal got vexed; the hill was steep; the pace became fast. Urged by the impetus of the descent, it was accelerated every step; faster and faster still; the females screamed; the horse became unmanageable; the pace grew faster—headlong—furious. The vehicle ran up a bank, turned over with a ponderous crash, and all were precipitated to the ground. Sam and his children were most extraordinarily unhurt, but his wife lay insensible on the road. She had been thrown upon her head with great violence: concussion of the brain was the consequence, and she never spoke again!

We cannot enter, it is to be hoped, into the terrible anguish of the heart-broken husband. At first he was well-nigh frantic. Of all grief none

is so dreadful as that in which self-reproach forms one of the bitter ingredients in our cup of woe. He could not endure to enter upon his intended habitation, but removed to a distance. Fortunately very violent grief soon spends its force, and that of our friend at length subsided into more moderate sorrow. In the company and education of his children he gradually recovered his composure and serenity; his old hilarity *never*. He was anxious to instil sound principles into their minds, and even in secondary matters he was solicitous to impress upon them the pernicious nature of maxims seemingly trivial, but really false, sophistical, and evil; and if there was one that he more warmly deprecated, you may be sure it was the indolent satisfaction implied in the words—"IT WILL DO VERY WELL."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

SEE PLATE.

THERE lived at Caën, in the department of Calvados, a young woman, named Marie Anne Charlotte Corday. She was five-and-twenty years of age. Her father, a decayed gentleman, was still living, but she had left him to reside with an aunt at Caën. This young woman was a grand-daughter of the great dramatist, Pierre Corneille, and the spirit of the grandsire lived in his descendant. Her form was tall and graceful, her features regular and beautiful; but there was mingled with a woman's softness of expression, something of the resolve which marks a manly face. Her complexion was illuminated by the freshness of youth, beauty, and health; her dress was suited to her moderate means; her habits were temperate and simple. Though brought up in a convent, she was no stranger to the philosophical ideas which were then spreading over France; for even the bars of the convents could not keep out the books which were in vogue. Her early religious impressions were replaced by the philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau; and her exalted imagination was raised to the heroic pitch by the ever-living portraits of Plutarch. She embraced the revolution with ardor: she

dreamed, as the wife of Roland had dreamed, of a republic in which simplicity and virtue should reign. But the excesses of the Jacobins had dispelled the pleasing illusion, and the men of the Gironde, who once seemed destined to realize her happy visions, were imprisoned or fugitives. Petion, Louvet, Barbaroux, and other deputies, had come to Caën to stir up the departments of the north, and to combine the elements of resistance to the convention.

The reign of terror had already commenced in Paris; the guillotine was receiving its tribute of victims, and the horrid engine was expected to make the tour of France. One name above all others was associated with the guillotine, the name of him who had for years called for heads, and measured his demands only by thousands. The unquiet mind of Charlotte required action; and she meditated a deed of vengeance against the greatest culprit in France. She resolved to go to Paris. She had two interviews with Barbaroux, and she asked and obtained from him a letter of introduction to a member of the convention who could introduce her to the Minister of the Interior. She pretended that she had a

petition to present to the government, in favor of Mademoiselle Forbin, who had been the friend of her youth. Barbaroux gave her a letter to Duperret, one of the 73 deputies of the party of the Gironde. She went to see her father, and told him she was going to England. On the 9th of July, early in the morning, she made up a little packet, which she put under her arm, quitted her aunt's house, and journeyed to Paris in a conveyance, which, as she said, contained some "good Montagnards." She reached Paris on the 11th of July, and went to the Hôtel de Providence, in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, where she slept soundly from five in the afternoon till next morning. She called on Duperret the next day, but could not see him till the evening. She asked him to introduce her to Marat, the Minister of the Interior; but this was only a pretext. In her letter to Barbaroux she said she was sorry that she had called on Duperret, for this very evening, by a decree of the convention, the seals were replaced on all the movables of Duperret, as one of the suspected, and her visit put him in danger. Duperret came the next day, and went with her to Marat, but the minister could not see them, and Duperret took leave of her at the door of her hotel. She had learned that Marat did not now go to the convention, for her first design was to kill him there; he was suffering from illness, but still scribbling at home with his wonted unwearied diligence. After leaving Duperret, Charlotte found her way to the Palais Royal, not to admire or to be amused. She looked for a cutler's shop, where she bought a strong knife, with an ebony handle, and concealed it under her neckerchief. She returned to her lodgings, and wrote a letter to Marat, in which she told him that she was from Caën, and could give him important information, and she would be with him at one. She went, but could

not see him; upon which she left a second letter, well calculated to sharpen the jealous curiosity of the friend of the people; it was dated the same day: "I wrote to you this morning, Marat; have you received my letter? I cannot believe it, because they refused me your door. I hope you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat it, I am just from Caën; I have to reveal to you secrets of the utmost importance for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unfortunate, and that is enough to give me a right to your protection. Charlotte Corday." Charlotte said in her letter to Barbaroux, "I confess that I employed a perfidious artifice to induce him to receive me; all means are good in such circumstances." She left her hotel at seven in the evening, and knocked at Marat's door. The woman who kept the door would hardly let her in, and tried to prevent her from going up stairs. The noise brought Marat's mistress out, who refused to admit her into the apartments. A loud altercation ensued, and Marat, who judged, from what was passing, that the visiter was the writer of the two letters, called out to let her in. Marat, wasted with disease, horrid and disgusting to look at, was in his bath, covered with a dirty piece of linen, all but the upper part of his chest and right arm. He was writing on a rough plank, which rested on the bath, a letter of denunciation to the convention. Marat asked about Normandy, and he took down the names of the deputies there, and of the administrators of Calvados, who were at Evreux. He told Charlotte, by way of consolation, that they should all be guillotined. These words decided his fate. She drew the knife from her bosom, and with a strong arm plunged it to the hilt in his body. He cried out once, and no more. The water was dyed red; Marat bathed in his own blood.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

Not in the rushing Wind,
Which rent the rocks asunder with its blast;
Which left a wild and dreary waste behind,
And shook the solid mountains as it passed;
Not then was heard the All-Gracious One, whose will
The tempest's wrath can calm, the waves can still.

Not in the Earthquake, when, convulsed and riven,
The mighty world's foundation were displayed,
When the earth trembled, and the sea was driven
Back on itself, confounded and dismayed;
Not then was felt His hand, who clothed the earth
In majesty and beauty from its birth.

Not in the fire, when kindled in their wrath
The red flames flung on high a lurid glare,
Snapping the ancient cedars in their path,
Startling the forest lion in its lair;
Not then His splendors shone who bound the stars,
And fixed the orbits of their burning cars.

But in the calm that followed—deep! profound!
When the glad sun all nature bade rejoice,
When slowly floated up through all around
An all-pervading sound, a still, small voice—
The prophet felt the presence of the Lord,
And, trembling on the sod, His name adored.

BASH-BISH FALLS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

To one who has roamed over the Alps, with a heart to enjoy their surpassing scenery, bold mountains are ever after dear. Scenery has its disciples like a school, or philosophy, or sect. One admires the water, another richly cultivated valleys, and another the ragged cliff, and torn ravine, and awful aspect of mountain scenery. I am a *mountain* disciple, and I never stand on a lofty peak and look off on the spreading landscape without a feeling of exultation. The awful gorge, and overhanging rock, and dizzy, perilous path please me less than this, but still more than all the *lovely* views of the merriest land the sun ever shone upon. I had rather stand upon the Wengern Alp, and listen to the thunder of avalanches, and gaze on the awful snow pinnacles that tear up the heavens around, than listen to the sweetest music that ever stole from the vineyards of Italy.

It was a scalding day on which we started for Bash Bish, and our *cortege* of five carriages were compelled to keep wide apart, to escape the dust, as we rolled down the Housatonic, and over the plains that spread away from the green river, and on to the Tagheonac mountains. We had upwards of twenty miles to go and return, while we needed at least two hours in the mountain. In traveling, I have sometimes thought one could learn character quicker than in any other way, by inquiring of different individuals the road to take, and the distance to the place sought. None of our party were acquainted with the route, and the roads in this part of the country were endless, lying like a huge net-work over the valleys and hills. Being ahead most of the time, I frequently stopped to inquire my whereabouts, and what course I should take. One person would answer me with laconic sullenness, as if it were a matter of perfect indifference to him whether I found my way or not. *He*, you may rest assured, is a bad neighbor and a selfish citizen. Another replied with endless loquacity, bawling back after I had started on, some additional information, but leaving me more confused than before. *He*, I know, is a good-natured man, always "meaning well," as it is said, but committing more blunders than he does good deeds. *He*

is one of your indefinite, fussy men. Another would reply, "really, I haven't been in these parts long; go on to the next neighbor, I guess he can tell you." I did not know hardly *what* to make out of him. Coming at length to a small house, a little distance from the road, I called out to a woman who was standing in the doorway with her arms akimbo, asking if she could tell me the road to Bash Bish. "Oh, lord massa," said she, "if you want to go to Bashus Bishus, you can turn back and go that road, (pointing back,) over the mountain, or you can go on a mile afore you turn." *She*, I would venture anything, is a downright good-natured, gossiping neighbor, who knows everything about everybody in the settlement, ready to take care of the sick, and help a distressed friend, indeed, do anything if you will only allow her to talk.

After winding and twisting about in every possible direction, the gap in the mountains made by the Bash Bish torrent at length became visible. The hills and forests seemed suddenly to have fallen in there like a sunken grave. Driving up this ravine as far as wheels could go, we led our horses into the woods, and descended to the foot of the falls. The single leap of the torrent here is not remarkable. We sat down beside the blue pool, into the bottom of which the stream plunges in its last frightened spring from the chaos of rocks through which it has struggled, and eat our *dejeuner*; cooling the limpid water with ice, we had the good fortune to keep from melting on the way. It was a glorious spot there, underneath the old hills, with the precipices towering away into the heavens on every side, and the torrent ringing the while in your ear a low deep monotone. The mirth and merriment that flow from young hearts in the midst of such scenery, are as innocent as the sounds of nature that greet you at every step. Finishing our meal, we struck a path that wound along the breast of the mountain, and going for a mile, descended again to the bed of the stream above, where the first fall commences. The descent over the rocks, along the awful rent made through the mountain, was wild as an Alpine gorge, and even more perilous. First ascending to the summit of a precipice call-

ed the Eagle's Nest, we gazed down more than two hundred feet perpendicular on the broken and turbulent bed of the torrent. Scattered around over the rocks, sat a group of ladies, in most picturesque attitudes, we had not seen before, who had come like ourselves to visit the falls. The path down the precipice to where they sat is not so safe as one might wish. It hugs the face of the rock as if designed for nothing but the nice and slender foot of an Alpine goat. But once down, look up the face of that precipice. We have seen many cliffs in our wanderings, but scarcely one more striking than that. There it goes, lifting itself into the heavens, not in the solid masonry of a wall, but in a gently curving line, till the lofty top seems suspended in mid heaven. The roof of the Pantheon does not bend lighter in its wondrous arch than this huge precipice rises over the chasm. The most skillful architect could not have piled that massive structure on so true and well-balanced a curve. The mathematical rule has been observed throughout. You lie deep down in the chasm, fifty or sixty feet from the base, while a line dropped from the summit would strike your head. The sombre shadows, and the damp atmosphere, and the growling torrent are around you; but far away into the sky the head of the eagle cliff is bathed in the sunlight, while the trees along its forehead are waving to and fro in the sweet summer air. Leaning over me there, with its weight of rock, and its rustling trees, it seemed almost a conscious being stooping over the frightened torrent below. It seemed to overshadow me, and hold me in its power, and I could not escape its presence and influence even when the day was over, and I had retired to my couch.

Two or three miles from this fall is the "dome of the Tagheonae," a lofty mountain, rising precisely like a dome, from the ridge of which it forms a part. I had designed to give you a detailed description of the wonderful view from its top, but I see I have not room. It is, in our estimation, far superior to the Catskill, for you have from a single spot a perfect panorama below you. You have only to turn on your heel, and east and west, and north and south, an almost endless prospect spreads away on the vision. You are the centre of a circle at least three hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and *such* a circle! The mountains that stretch along the horizon beyond the Connecticut river on the east, fade away as the Green Mountains greet you in the northwest, and these in turn are forgotten as your eye falls on the dark mass of the Catskill, showing its huge proportions against the western

horizon. And then between is such a wealth of scenery. The valley of the Housatonic for miles and miles spreads all its loveliness before you. There, too, are the two settlements of Canaan, and farther up, a mere spot on the landscape, Sheffield, and still farther up, Great Barrington, hardly visible amid its forest of old elms, while the white cliffs of Monument Mountain shut out old Stockbridge from view, and the distant spire of Lenox church closes the long train of villages. Old Saddle-Back of Williamstown, stands up in its full height against the misty mountains that repose farther off in the horizon, a peculiar feature in the landscape. Egremont stands alone in the valley of the Green river, but the sloping land and swelling hills that roll over the landscape, and chequered forests present a still lovelier variety. A low line of mist is dimly seen stretching along the black base of the Catskill, so indistinct you would scarcely observe it, and yet that is the lordly Hudson, heaving its mighty tides seaward, laden with the commerce of a nation. A mere pencil mark in the landscape, here, it gives no token of the haste and busy life on its surface. Close under the foot of the mountain on the south, sleep the sweet lakes of Salisbury, Connecticut, set in their frames of green, while other lakes dot the landscape in every direction. But I cannot tell you of the prodigality of beauty that meets your eye at every turn. You seem to look on the outer wall of creation, and this old dome appears to have been the spot on which nature set her great compass when she drew the circle of the heavens. A more beautiful horizon I have never seen cut than sweeps around you from this spot. The charm of this view is perfect on every side—a panorama that becomes a moving one if you will only take the trouble to turn round.

It is hard to climb the summit of this dome, but the toil is well repaid. I am amazed that I should have been so ignorant of this surpassing view, but so it is, we will travel half the world over to see that which for years has been under our very noses.

These looking-off spots which the Almighty has lifted here and there on the earth, seem made to humble man, and teach him his littleness. To rear such a dome as this, under such another overhanging dome as the blue sky, and then spread around a landscape of such wondrous beauty, inevitably fills the thoughtful heart with awe and reverence for the great builder, God. With what a lavish hand he has scattered beauty over the earth, and how impressive the language nature everywhere utters in the ears of man.

LUNATIC LITERATURE.

LITERATURE, in all ages, has had its curiosities. Productions have from time to time been laid upon the great altar of letters which, from some special circumstances attending their parentage or presentation, have excited unwonted wonder and admiration. Sometimes the elements of immediate success have inhered in the works themselves, as novel and surprising creations of original genius; sometimes the *clat* has arisen from the happy confluence of adventitious events that have heralded the advent of some "coming man;" but most frequently the source of popular astonishment may be found in the marked disparity observable between the work and the worker—the richness, the glory, and the perfection of the gift, contrasted with the poverty, the obscurity, the youthfulness, or the unlikelihood of the giver. Nature seems thus to take delight in revealing the exuberance of her intellectual treasures in quarters where they are least expected to be hoarded.

Twenty-eight centuries ago, the bowed but reverent form of a blind old man might have been seen traversing the cities and valleys of Greece, his heart and memory burdened with the melodious measures of a mighty song, which, bit by bit, and canto by canto, he would, pausing awhile in his life-pilgrimage, rehearse to wondering and applauding auditors. Posterity have canonized him as the "father of bards." The unfaded laurel still adorns his hoary brow. He was the glory of his own times, and has been the wonder of all subsequent generations.

Overleaping the gulf of ages, we alight in the midst of the last century, and what do we behold? A poor, fatherless, starveling English boy—a dweller among tombs and old church monuments, and recognized by his contemporaries as a "half-saved idiot"—yet possessed of such prodigious acquirements and skill, as to be able to fabricate historical documents bearing all the marks of antiquity upon them, and deceiving for years men renowned for their shrewdness and antiquarian lore. The Rowley forgeries were the curiosities of the literature of the eighteenth century, while the romance of Chatterton's life has lost none of its singularity and wildness by the lapse of nearly a hundred years.

Two decades have not passed away since the British public were startled by a new manifestation of the inexhaustible resources and triumphs

of cultured mind, under what are generally deemed circumstances the most adverse to high attainments. The drawing-rooms of nobility, and the library tables of students and *litterateurs*, were invaded by copies of the "Lowell Offering"—a miscellany full of most excellent writing, the joint-stock contributions of a company of self-educated female operatives. For some time, the delicate feelings of the ennobish portion of society were felt to be outraged by so impudent an innovation upon the sanctuary of learning and genius; they were inclined to regard the thing with incredulity, until the proofs of its authenticity so thickened upon them, that they were compelled to receive it as a fact. Having once condescendingly admitted it to be a fact, the next step was to exalt it into a prodigy—a kind of *lusus nature*.

It may not be unknown to our readers that a still more notable phenomenon in literature is to be found in the periodicals edited and sustained by that most unhappy class of our fellow-creatures, Lunatics. In several of the Asylums in this country and in Europe there are publications of this sort, wholly composed of contributions of their inmates. The high order of intelligence, talent, and taste displayed in its pages prove that there are intervals in the obscuration of the human intellect, when bright, if transient, flashes of truth, poetry, and beauty will break from the dark bosom of the enshrouding mind-cloud. We know not how it may be with our readers, but to us there is a great and touching interest in the fragmentary outgoings of such minds. The very obscurities, lapses from sense, mutilations of truth, grotesqueness of idea, and intermittent aberrations of thought that occasionally occur, as the reeling mind travels over the line of some dominant, distorting allusion, are full of a moving, melancholy interest. Many such ephemeral productions—the amusement of a vacant hour, improvised in almost every variety of mood—have fallen into our hands. To elucidate and edit a few of these, and present them to the public, is with us a work of love. If, in addition, they should afford to our readers a few moments' gratification, and elicit on behalf of their unfortunate writers a gush of brotherly sympathy, we shall be both glad and grateful.

We present an illustration of this novel species of Literature in the form of an allegory, which

not long since appeared in one of these journals entitled

THE HASTY CONCLUSIONISTS.

One day, in time of yore, as a rich and beautiful widow lady sat near the gate of her own splendid mansion, with her face for the moment quite concealed by her superabundant curls, as she benevolently bent her lovely form over an infant whom she believed to be in danger of perishing, up came a disorderly mob of well-dressed men (from whom better conduct might have been expected); and because, forsooth, this truly respectable lady very properly refused to raise her head in order that her face might be rudely stared at, what did these consistent pretenders to gentility do, but pelt the noble lady with mud, in addition to declaring with an oath that her *reason* for holding down her head was, "BECAUSE SHE HAD A FIG'S FACE!"

And it came to pass, that the servants of this lady, hearing an unusual noise, and seeing their loved and honored mistress so beset, rushed out in force sufficient to secure the aggressors, and to bring them before a magistrate. And, when there, the whole behavior and deportment of those mud-pelting worthies was just as cringing and abject as it had before been insolent and presumptuous; for when the lady, in all her glorious beauty, made her appearance as a witness against them, they could not so much as look her in the face. And they were sentenced to be fined and confined.

And it came to pass that the worthy magistrate (who was both a wag and a wit), chancing to spy a sweep passing by, all begrimed with soot, had him called in, and the depositions of this extraordinary case read over to him. "And now, gentlemen," said his worship, "here is a far *cleaner* person, in *reality*, than any of you; and if you can prevail on him to condescend to shake hands with you, I undertake to remit your punishment."

And it came to pass that, amid the cheers and laughter of the whole justice-room, those humbled fools, tyrants, and bullies besought the sweep to do them the honor of a shake-hands with him; but though they offered him money also, it was contemptuously declined; and to prison the *hasty conclusionists* were all marched off in double-quick time, there to chew the bitter cud of repentance.

NOTE.—If this allegory should meet the eyes of any hasty conclusionists, Mr. Chiswick sincerely hopes it may both amuse and do them good.

Having contemplated Mr. Chiswick as a philosopher we proceed to show that he is possessed, in no mean degree, of "the vision and the faculty divine." We know that the self-renouncing mo-

desty and retiring timidity of our talented friend would cause him to shrink from occupying the lowliest pedestal of honor that might be assigned him at the foot of Parnassus. The pieces that follow are, we believe, desultory and impromptu and are to be judged accordingly. The following verses are written in a light, tripping, trilling style, quite befitting the simple yet tender theme. They consist of

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE SINGING BIRD.

When noises smote upon the ear,
More harsh than those of Babel,
Dear Dick, thy warblings loud and clear
To soothe me oft were able.

But, ah, no more by thee, my bird,
Shall discord's din be sung down,
For death has spoke the cruel word,
And soon thy head was hung down.

Then let me draw from dear Dick's fate
This lesson, stern, but pithy,
That present joys are of short date—
Earth's no abiding city.

The next specimen is pervaded with an air of deeper solemnity and more awful beauty. The transition from the affected stoicism and emotionless calm of philosophy, to the rich solacings and high hopes inspired by Christian faith, towards the close of the poem, is worthy of special remark:—

DEATH DISARMED: AN EPILOG.

Occasioned by the recent decease of a beautiful child, whom the poet had seen shortly before in full health.

I saw a rosebud on its parent stem,
Exhaling fragrance in the summer breeze;
Admiringly I gazed, as on a gem
More fit to sparkle from a diadem,
Than merely to adorn a queen of trees.

Anon in thought I scann'd life's garden o'er,
And turn'd mine eyes where lately bloom'd that rose,
When, oh! with keen regret scarce felt before,
I found I had its absence to deplore,
For pluck'd it was by Death, that prince of foes!

Then who is Death, or what? I next inquired,
That scares poor timorous mortals at first sight:
I sat and mused, until, by fancy fired,
I saw a wondrous presence, and admired
The close analogy Death bears with night.

The "King of Terrors" has not one for him!
Whose calm philosophy all fear exiles;
He can demand Death's iron crown when dim,
And brighten it with wisdom, wit, and whim,
Till, with a thankful bow, the monarch smiles.

Near me he stood uncrown'd sans dart and wand;
His form was wrapt in darkness, while his face
Reveal'd an awful beauty, truly grand,
For all who thoroughly can understand
That nature oft, in death, is full of grace.

At last I look'd with eyes of faith to where,
Beyond the reach of ill, bright blooms that flower—

A rose immortal, deathless as she's fair.
Then grieve no more, my friends! you'll meet her there;
God gave, God took; He is our strength and tower
From whom not Death can pluck, or finally devour.

The following little piece of semi-serious drollery, consists of an "Anagrammatic epigram on the celebrated names and mighty deeds of Alexander and Napoleon, who made human blood to flow as rivers, and still thirsted for more," and is entitled

A FAIR HIT AT THE GREAT HITTERS.

In time of yore,
A man of gore,
Whose name was REDNAXELA,
With ruthless crew
Three million slew;

And, in a drunken reela,
This worm would nod,
And play the god
As if he were no mortal;
But soon he died,
When Heaven did chide,
In his career cut short all.

In recent times
A man of crimes
Six millions slew—in Europe!
That NOEL-O-PAN
Was the last who can
Do thus, is my full sure hope.
"I never knew such vulgar names!"
Says *Fame*, that blundering pander,
Read backwards, ma'am, and you'll find your *themes*,
NAPOLEON—ALEXANDER.

A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

Thou, God on high, art Love,
And dost by Love's attraction draw our souls,
Flitting in dusky circuit 'twixt the poles,
Up to their home above!

And though we bear the weight
Of mortal nature, yet the loved and free,
We follow with strong pinion back to Thee,
And look in at Thy gate.

Lost One! in sleep we rise
Into thy track, and thy receding light
Pursue, till, pausing at the portal bright,
Thou gazest in our eyes.

"Be comforted," that mild,
Full heart-glance said—"of human love the link
Stretches o'er death's abyss from brink to brink—
This angel is your child!"

Then, with her brow still bent
On ours, she slowly lessen'd into bliss,
As if to show she bore our mortal kiss
Into the firmament!

Nor was our gaze forbid
To watch her still; for kneeling angels crown'd,
Having kiss'd her, parted where they zoned her round,
That she might not be hid.

As after doubtful notes,
That Music wakes ere she decides her lay,
On sudden, up some dear frequented way
Of heavenly sound she floats.

And each awaiting heart
Thrills to remember'd joy; so, from the grace
And glory mantling those bright hosts, did start
Full many a well-known face.

Thy father's father, sweet!
She at whose knees thy mother lisp'd her prayer—
Bent their swift pinions from the throne to greet
Thy soul, and lead thee there.

And some who left the way
Of life while green, were there—to whom 'twas given
To sink on its soft pastures after play,
To sleep and wake in heaven!

And one not knit by blood—
Save souls have kinship—near'd thee, in her eyes
Dwelt love so holy while on earth she stood,
They changed not for the skies.

Close, closer, form divine!
Here was thy life, high, gracious, undefiled—
The light that lit the parent-hearts was thine—
Now shine upon the child!

They stoop to us, they pour
Celestial glances down, each glance a ray
That steeps our eyes—the dropp'd lids fringe them o'er,
And all dissolves away!

Yet through the dark we hear
The music of their wings—and well we know
That the child-angel to His sight they bear
Who bless'd her like below.

Oh, then our thankful bliss
Burst forth—and the bless'd souls that people dreams
Fled from the awakening cry. Our world was *this*,
Our light, earth's common beams.

They slant upon the ground
Where, in its bud, her wind-snapt dahlia lay,
Where still the notes of childhood's chorus sound,
Though *one* note is away.

Morn breaks its golden surge
Against the walls whence with presaging eyes
She watch'd the spire-crown'd steep: morn rounds the
verge
Of shadow where she lies.

The night hush'd din of life
Thickens and swells; but from that better sphere
Our sleep unvei'd, there flows through all the strife
A voice intact and clear.

"Love's very grief is gain;
Thereby earth holier grows, and heaven is nigher;
Souls that their idols will not here detain,
Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath
To quench wrath's fever; and the hungry will
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death,
And the wild mien is still.

No paths of sense may wile
The yearning heart. It asks not if the road
Have bays to crown, or odors to beguile,
But—does it lead to God?

Love, purity, repose,
Faith cherish'd, duty done, and wrong forgiven—
Be these the garland and the staff of those
Who have a child in heaven!"

TROUBLES OF A SMOKER.

BY PEREGRINE PUFFWELL.

I AM a man of a very sorrowful spirit. I have not been driven to tears exactly, but I expect they will drop directly if I do not find relief. I will open my heart freely, in hope that I may at least find sympathy, if nothing more.

I begin with stating a very important fact, and which is the chief source of those sorrows which I am to specify. Were I to drop the veil and let men see how long I had used a certain narcotic, how much of it I had used, how much money it had cost me, and how much trouble I had patiently encountered rather than give it up, there would be no unbelief about the intensity of my love for tobacco. I cannot have any peace in enjoying the object of my love. Hence the sorrows which have dictated this epistle. I believe there is a deeply-laid and extensive conspiracy against this form of human happiness. I think some disclosures I shall make will open people's eyes to this alarming fact.

My vocation carries me hither and yon about the country. Lately, as I stepped on board a steamboat, what should stare upon me in startling capitals but this placard, "*No smoking but on the forward deck.*" That is, if a gentleman wishes to luxuriate upon a Spanish cigar, he must, protem, be an exile from genteel society, and mix himself with the sheep and calves and asses, likely as not, about the bow of the boat. There might be the most sweetly scented Virginia that ever grew in the Old Dominion, and I might be the owner of the precious substance, but not a whiff can I take till I have taken leave of all good company, and reached that lonely land, the forward deck. Hence, to my mortification, I have been compelled, rather than not indulge my habit, to sojourn at a fearful distance from the resorts of ladies and gentlemen.

And I had not got well over my indignation at being made such an exile, when, on entering a hotel, splendidly gilt letters shone upon me from a certain apartment, "*Room for Smoking,*" giving intimation that said occupation would be allowed nowhere else in that house. They would turn us smokers all into an out-of-the-way place together, a place devoted to nothing else but tobacco. They would not have us at large while enjoying our favorite luxury. They had better have called that apartment a place where people might get smoked, for, indignant as I was at such rules about tobacco, my love for it carried me one day into that apartment, and verily, the fog that a few of us made there, seemed well nigh making bacon of us.

And I had not got fairly into the railroad depot before letters, like those on a town-clock, told all men—"No smoking allowed in this depot;" and what should meet my eyes in the car I entered, but a similar protestation against the practice there. What a persecution of smokers! See how impudently they are held up to public odium! In old Jewish times lepers must quit society—they must hasten away from all contact with the healthy—they must have dwellings by themselves—there must be a frightful gap between them and all other people. I think, from these placards I meet with in all directions, they mean to treat smokers like lepers; so that the time is hastening when a man given to tobacco, must be a pro tem exile from all civilization, and the uncontaminated will avoid him as men avoided the lepers of old.

But I have not done with my sorrows. My favorite luxury is beginning to be assailed in a still more formidable manner. I had not been long out of sight of the placard of the railcar,

when, in a bookseller's shop, I encountered a smart duodecimo volume driving against all sorts of indulgence in tobacco. The writer raised a good deal of a breeze the first half a dozen pages, which amounted to an up and down hurricane before I got through, and I had to hold on like a sailor in a squall, upon all the strong resolutions there were in the ship, to save me from going overboard. The writer took a radical view, and an economical view, and a theological view, and then he "debouched fiercely," as military historians say, into divers episodes about the practice of using tobacco as uncleanly, and unsavory, and so on, and, take the book together, it was great guns against my beloved luxury. I thought it a wonder if I got off with a whole skin, but there is enough left of me to say, it is a sorrowful thing to have a handsome duodecimo leveled against what one loves so much. We shall have quartos and folios next, if the storm don't abate. And what shall a man do in such a gale, if it is now as much as he can do to keep on his legs.

And what annoys me sadly, is a good deal of what is not fair fighting, in this matter. Now if I lay my eyes on a treatise upon tobacco, a volume or a tract, and think, perhaps, my favorite habit will get a shot, why—I can just not read it and then it is all smoke, you know, and no harm is done. But the misery is, the opposition fight us like the Mexicans and the Indians, laying traps for us, and giving us a shot when not in the slightest degree expecting it. We cannot go through a newspaper article, or even a theological essay, but ten to one it comes in the writer's way to fetch a stroke, by way of illustration, against the fragrant weed and its friends. It is not seven days since, in a theological skirmish carried on in a periodical between an Eastern and a Western man, that I got a thrust at my love of tobacco that has left a terrible scar. It is dreadful hard for a body that loves tobacco to keep from getting wounded now-a-days. The air is full of missiles, and they are flying in all directions.

And it is no small mortification to me, Messrs. Editors, that we, that are so sorely assailed, have no guns to fire, ourselves. They pelt us with arguments, and ply us with ridicule; the massive quarterly utters its thunders, and the monthly heaves us a shot, and the weeklies and dailies even, secular and religious, join in the fray; and in the hubbub of so many bullets, and such a smashing of pipes and blowing up of snuff and tobacco boxes, why, Sirs, in the midst of it all, there is scarcely a soul of us that dares face the enemy and do battle. I have not heard a good common sense, argumentative, convincing defense

of our side of the question, since I became a smoker. There is a plenty of us, and if we might use our own weapons, we could *smoke* our opponents out of the continent, I'll venture; but, as it would be more civil to meet argument with the same, I am vastly sorry that some giant among us don't take the field, and let the world know there is something besides ashes and smoke and spittoons on our side.

Lest I weary you, I will drop only one more tear, reserving the rest for a time of more leisure. It is very mortifying to me, that besides the trouble we have from other quarters, the *ladies* are all against us. Now, I had always taken them for very sympathetic beings, and that whenever they saw tears flowing they would just fall in and weep too, as a matter of course. But pity over our sorrows never moistened the eyes of one of them, as I can learn. They compassionate! Not they. I do believe, if they had their way, there would not be tobacco enough left in the land to make a bath for a cockroach. Loving as they are in some things, I do believe they *hate* tobacco most cordially. I hazard the assertion that were all that is smoked, chewed, or snuffed in the land, together with all the implements used in such processes, gathered into a great funeral pile, and the thing were granted, there is not one in a thousand but would apply the torch without a sigh. It is all moonshine that they have any good will towards us in this thing. If we only had the wings of their favor overshadowing us, and their smiles to cheer us, why then we might all sit and smoke, each man of us, under his own vine and fig-tree, and we might triumphantly tell our foes they could never conquer, and they might go to Texas if they liked. But with all the bright eyes and fair faces against us, with the fun they make of us, and the purifying agencies with which they hasten after us, our sorrows are greatly multiplied. So that, with our cherished habits upon us, even home is not fragrant, and the fireside has its frown for the things we love.

So, Messrs. Editors, you see we are a troubled race. If we go abroad, we fetch up in every hotel, cabin, car and depot, against the sign-board's solemn warning. If we stay at home with our puffing, we have the living sign-board, with capital letters, in the persons of all the feminines about us. If we read books or periodicals, we find philippics peeping through paragraphs, or thundering through whole chapters. It is "as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him."

READING FOR THE FAMILY.

A valuable accession to a favorite and most useful kind of reading, religious biography, will be found in the recently published *Life and Works of Rev. Dr. Worcester*, edited by his son, Rev. Dr. Worcester, of Salem, and published by CROCKER AND BREWSTER, Boston. Dr. Worcester's career was closely and honorably identified with the early Christian missions in this country, and particularly with the formation of the American Board at Boston. He also largely participated in the theological controversies of his day. His biography therefore, besides revealing the traits and experiences of pious and firmly-principled Christian ministers, and teaching the lessons of personal religion by an eminent example, includes a very circumstantial sketch of most of the characteristic details of those great events, which have a historic interest. The biographer of course, has the best advantages for his office, as respects the facility of access to all the facts, labors, and souvenirs of his honored parent: and in literary abilities he is not wanting. He has an admiration of his subject from which we look for no impartiality indeed, but do respect and receive that warmth and sincerity of style necessary to engage the reader's sympathies. A biography is not a history: it affects no impartial estimate, and does not sit in judgment upon the character or the facts it describes. A degree of the favor and interest which partiality secures is necessary for the biographer. This Dr. Worcester has undoubtedly, and a little too much of it. Yet through the rose-colored glosses of family pride and filial reverence, the reader will detect the proportions of a great mind, and the beauty of an earnest, firm, truthful and useful life. The historic facts it presents are invaluable, and the work is so wrought up as to possess a high degree of interest. It is in two volumes, and has a portrait of its venerable subject.

The *Book of Ballads*, by Bon Gaultier, published by REDFIELD, Clinton Hall: a true genius is hidden behind this uncouth mask. For vigor of versification, and for that rapid, dashing flow of thought which gives the ballad its electric charm, he has hardly had a superior since Dean Swift. Satire, wit and point are copiously abundant; yet we see no want of that kindliness of feeling of which true honor is ever a fellow. In his parodies of the style and expression of the different poets, there is great tact and delicacy displayed; and in his caricatures the best qualities of wit are preserved. We think they are more than harmlessly amusing—they are, as satire ever should be, instinct with a deep and valuable moral lesson. Nothing could exceed the taste with which the publisher has issued them.

The American Tract Society are issuing very beautiful editions of their standard juvenile works, the worth of whose contents, and the beauty of whose illustrations, make them among the most useful and attractive books of their sort. We cannot but think that a great benefit is thus conferred upon the rising generation in the publication of books attractive enough to satisfy the taste, yet full of those lessons of truth which are the seed of the kingdom sown in the mind. Among the number of those recently published we notice *Considerations for Young Men*, by Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D.D., an affectionate and impressive appeal to this interesting class: "Who are the Happy? or Piety the only Foundation of true and substantial Joy," also by Dr. Waterbury, in his best style, and admirably presenting some of the most affecting truths of our holy religion.

While speaking of juvenile books, we would not forget the beautiful little tale recently issued by the American Sunday School Union, of which J. C. MEEKS is agent for New York, the "Sunny Side; or the Country Minister's Wife." The interest of the story may be inferred from the fact that within a few weeks, eleven editions have been exhausted—

and no reader will wonder at its remarkable popularity. It is understood to be from the pen of the lady of Rev. Prof. Phelps of Andover, a daughter, we believe, of the late Professor Stuart, and depicts in the artless, touching colors of real life, the trials, joys and rewards of a country minister's wife. So sweet a domestic picture—so fine a transcript of the divine beauty of the Christian home, we have hardly ever seen. Several of the religious papers have published it. We wish it could be read in every parish.

The *Life of William Tuttle*, compiled from an autobiography under the name of John Homespun, Edited by Rev. Joseph F. Tuttle. Published by R. CARTER AND BROTHERS. We hardly know of a more useful kind of biography than these "short and simple annals" of obscure but godly men. The world is often ignorant of its real heroes, and is as unmindful as it is unworthy of many of the best and noblest of its children. A steadfast life of disinterested usefulness, of unambitious prosecution of the duties of life in the fear of God, is always a great and noble lesson. Such was Mr. Tuttle's; without pretension, or any wider distinction than that contained in the sphere of his personal usefulness, he exemplified some of the virtues which heroes have often wanted. It is a very instructive picture—full of encouragement to the young—full of admonition and encouragement to men immersed, as he was, in the cares of business and replete with those lessons which the evolutions of divine grace in the heart of man always present. We are glad to be introduced into the inner sphere of such a man's experience—for an honest man is truly the noblest work of God. Mr. Tuttle has performed his part with skill and good taste—and we think the interesting facts it records, the homely good sense and wisdom it develops, and the unaffected piety with which it is radiant, will make the sketch exceedingly entertaining, as well as suggestive. It would make a valuable remembrancer to a young man, and a wholesome addition to every Sabbath School Library.

"Far Off; by the author of the *Peep of Day*" is also a work from the CARTERS, an easy, familiar and highly entertaining sketch of far off countries, principally in Asia and the antipodes. Designed for the young, the descriptions of scenes and man are enlivened by a skillful admixture of anecdotes, startling adventures and illustrative stories, which have the effect of bringing the facts strongly before the mind, and at the same time of engaging the imagination. The several works by this author have all displayed an extraordinary tact in this difficult species of writing. Animated, playful, yet full of truth, they seem to be adapted to the peculiar phases of youthful feeling, and treats of youthful character with a philosophic wisdom. This work is highly instructive; and while it imparts a great deal of useful knowledge, it especially portrays the missionary and religious history of the lands it describes. A fine little book it will be found to be.

The Board of Publication of the Presbyterian Church, located at Philadelphia, have lately added to their long and excellent list a work which must be of great practical value to the Clergy and Eldership of that Church—a full Digest of all the acts and resolves of the General Assembly from its organization—arranged in subjects, and presented in the original language. Every one desirous of being acquainted with the internal history and acts of this important ecclesiastical body, may be commended to this useful manual. We may mention also, the publication of a new volume—the seventh—of the Series of Tracts issued by this Board.

"Lessons at the Cross" is the title of a volume by Sherman Hartley, introduced by a commendatory essay by the Rev. Dr. Blagden, and published by S. K. WHIPPLE & Co., Boston. The most spiritual and practical truths of Chris-

tain faith or experience form the topics of its discussion. The origin of the spiritual life, the conditions of salvation—the true secret of spiritual peace—the wealth of the Christian hope, &c. They are treated familiarly, almost colloquially—and with an evident design to reach the very adytum of the reader's experiences. The great truth of the Cross, and the light which it sheds upon every related truth, are the objects the writer seeks to keep uppermost. Without agreeing with every expression, we think it an eminently searching and suggestive work, with which no heart can become familiar without quickening effect.

"Tales and traditions of Hungary, by Theresa Pulszky," is a new reprint from the prolific press of Mr. REDFIELD, which has now an extraordinary popularity in England. The melancholy interest of the subject, the sad fortunes of the gifted and worthy author, the novelty of the information it conveys, all combine to make it exceedingly attractive. The highest English critical authorities gave it unqualified praise as a literary work,—a judgment which we are sure, every reader will confirm. A delicate perception of character, a vivid, nervous, descriptive style, deep feeling and a glow of patriotic fervor, are qualities which have a magnetic force. It opens too, one of the saddest pages of modern history—the poor, down trodden life of Hungary; and by displaying the interesting traits of her people, shows how enormous was the wrong which struck her to the ground. At the present time, when the advent of the great Hungarian hero has given a quickened feeling of sympathy for Hungary, these instructive and graphic sketches will find a response in the public mind. We wish for liberty's sake, as well as for the rational enjoyment which the sketches will confer, that they might find a wide perusal.

From the press of the MESSRS. CARTER, likewise, there have appeared other valuable works, during the month. A touching little story, entitled "Frank Netherton, or the Talisman," illustrating the power of a holy example in a young boy, upon his school-fellows, and setting forth the great beauty of piety in youth. It is an unusually well handled story—so good that we perceive it has also been published by the American Sunday School Union.

"Songs in the House of My Pilgrimage" is the title of another of their recent issues, a compilation of devotional poetry, prefaced by suggestive texts of Scripture, and arranged for every day in the year. Much of the poetry is rare if not original, and uniformly redolent of a deeply spiritual feeling. As a medium of daily devotional thought and expression, it can hardly fail to be appropriate and useful. "The Folded Lamb" is the title of an affecting biography of an only son, written by his mother; also included in the judicious list of the MESSRS. CARTER. Its general features may be judged of by what the title suggests; but how ripely and sweetly the grace of God was perfected in this child, and with what wisdom and angelic traits the renewing Spirit may clothe the subjects of his grace, and how strikingly God may verify the assurance that, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he ordains strength, the reader will be surprised to find. It is a very instructive and encouraging truth which this little work teaches, which parents and children alike may study with profit. Of such indeed is the Kingdom of Heaven.

NIGHTS AND MORNINGS; or Words of Comfort addressed to those who are Sowing in Tears, is a new devotional work from the pen of Rev. Dr. Dowling, pastor of the Broadway Baptist church. The contrasts of experience, commencing with the soul's first convictions of sin, and terminating only with the night of death and the morning of the resurrection, are graphically depicted under these terms, night and morning. The whole object of the work is practical; and in describing the night of conviction and the morning

of conversion—the night of desertion and the morning of restoration—the night of trouble and the morning of deliverance—the night of death and the morning of everlasting life—the author has had in view the comfort, the quickening, and the sanctification of his Christian reader.

LESSONS AT THE CROSS, is a work by an author whose name is not familiar, Sherman Hartley. It concerns itself with some of the richest and tenderest in the whole range of practical religion: the nature and growth of the spiritual life—daily faith in Christ—the conditions of salvation—peace of mind—divine grace commensurate with man's necessity—the excellence of the knowledge of Christ—the wealth of the believer—service the requirement of Christ, &c. Truths streaming from the cross, and reaching the very adyta of the hidden life of the soul. Colloquial and easy in style, close in application, and fervent and affectionate in spirit, it is a work which will win its way to the believer's heart.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY have issued a new and very beautiful edition of Dr. Gallaudet's "Child's Book on the Soul," illustrated with several wood-cuts of exquisite finish—as all cuts for children should be. The work is well known to parents as one of the most successful attempts to bring to the comprehension of young minds great spiritual truths ever made. The illustrations now added greatly facilitate the design of the work, and withal make it very attractive.

The last work of the late Professor Stuart of Andover, the proof-sheets, we learn, he had just revised before his death,—a commentary on the Book of Proverbs—has just been issued in a neat 12mo. by M. W. DODD. It is a great work, and has all that diligent research, varied and exact knowledge, critical acumen, and energy of style, which his early critical works display. There is nothing in its erudition and style to betray the author's age or infirmities. It is in some respects equal, in thoroughness of criticism and pains-taking examinations of peculiarities of idioms, syntax, and construction, to any work from the same source. We believe that Prof. Stuart's merits as an exegete are well understood: thorough, comprehensive and exhaustive; no stone is left unturned: no difficulty is evaded. A scholarly candor pervades every page; and a critical skill sometimes exceedingly happy. The introduction to this work is a massive digest of the literature of the Proverbs, and is very interesting, as well as valuable. The wisdom of the book, and its practical value are keenly appreciated—so much so, that when he had gone over the book, Prof. S. was strongly inclined to write a popular commentary on it, as being so well adapted for the instruction and benefit of the mass of Christian readers. His work will find its way to the hands of all scholars and students, as a matter of course; and we are mistaken, if it does not rank among the most valuable of all the author's contributions to our philological literature.

THE MESSRS. APPLETON have published, in a remarkably neat volume, a pocket edition of Surenne's French Dictionary, an abridgement of the same work by the same author. Surenne's lexicon has a deservedly high reputation among teachers. It is very copious, accurate, as most French dictionaries are not, on the English side, and methodical in its definitions. It is not what Passow's is to the Greek, nor Robinson's to the New Testament; for philology is not a science in which the French excel. But its relative practical value is unquestionable. This is a neat little abridgement for beginners and schools, and partakes of the best qualities of the larger work.

The same house publish a "New French Manual," or Traveler's Companion, containing an introduction to French pronunciation, a copious vocabulary, a series of dialogues introducing conversational phrases and everyday words, and a variety of interesting Parisian and European information. It is from the pen of Surenne, the above author.

Spring is Come.

POETRY BY THOMAS H. BAYLEY.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM MOSCHELLES.

LARGHETTO.

1. O, spring is come, Queen of groves and bowers, She's crowned with flowers, O,
2. O, spring is come, Queen of groves and bowers, She's crowned with flowers, O,

spring is come, O, spring is come, Where the grass is grow - ing,
spring is come, O, spring is come, Where the grass is grow - ing,

Herds are lowing, O, spring is come; The high hills are green again,
Herds are lowing, O, spring is come; She calls me, O, well you know

SPRING IS COME.

snow melts a - way, And I with the sweet bright birds now will be gay, O,
 where my herds feed, You well know my mountain hut, Speed my love speed, O,

spring is come, Queen of groves and bowers, She's crowned with flowers, O,
 spring is come, &c.

spring is come.

THE MISSIONARY OF BAY ISLANDS.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE following story a seaman recently related to the writer. Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor dropped anchor at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbors of that island. We had been months upon the ocean, without seeing any land. And when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of that magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realize that we were not approaching some region of fairy enchantment. We soon, however, found that we were still in this world of sin and woe, for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe the whole revolting scene, the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seem worse than human. Often we saw the heavy club of the New-Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist, and as he fell lifeless to the ground, his head was beaten by reiterated blows, till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us unthinking sailors with emotions of deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or for some other cause, no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the captain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbor to collect some fuel. I was sent with this party. We landed upon a beautiful beach, upon which a heavy surf was rolling. The savage scene we had just witnessed so filled us with terror, that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time we returned to the boat, and found to our dismay that the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased, that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind the angry clouds which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling more and more heavily in

from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage warriors, their hands already dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship, the captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue in his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavor to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increasing masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness like that of Egypt enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where, for some time, we heard the loud shouts of savages either in conflict or in revelry. Cautiously we approached the sounds, till we beheld a large war party gathered around their fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle, and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling, in the darkness, over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another one of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night fire of a savage New-Zealander, or from the lamp of the Christian missionary, we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window. And when, through that window, we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one little child, kneeling in their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds. Waiting a few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and though the surprise of

the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor for the night. Weary however as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New-England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my mother, and her anxiety about her sailor boy in this his first voyage. The scene was indeed a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild scenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiend-like outcries, all united so to oppress my spirit that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew were on the shore. The missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. The savages were imperious and rude, and it seemed to me then, that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved this family uninjured in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men. While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit, by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors fair game for plunder and abuse. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary, they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had, for our retinue, a troop of rioting and carousing savages, brandishing their bloody war clubs over our heads to convince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger to be great. When we arrived

at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it further upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest upon the folly of permitting our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat through the now subsiding surf.

As we rowed from the shore, and I looked back upon that devoted man, standing upon the beach in the midst of these rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and of the days, weeks, and months he must there pass in thankless labors, I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known; and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach, and point the finger of scorn towards the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered this same harbor. It is now called the Bay of Islands, and is one of the most beautiful places in natural scenery on the surface of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school children with their slates and books. And there were to be seen New-Zealand families dwelling in cheerful parlors, sanctified by morning prayers and evening hymns. The untiring labors of the missionary had through God's blessing created a new world. And the emotions of deep compassion with which I had regarded him, when we left him on the beach alone with the savages, were transformed into sentiments of admiration and almost envy in view of his achievements. All other labors seemed trivial compared with his. And I then felt, and still feel, that if any man can lie down with joy upon a dying bed, it is he who can look back upon a life successfully devoted to raising a savage people to the comforts, refinements, and virtues of a Christian life.

OH, STAY THOSE TEARS.

O, stay thy tears! for they are blest
Whose days are past; whose toil is done,
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

How cheerless were our lengthened way,
Did heaven's own light not break the gloom;
Stream downward from eternal day
And cast a glory round the tomb

Then stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth;
Sung a new song of joy and love,
And why should anguish reign on earth?

BAYARD TAYLOR.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born on the 11th of January, 1825, at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, where he resided until his nineteenth year. Who and what his parents were has not transpired, save that they were, and I believe still are, members of the Society of Friends. How he passed his boyhood I know not, but I suppose in the way that most of us passed ours; in those little things which go to swell the sum total of life. At any rate, he had nineteen years of country life, which I take to be no bad beginning for any man, be he what he may. In nineteen years a boy must find something in the blue sky, and the green fields, something in his heart and brain, or he is likely to be a very common-place person for the rest of his days.

In 1844, Bayard Taylor published a volume of verses, and went to Europe. His first book "*Ximena and other Poems*," is now before me. It is just the book to have been written by a clever school-boy; imitative, and smoothly versified; a little remarkable, perhaps, for its rhetoric, but not otherwise note-worthy. The usual themes are treated in the usual manner. The narrative style of Scott and Byron is copied in "*Ximena*," which, by-the-bye, is a Spanish story; and Mrs. Hemans tinges the style of some of the "other poems." Had Bayard Taylor written nothing more, the world would never have heard of him; and had Byron written nothing but "*The Hours of Idleness*," the world would never have heard of him, in spite of the sharp critique in the *Edinburgh Review*. The first volumes of poets are not generally interesting, save as incidents in their lives, and as foot-prints by which their progress can be marked.

"*Ximena, and other Poems*," (poems, indeed! how sanguine these youngsters always are!) was of little importance to Bayard Taylor, and he has doubtless forgotten it. Not so, however, with his first tour in Europe,—that he cannot forget. The importance of that tour, in the formation of his character, and in the establishing of his present reputation, must not be overlooked. It was the

turning point of his destiny. But for that, in all probability, he would now be, what he was at that time,—a journeyman printer, working at the case. A smart printer, I grant, as are many of the craft, one who could write both prose and verse, but still only a printer.

Here was a young man who had an unquenchable desire to travel; to see the old world, and perhaps to write a book about it. So far well. Many a young man has doubtless felt so before him, and many will doubtless feel so after him, and ages after he has passed away. Traveling and book-making are by no means rare occurrences; but in most cases they require just what Bayard Taylor lacked—money. How could a youth without money go to Europe, and write a book about it? How, indeed,—

"But by that will which, on its fearless shoulders,
Would bear the world's fate, lightly as a shield."

He had will, and it carried him to Europe; and *will* kept him while there, and *will* brought him home again in safety. And wherever he goes that *will* will make him a prosperous man, no matter how adverse circumstances may seem.

In 1844 he departed for Europe, where he remained two years, traveling from kingdom to kingdom, and from city to city, performing the whole journey on foot, in the fullest sense of the word a pedestrian. His expenses during that time amounted to only five hundred dollars, much of which was earned upon the road by writing letters for newspapers in the United States. I need not say that but few men could or would travel under such disadvantages. For my part, I neither could nor would. I must have plenty of money, and must travel like a gentleman, or not at all.

At the end of two years he returned home, and published his second book, "*Views a-Foot*," which ran through seven editions in less than two years. Never was a book of the kind more popular, and never one more deserving of popularity. "We do not remember," says Dr. Griswold, in a slight

sketch of Bayard Taylor's life in "The Poets of America," "we do not remember any book of travels in which an author appears altogether so amiable and interesting as in his 'Views a-Foot.' He always lingers in the background, or steps forward modestly, but to solicit more earnestly our admiration for what has kindled his own: but undesignedly, or against his design even, he continually engrosses our interest, as if he were the hero of a novel; and, as we pass from scene to scene with him, we think of the truth and beauty of each only to sympathize in his surprise, and joy, and wonder."

About this time Bayard Taylor became connected with the New York Tribune, a daily newspaper which everybody in New York is supposed to read. For my single self, I cannot but regret this movement on his part, although, in a worldly point of view, it was the best that he could have possibly made. It was another turning point in his destiny. Had he stuck to traveling, and poverty, and poetry, he would have become a finer writer than he is ever likely to be in his present press connection. It is his own business, however, and nobody has any right to complain. Perhaps he only acted in accordance with the maxim of the quaint old poet, who wrote the following couplet for his own epitaph:

"Poetry and poverty this tomb doth enclose,
Wherefore, good neighbors, be merry in prose."

But I rather doubt, do I, the merriment of writing prose for the press; the merriment of being an editor, an itemizer, a penny-a-liner on a large scale. I would not make "mine enemy's dog," as old Kent says, "an editor." Firstly, on account of the work he would have to perform; secondly, because he would cease to be an individual puppy, with any idiosyncracies of his own; thirdly, because he would not like it, (as a reasonable and decent dog, he couldn't,) and to conclude, because of the bad character of many of his associates. I should fear that evil communications would corrupt his good manners. Seriously, however, the life of an editor is generally the death of the fine writer. His duties not only interfere with his inclinations and tastes, but eventually swallow them up entirely, as the rod of Moses swallowed those of the Egyptian enchanters.

What taste, for instance, can an editor exhibit in the horrid murder business; in a description of the last fire; or a full account of the last rowdy fight; or the launch of a new ship, or the sailing of an old steamer; the last pair of dwarfs, or the last giant; the happy family, or the

Bottle, a drama in three acts; in writing puffs for somebody's hats, or somebody else's boots, or somebody else's inimitable cough candy; not to forget the poetical weather items, the state of the thermometer, the density of the clouds of dust, and the refreshing shower which watered the earth just at nightfall! What taste, in the name of Goodness, can be shown in all these sayings and doings, not forgetting the political, and moneyed, and shipping departments of a paper; the blaguarding of personal and party assailants; the state of affairs in Europe, Asia, and Africa; the price of breadstuffs and flax; whether money is tight or loose there; what such and such stocks brought in Wall street yesterday, and whose ship, brig, or schooner was dismasted in the late squall off Coney Island, and whom arrived at the thousand and one ports up and down the coasts! This is very much like fine writing, isn't it? In the end it quite unfits one for writing at all, save in a regular, commonplace, stereotype manner; one must work in the usual harness, and follow the usual track. "Innovation," say the old editors, who have become, for the most part, mere mill horses, "innovation would be the death of us." What a pity, then, that somebody don't innovate. We could easily spare some of you. Yes, and we could easily spare Bayard Taylor, too; we want him elsewhere in the broad field of letters, to help build up an American literature. It is a pity Bayard that you ever got among the press gang.

Working on the Tribune, in the spring of 1849 Bayard Taylor departed for California, where he remained eight or nine months, writing letters home about men and things in the Gold Regions. The result of his observations there was embodied in a couple of volumes entitled "El Dorado, or Adventures in the path of Empire," and published in the spring of 1850. This book was quite successful both in this country and in England, where it was printed and published in cheap editions; and also in Germany, where it was translated shortly after its appearance in America. On his return to the United States, Bayard Taylor resumed his desk and duties in the Tribune Office, where he remained till the summer of 1851, when he departed for Europe again, intending before returning to explore the Mountains of the Moon, where the White Nile is supposed to have its source, to visit Ethiopia and Nineveh, and to carry the war into Africa generally. At the last accounts he was somewhere in Egypt, writing letters for the Tribune. In the fall of 1848 he published his second volume of poems, "Rhymes of Travel," and in the fall of 1851,

after his departure for Europe, was published his third volume of poems, "A Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs." And so ends his life at present. What it will be hereafter, what, in many respects, it has been already, is a mystery. What I have hastily jotted down is all that has transpired before the world; the worldly, outward life of Bayard Taylor. Of the inner I know nothing. It is hidden with God and his own heart. It may be that some passages of it have been revealed to a friend or two; but they are not for the world. We render unto Cesar the things which are Cesar's. Let us leave the Poet the things which are the Poet's. They are not much; in most cases, only a few smiles and tender words, and a few loving hearts; sometimes perchance "troops of friends," and wealth and fame; but not generally. Let us leave the Poet in his solitude. Let us not pry into his heart; at any rate let us leave some things in his life undisturbed as we would the sanctity of a tomb.

As a writer of prose and verse, Bayard Taylor has many distinguished traits and excellencies. His prose is clear, concise, and direct, bare almost to barrenness in its simplicity, and almost wholly devoid of imagination—the chief excellence of his verse. A greater contrast than exists between the two can hardly be imagined. What his prose would be in other than a book of travels, it is perhaps impossible to conjecture, and what his verse, if employed on other than its usual themes. It has always seemed to me that if each could borrow the strong points of the other, it would be better for both; his poetry would lose some of its exuberant gorgeousness, and his prose some of its nakedness and sharp detail. In traveling, Bayard Taylor, I should say, regards everything in detail; with a view to the making of description afterward when occasion requires. He seems to see everything, and to feel nothing; no atmosphere; no tone; no life beyond the veil; only the veil itself. He presents a landscape, not as it appears to a poet, but to a hard-headed, practical man of the world, without the vision and faculty divine. If it gives him any feeling beyond that of form and color, he does not give the feeling to us: nay, what he must have really felt, to be able to describe it at all, the most superficial and most obvious sensation is wanting; we see nothing but the most obvious facts. This it seems to me is the general character of his prose, and its chief fault; though by many it would doubtless be considered its chief merit. In his prose writings I can remember but few bits of poetical descrip-

tion; while his poetry, on the contrary, is a complete mass of it.

"A swathe of purple, gold, and amethyst,
And, luminous behind the billowy mist,
Something that looked, to my young eyes, like God."

Here is a choice bit in prose—a poetical description of the forests on the Chagres River.

"There is nothing in the world comparable to these forests. No description that I have ever read conveys an idea of the splendid overplus of vegetable life within the tropics. The river, broad, and with a soft current of the sweetest waters I ever drank, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of an eternal summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass, that the eye is bewildered. From the rank jungle of canes, and gigantic lilies, and the thickets of strange shrubs that line the water, rise the trunks of the mango, the ceiba, the cocoa, the sycamore, and the superb palm. Plaintains take root in the banks binding the soil, with their leaves shaken and split into immense plumes by the wind and rain. The Zafote, with a fruit the size of a man's head, the gourd tree, and other vegetable wonders, attract the eye on all sides. Blossoms of crimson, purple and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the North, are mingled with the leaves; and flocks of paroquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth, like the tongue of a serpent, from the heart of some convolution of unfolding leaves, and often creepers and parasites drop trails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half way across the river. Every turn of the stream only disclosed another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough, and blossom. All outline of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; lowland and highland are the same; a mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean you have a sense rather than a perception of beauty. The clear sharp lines of our scenery at home are here wanting. What shape the land would be if cleared, you cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never-sated delight, till your brain aches with the sensation, and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been from the beginning—that year after year takes away no leaf or blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed forever."

Not much, if indeed any, inferior to this is the description of a tropic sunset, and the breaking of the surf on the beach at Monterey. Here is the sunset. It is beautifully written; clear, calm, and simple, but glowing and poetical; emitting the best qualities of prose and verse.

"Sunset came on as we approached the strait opening from Pablo Bay into the Bay of San Francisco. The cloudless sky became gradually suffused with a soft rose tint, which covered its whole surface, painting alike the glassy sheet of the bay, and glowing most vividly on the mountains to the eastward. The color deepened every moment, and the peaks of the Coast Range burned with a rich vermillion light like that of a live coal. This faded gradually into a glowing purple, and at last into a blue as intense as that of the sea at noon-day. The first effect of the light was most wonderful—the mountains stretched around the horizon like a belt of varying fire and amethyst between the two roseate deeps of air and water; the shores were transmuted into solid, the

air into fluid gems. Could the pencil faithfully represent this magnificent transfiguration of nature, it would appear utterly unreal and impossible to eyes which never beheld the reality. It was no transient spectacle, fading away ere one could feel its surpassing glory. It lingered and lingered, changing almost imperceptibly, and with so beautiful a decay, that one lost himself in the enjoyment of each successive charm, without regret for those which were over. The dark blue of the mountains deepened into their night garb of dusky shadow without any interfusion of dead ashy color, and the heaven overhead was spangled with all its stars long before the brilliant arch of orange in the west had sunk below the horizon. I have seen the dazzling sunsets of the Mediterranean flush the beauty of its shores, and the mellow skies which Claude used to contemplate from the Pincian Hill; but, lovely as they are in my memory, they seem cold and pale when I think of the splendor of such a scene on the Bay of San Francisco."

California seems, from the first, to have attracted Bayard Taylor's attention and love. About the time of the Mexican war, or shortly after, I forget exactly when, (indeed, I hardly know when California was annexed to this glorious republic,) he wrote a series of California ballads, which I am disposed to think the best of his poems. They were published originally in the *Literary World*, under fictitious initials, accompanied by a letter dated from St. Louis, in which it was stated that they were translated from the native ballads of California (oh, naughty fib!) by a naturalist who had resided on the Pacific coast. The *ruse* was not very successful, but the ballads were, and they were immediately copied all over the country. And well did they deserve their popularity. They are the best ballads that have been yet written in this country; not a whit inferior to Macaulay's Roman Lays. In many respects I cannot but think them superior, for they are spirited and concise, oftentimes where his are languid and diffuse; and present unmistakable evidence of being written by a poet; while those of Macaulay are rather the poetical exercises of a critic and rhetorician. Of those published in "The Rhymes of Travel," I prefer "El Canalo," "The Eagle Hunters," and "The Bison Track," all of which are spirited and sonorous, while "Manuela," a love ballad, published in the "Book of Romances," is flushed with beauty and tenderness. For poetical purposes, California has been to Bayard Taylor a true El Dorado.

Having spoken of his prose, and quoted it somewhat at length, it now remains for me to speak as briefly as I can of his poetry. I can hardly allude to it, however, without noticing one peculiarity which runs through both his prose and poetry; a common ground, as it were, in which both meet, one on good substantial legs, taking "Views a-Foot," the other with shining wings; I allude to the love of nature, which is an essential ele-

ment in his genius. Perhaps I should be nearer the mark to say, a love of landscape simply, since he seldom exhibits any real or profound love of nature in the abstract—that multitudinous unity "one and indivisible." The peculiarity of his mind is the picturesque clearness with which he delineates landscape; though, as I have before remarked, rather in its sharp details than in its finer tints and tones. He sympathizes with hills and mountains, with plains and seas, the sky and its stars, and all else that is grand and vast in nature; only the grand and vast. The grass beneath his feet, the flower on the grass, the bee on the flowers—the wrapt and interfolded beauty of nature; of this he has but little knowledge, and for this he shows but little sympathy. He takes a mountain into his heart, and bathes it in the atmosphere of his thoughts. There is a feeling of crags and gorges, and immense sweeps of plain visible in his poetry, and a tendency to idealize and humanize the material world, interpreting its phenomena by the laws of his own being. In this respect he resembles Shelley. But perhaps the first thing that one observes in reading Bayard Taylor's poetry, is the power and majesty of his diction. His words are always picked and choice, and always fall into their places naturally. The ideas seem to clothe themselves in the most fitting language, springing forth from the brain of the poet, like Minerva from the head of Jove, (a very old comparison that, but no better at this moment occurs,) full-grown and completely armed. In force of expression, in the echo of sound to sense, and in the thousand niceties of rhetoric, which can never be learned, but must be the individual growth of the soul, he is equal, if not superior, to any writer of verse in America. His rhetoric is always the best and most forcible that could have been used under the circumstances of his poems; and the flow of his rhythm is organ-like in its depth and grandeur. It is good to hear his "sound" taking no note of his "sense." But perhaps imagination is Bayard Taylor's most distinguishing characteristic; he is seldom fanciful, generally imaginative: his ideas are not twin-born—thought and image, but thought with a light or shadow around it; and no visible image tied to it. Truth and poetry are wedded in his poetry, and live happily there interblended and interfused in a divine marriage; not in separate apartments, with separate servants, like a fashionable, but quarrelsome couple on the eve of a divorce. There is, perhaps, too much of the hot haste of composition visible in many of his poems, and a certain hardness and coldness of style: too much action, and too little repose; too much color

and too little form; but these are faults which are easily cured, and will be cured when he gives himself up to his genius, and not to writing items. His poems are written at odd fives and tens of minutes, and in the short hours after midnight. Is it any wonder, then, that they are faulty? But they need no apology of this kind—they are able to stand or fall by their own merits.

I have made this notice so lengthy already, that I can only quote one of his shortest pieces; by no means his best, but, on the whole, a fair sample of his style.

"Moan, ye wild winds! around the fane,
And fall, thou drear December rain!
Fill with your gusts the sullen day,
Tear the last clinging leaves away!
Reckless as yonder naked tree,
No blasts of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and wild embrace,
And pour your baptism in my face;

Sound in mine ears the airy moan
That sweeps in desolate undertone,
Where on the un-heltered hill-tops beat
The marches of your houseless feet!

Moan on, ye winds! and pour thou rain!
Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,
If shed for her whose fading eyes
Will open soon on Paradise;
The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,
Or ere ye cease if shed for me."

In conclusion, let me say that I have known Bayard Taylor for years, and have always found him a man in every sense of that abused word, noble, generous, sincere and beautiful-minded. I should not say this, perhaps; this is nothing to the public; but it is written, and may stand. I hope I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing him home again, and that the world at large may have the pleasure of a good book from his present traveling in Egypt.

SPARE IT FOR ME.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

A beautiful *Vine* hangs over my door
And the Moonbeams twinkle thro',
The stars look down on it lovingly
When pearl'd with the nightly dew.

Oh it is fair when the leaves come out,
And the flowers deck it o'er in spring.
Or the red berries hang like ruby drops
From the ends of a golden string.

It weaves a web of the coolest shade
From the burning sun's hot ray,
And when the strong winds lift the leaves,
It clings like love alway.

Ah once it stood by my parents' door
As now it shelters mine—
A Mother's love and a Father's care
Shall with each tendril twine!

The last green thing of my early home
That long since passed away—
It lives like flowers enriched by the mould,
And seems brighter amid decay.

Each trembling leaf contains a thought,
Each heavy bud a tear—

Then blame me not that this loved *Vine*
Will ever be most dear!—

It seems an angel at the gate
With messages of love,
At twilight hour the hushed leaves wait
To carry thought above.

The spirit of the Past is there,
Within that leafy bower,
A blessing, and a low breathed prayer
Is whispered from each flower.

And fairy forms and sunny heads
A sister-band I see—
While nestles there the bright young dreams
Of early memory!

My cottage home—the loved and gone
These dear *Vines* saw them all!
It may be weak, but do not tear
Their branches from the wall!

I thank Thee Father that Thy love
Has left this gift for me,
Sweet "angel ladder" of my heart
Where oft it climbs to Thee.

MOVING TO TOWN.*

A TRUE STORY.

BY ALICE CAREY, "AUTHOR OF CLOVERNOOK."

SOME eight or ten years ago there lived about ten miles from Cincinnati, a family to be known to the reader in this little story as the Mortons. The head of this "peculiar people" was, at the time my narrative begins, and when I first knew him indeed, an old man of seventy. He had been among the pioneer settlers of the west, and had for nearly fifty years dwelt on the lands on which his sturdy hand had felled and girdled the trees, burned the brush, and in the midst of the smiling "clearing" built the rough cabin, long fallen, but hallowed by the memories of the timid forest girl, who, for his sake, had met the many privations and dangers which seem to us now like the tales of romance—penning the flock at night to the hungry howl of the wolf—spinning wool and weaving cloth, and fashioning that again into garments for her children, as God gave them to her. Ah, there were no complaints I fancy in that household, as from time to time the little circle was widened to make room for another—another claimant for protection, and care, and love—another that could, at least only for long years, but add to the burdens of hands already full. How much there may be of happiness in a little humble home—how much there was in that. And it lay now in the memory of the old man, a picture of exceeding beauty in its dark wild-wood frame. The slumberers upon down, and the treaders upon soft carpets, cannot, perhaps, understand the feeling that exalts bare simplicity, even privation, above indolence and luxury. Great folks cannot understand us, said the poor cottager, weeping the while to see the clay floor of his cottage covered with the new plank. Whatever is lost to us is doubly endeared, and a great many autumn rains had beaten down the crimson and white wild flowers that grew over the grave of the early love. Therefore was the old man of whom I write often sad. His dim eyes could see white hands reaching toward him out of the darkness, that none but him could see, and he could hear a low

voice speaking to him sometimes in a language that had else been forgotten.

The children that once made a wreath about his cabin hearth, were grown away from his care, away from his home, and had made themselves new interests and new homes, and only now and then told their children that "away off" there lived a white-haired old man who was their grandsire.

Across the hollow from the new house, (it didn't look very new now, as the reader will shortly see,) and on a slope, the rear border of which was still thick woods, lay a heap of ruins denominated by the Morton family "the old house," though no house, nor the semblance of any house, was there—only a heap of stones where the chimney had been, and some decayed timbers, sunken in the earth and fallen across each other, the happenments of time's chance and change. Here in the long grass that had once been under the window, came up every spring the broad-leaved flag, with its straggling blue flowers, and the narrower-bladed daffodil, lifting its yellow cups into the sunshine. Red hollibocks too, those flowers which Rydal Mount has made classical, sprouted through the black and broken paling that leaned earthward, a little distance away, and great stocks of sunflowers grew up and died, bending from morning till night in their old worship. Rarely were any of these "buds," "with forced fingers rude shattered," save by the mellowing year, for the old man had no desire to take from the shrine its beautiful garniture, though he often leaned on his staff and looked on them fondly, and the children who now climbed about his knees were afraid of the checky and steel-colored snakes that uncurred their limber length along the loose stones.

Sometimes, it is true, as they went out for nuts or wild grapes, they would pay the "old house" a visit, and removing the posts that lay over the mouth of the well, would look timidly down for the gleam of the water below, and dropping in

bits of stones and sticks, listen for the plash, but they did not linger long generally, for ruinous places sort not well with the fresh spirits of childhood; and when they went forward again, it was not tossing their baskets and shouting as before, but with subdued manner and less healthful tone, repeating often to each other the stories they had heard old folks tell about travelers falling into deep pits, and white gliding shapes that had been seen in houses where death but no marriage had been. So it is no wonder the flowers grew up and died ungathered.

Why this rubbish, dignified by the name of the "old house," was suffered for so long to make a beautiful slope unsightly, and the well, long disused, was left a pit-fall for stray lambs and harmless rabbits, may seem mysterious. But there was no mystery, only the want of a little energy in the matter.

But why was this energy wanting? Why was the hand which had felled great oaks, and built fences, and dugged straight channels for crooked runs, and planted orchards, grown so careless? Old age requires, it seems to me, more than youth, the surroundings of the beautiful, and though at seventy the natural strength must necessarily have abated, the fair things of earth should have still their strong hold upon us.

But the new house—I must say a word or two about the new house, which, by the way, was only new in comparison with the old. Neither convenience nor taste, it would seem, had been consulted in its erection. It was a small wooden building of about a story and a half in height, with doors and windows of various widths and lengths, set here and there without regard to architectural effect. The end fronted the road—its black clapboards relieved by two windows—a small square one in the gable, and a high narrow one near the ground, and a little to one side of the middle, the framework around this last had once been painted of a chrome yellow color, but neither paint nor whitewash had any other portion of the building ever seen, though Mr. Morton often said as he rubbed his hand along this narrow strip of paint, if he were only able to put a coat over the whole house it would look much better, and that if his boys had half the ambition and energy which he had in his youth, they might soon not only paint the house, but make the farm a perfect garden. Why, he would say, they know nothing about work compared with we who cleared the way for them. He seldom got further than this, for Mrs. Morton always interposed with excuses for her darling boys, and ending with denunciations of the whole farm and house.

Small encouragement have they poor children, she would say, to work and slave on the old place when they get so little credit for it; but some folks think no body does anything but themselves. Alas for poor Jacob Morton that his second wife was no counterpart of the first. The house, it is true, was small and inconvenient, and crowded with children, for they had nine, and the accumulated rubbish of years gave it an untidy and comfortless look.

There was no use in trying to do anything with the old house, Mrs. Morton was wont to say, it only made bad worse. So the walls grew blacker year by year, the hearths sunk away as the rats worked beneath them; it was no use to try to get rid of the troublesome things, Mrs. Morton said, she expected the house would fall down one of these days, and she didn't care if it did—Jacob would have to go to town then. This was the head and front of her trouble—she wanted to sell off the hateful old trash that was like no body else had, and go where she could do a little like other folks. Many were the advantages she could see in such a movement. Her daughters, two of them young ladies, should be dressed better, and see something, and have some opportunity to do for themselves—it was time if they were ever to go into company, or be any body.

In all this Nancy, a large-limbed, florid-faced girl of seventeen, fully concurred; but the younger, Ruth, a brunette, with a flood of black hair, bright eyes, and a nimble step, loved the farm, and when her mother and Nancy talked eloquently about how nice and pleasant they could make a home in town, with just a little work and money—she would sometimes say, would not a little work and money make it pleasant here, as well? But her mother told her to go to work and do it if she thought she could do so much—pointing to the loosened plastering, broken windows, gates off their hinges, and other matters, which defied the unassisted efforts of a young girl who was not privileged to do what her hands might even, and who had nothing to do with. But after all, nothing was wanting but a little work and money.

When one of these little altercations had taken place, Mr. Morton would often raise his head from the ivory top of his cane, and say with a sigh that Ruth was more like Mary than the rest of his children; after which he would sometimes walk out to the "old house," and sitting on the fallen timbers, muse half the day. Ruth was then told that she had made her father miserable, and sent him away to think of the dead that

he could not benefit, to the neglect of his poor family.

Now Mr. Morton, as I said, was seventy—past the time when he could do his family much good, in the way to which Mrs. Morton referred; for he had not strength to work with his hands any longer as he used; he could not hold the plow, nor scatter the seed, nor gather the corn, nor shake down the orchard fruits. Nevertheless when he saw the briars springing up in the meadow, or the weeds choking the garden, he would sometimes take the hoe or the spade and work vigorously for an hour, but at the end of that time his breath was gone and his whole frame trembling; and forced to remember his lengthened years, he would return to the house, and with talk of other days, or in reading the Bible, strive to be as contented as he might, for he was a good man, and deserved to be happier than he was. Not that he was very wretched—perhaps he was not even aware of any neglect, or conscious of the want of the little cares and attentions that so much brighten any path, but more especially that which borders the darkness. His wife and children loved him too, in some sort, but they lacked the softness and the quick perceptions through which love always finds some ministry to do. Sometimes all the long winter evening he was suffered to sit near the broken pane, and in the hard wooden chair, while Nancy rocked to and fro in the warmest corner.

Often, too, the women gathered around the work-table, and talked busily and often laughed merrily in a circle quite exclusive, for as they well knew the old man could not hear anything they said, or only now and then a word. Sometimes by these hints his curiosity would be excited, and he would enquire of what they were talking. Not often, however, was the story repeated in detail—most likely some one replied, we were only talking of Mr. Blank's folks, or we were just saying so and so; but sometimes he was told they were not saying anything very wonderful, and in silence he marveled why they had seemed so much pleased.

He retired early always, for nature he thought had sufficiently indicated our requirements; and as he groped his way in the dark, Mrs. Morton was in the habit of saying, can you find your way father? but without any motion to assist him with light. Now and then Ruth would read aloud from the "Christian Journal" something she thought amusing or interesting, but Mrs. Morton and Nancy did not like the humdrum noise of reading aloud, so it was not often they were annoyed in this way.

Mrs. Morton was a stout woman, some thirty years younger than her husband. She was not tall but rather heavy, with thin flaxen hair, grey eyes, prominent nose, with great fullness of under jaw, and an even, milk-white complexion.

She was energetic and ambitious in her way, but her efforts were misdirected, and working and sweating all the while, she failed to accomplish which less labor rightly applied would have done. She was, I think in her care, unfortunately *handy with the needle*, and did all the sewing for the neighbors within five miles round. To do this she must needs forego half the household duties which required her attention; she must neglect the domestic education of her family; and thus her daughters grew into womanhood ignorant of all the little ways and means that fill home with comfort and delight.

The bread was hastily thrown together for the stitching of a wristband, and burnt in the baking for the sake of getting the buttons on. The fire went out because she was too busy with the trowsers to see it, and she could not roast the meat to-day, though "Jacob" liked it best so, but it could be boiled, and not unfrequently the dinner hour came with the embers dead under the pot, and the meat parboiled, and thus it was set aside to be finished another day, and in its stead, over a hastily kindled blaze, a little pork was fried.

Often Mrs. Morton would have made a pudding, or baked a pie, but for this shirt or that vest, for she wrought at all trades; and amongst them all, it rarely happened that either pudding or pie was prepared. The garden was not planted, because it was just the time that every body wanted their spring sewing done. The few seeds that were put in the ground, were sown without due preparation of the soil, and sprouting up, twisted under and over great lumps of clay till the weeds choked them, for the boys did not like to work in the garden, and it was no employment for girls.

There was never time to wash the faces of the little children, or comb their hair; there was never time for the sewing of the rags that strewed the chambers, into a carpet, though Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones both had beautiful ones, and Mrs. Morton would make one if she lived in town; there was no time for quilting the fine patchwork counterpanes which Ruth had pieced together; nor for hemming the muslin into curtains which she had sold the blackberries to buy—no time for anything but sewing and fretting that "Jacob," or "father," or "the old man," as the different complainants, Mrs. Morton, the eldest

son, and Nancy, denominated the husband and father.

In appearance, Nancy was the fac-simile of her mother, but she lacked her industry. Nothing in the world was she fond of, except it were wearing the best clothes she had, and talking with young gentlemen. In whatever her mother said she acquiesced, usually with, "ah, yes, mother, I think just so." This was not so much for the deference she felt for her parent's wisdom, as for the indolence which would not admit of her forming any opinion of her own.

The eldest son, James, now twenty-one, was of a literary turn—that is, he and his mother fancied so, and if they could only go to town, an opening might be found for the talents now rusting out unused. In truth, James had already sold the horse and saddle, which were his by virtue of having called them so for a year, with the view of going to the city and establishing himself according to the bent of his inclinations. James was a pale, gaunt youth, with the milky complexion, grey eyes, prominent nose, and heavy jaw of his mother. But he had neither her industry nor sprightly manner, for she was fond of talk—on the contrary, he was silent, selfish, and lazy beyond description—stretching himself in the sun most of the summer time, and crouching in the corner with his hands spread before the blaze, all the winter. He disdained the strong homespun suited to his occupation, and invariably traded them off for the greasy finery of some clock-peddler, grocer, or coachman with whom he had the honor of acquaintance.

In the left-hand pocket of his black satin vest, which, by the way, had "turned out its silver lining" in more than one place, he carried two letters, with the larger half protruding in full view. They were veritable letters which some time during his life he had received, one of them from an uncle who preached on some obscure circuit in Indiana, and the other from a lady cousin—a milliner in N. Y. He had also an odd No. of Godey's Magazine usually in his coat pocket, and partly in view; but the letters were his great pride. True, they were worn with long exposure and much handling from their original brightness; nevertheless they were exhibited still to every new person whom he met, and the hands in which the almost defaced superscription was written, compared; on these occasions James always remarked that one was a business, and the other a woman's hand.

Solomon, or Sol as he was called, was a sturdy boy of nineteen—doing all the work, and getting none of the money or credit. He was industri-

ous, honest, and energetic, but the management of the farm was the province of the eldest son, who complained a great deal of his responsible position—saying often that the work was mere play, he would rather do it than not; in fact, but to have the care of the house and farm all upon his shoulders was more than any body else would endure. Sol was usually patient and silent under these inflictions, but sometimes his irritation became irrepressible, and broke out in terms which I must not repeat.

Sullen dissatisfaction led to more and more neglect, both of the in and out-of-door duties, till a state of things came about scarcely endurable. Little was said, but the cause was tacitly understood to be the strong desire to move to town on the part of Mrs. Morton and her eldest children.

The table began to indicate an empty larder. Mrs. Morton said for her part she was tired of doing everything, especially where she could not get sewing to do; and if the farm was such a great thing, she thought it ought to produce a little more. But the truth is, Mrs. Morton herself and her great lubberly son were to blame that the fences were down, and the cows, in consequence of not being milked regularly, for they were often astray, became dry; so that, as Mrs. Morton said, butter and milk must be earned with the needle. The crops, when sown, grew up among weeds and were gathered as it happened, not when they required to be; and, of course, were of no profit. There was a thriftless and shiftless look about everything that was comfortless to see. At last, after a week of burnt bread and coffee without milk, a week of scolding and chafing among all hands, for a soaking March rain had kept the elder as well as the younger children in doors, matters came to a crisis. James and Sol were standing on the low porch, half protected from and half exposed to the drizzling rain—the younger with his hands in his pockets and whistling a lively tune, the elder with his arms folded, his hat drawn over his eyes, which were bent in the direction of the two letters, and looking the picture of despair. Nancy was twisting a faded ribbon into a head-dress. The children, ragged and dirty, were building cob houses about the floor. Mr. Morton sat by a little stand under the window reading the Bible, when Mrs. Morton, working as though her life depended on it at some heavy garment, chanced to break her needle. Her discontent and ill humor, previously at boiling point, required nothing more to cause an overflow. It was the last needle she had, she said, her work was promised and how should she finish it. She was sure the money was needed bad enough, but no-

body seemed to know or care where the thousand things that must be had were to come from. If she lived in any decent place where she could get work to do, and had any chance to do it, she would not complain. In some places she could send and get a needle or two if she chanced to break one, without going twenty miles through mud and rain. At this juncture her apron was brought into requisition to wipe her eyes. Nancy, holding up her head-dress admiringly, said, "I can't spare my needle yet, and I think we had better leave them that love the farm so well, and go where we want to go." "Here, mother," said Ruth, putting by the stockings she was darning, and handing her a needle, "I can find something else to do." And, with a look, half sorrow and half indignation, she withdrew to the kitchen and began rumaging through jars, cans and canisters, with the view of preparing supper. Presently her father, closing the Bible almost irreverently, arose and followed her, for the raised tones of his wife and daughter had not failed to reach his ears. Seating himself in an old broken chair, the moisture gathered to his eyes as he said,—

"I shall have to give it all up, Ruthy."

"What?" asked Ruth, earnestly and tenderly, coming close and smoothing the white hairs from his forehead.

"The old place here," he replied, "the sheep and cows, and horses, and the way of life I have been used to."

What can't a sensible and earnest woman do by kindly and persuasive reasoning.

"Dear father," began Ruth, as the tea-kettle began to simmer over the crackling blaze, and the biscuit to take shape and form beneath her moulding fingers, "Solomon and I have made a little plan. You can't work any more, so go to town with mother and the rest of them, and let them do the great things they talk about. We will rent the farm of you, stay here and manage it as we please, and when you come in May to spend a week or two, see if we shall not have made some improvement."

"But the stock must all be sold," urged the old man, "else they will have nothing to begin with; and then, what can you do without cattle, or horses, or implements?"

"Why," said Ruth, "Solomon has really earned all there is on the farm; he should certainly have half—so let it be divided."

I must not stop to repeat all the conversation. Enough that, by the time the tea was steeped and the biscuits nicely browned, the plan seemed feasible; and as the family seated themselves at

the table, the face of Ruth was radiant with joy, as she looked wisely at Solomon, and the old man wore a sadly placid smile as he told his son Isaac to ask his master, the next day when he went to school, to please make a good pen for father. Mrs. Morton looked at Nancy, and Nancy looked at her—the cloud on their faces grew lighter—they felt instinctively that triumph was at hand. It looked light about the sunset. Nancy really thought it would clear away, and her mother thought so too; she also believed she should get her work done yet, in spite of the hindrance; and, by degrees, a more cheerful tone prevailed than had for a long time. Even Mr. Morton seemed reconciled, though as one who had suffered a great bereavement. The next day Isaac brought home the gray goose quill, nicely notched at the top, and Mr. Morton, having torn a sheet of paper from an old account book, and borrowed an inkstand of the Deacon, put on his spectacles, drew the stand into the best light, and made out an advertisement of his goods and chattles, beginning, "To be sold at public vendue."

A month afterwards, the news went from house to house that old Mr. Morton had moved to town and rented his farm to his son Solomon. Some thought it was a curious notion, and prophesied that the old man would not like town life. Alas! it was no notion of his, and sorrowfully enough he climbed up and seated himself on the feather bed that was carried in the last team. It would be interesting if I had room to tell of the dresses trailed out by Mrs. Morton and Nancy in house-hunting, to enumerate the run-down shoes, and describe the soiled bonnets. Of course they must wear the best they had in town. All this I must omit, however, only informing the reader that after a great deal of trouble and vexation, a small dingy house in the suburb of the town, and situated on an alley, was obtained. The paper on the walls was greasy, the whitewash hung in smoky scales from the ceiling, the rooms were small, the stairs steep and narrow, the basement low, damp, and pervaded by an unpleasant smell, and the rent, of course, exorbitant. But the little work Nancy and her mother had talked about, together with the money procured by the sale of the cows, feather beds, &c., soon made the place what the ladies considered stylish; but to the old man it was neither home-like nor comfortable. The parlor was furnished with showy red muslin curtains, low-priced mahogany chairs, sofa, and table, and an ingrain carpet of red and orange colors, coarse texture, and a pattern so small, that stretched to its utmost tension, it would not cover the floor. Some small pictures, in cherry frames, of

ladies, called "Eliza," "Maria," &c., besides one of Napoleon at the foot of the Alps, completed the furniture. It was out of the question to have a bed here; the basement was too damp, and there was no other place below stairs where one could be placed; there was no alternative, Mr. Morton must go up stairs to sleep, though he had not done so for the last twenty years.

Then, too, he missed sadly the fresh air of the country, the nice fruits, and sweet milk and butter; but he made no complaint, sitting day after day in the close chamber, watching the gatherers of ashes and rags, who drove their carts through the alley, and sometimes reading the Bible; but it was evident to all who had known him previously, that both spirits and health were sinking. Only when Solomon and Ruth came to town did he revive from the apathy that was stealing over him, to inquire whether this field was sown, if the red cow had a calf, and if the eyes of the grey horse were likely to get better.

How bright his smile grew as they told how everything flourished with them; but they did not tell him of the improvements which they wished him to be surprised by seeing. But he could see from the window the brightly painted little cart, in which they brought butter and milk and vegetables to market, with its bed overflowing with fresh straw. He could see this, and how fat and sleek the old sorrel horse was become, as also how comfortable and tidy the children, as he called them, looked. But their visits, at first frequent, grew less and less so, till at length only Solomon came now and then. Nancy in her flounces and orange silk apron, and Mrs. Morton in her wrapper, tied together with ribbons, so as to show to advantage the dimity petticoat beneath, were quite ashamed to have their boarders, a little squint-eyed shopman, a tailor, and a brick mason, see their country relatives.

James, after a deal of blustering and pretence, took up with a situation in a livery-stable. Mrs. Morton and Nancy sewed early and late to keep up what they termed appearances—that is, a slovenly black girl in the kitchen, pantalettes of half a yard in width on the children, as also pink ribbons for their hair, with the more elaborate dress for themselves. Outside of this came wood, coal, rent, table, and a thousand other expenses. But if they ever grew tired, they wrought on in silence—they could not do otherwise.

At length Nancy began to wear her orange apron and her new pink head-dress every day. The parlor was opened for a common sitting-room—that is, a common sitting-room for Nancy; the best meats were procured for dinner, and the most

expensive cakes and confections for tea; and the secret of all this was a new boarder! Who he was, or what he was, they did not know, but he seemed a man of leisure and fortune. He talked of the South, and the ladies concluded he must be a planter, and he might and probably did own a thousand negroes. But it was most provoking, Nancy said, that he would talk or read to father, in spite of everything; and, one day when he had been thus employed a long time, she told her mother what she had more than suspected before—that he looked forty years old. Mrs. Morton said, however, that she thought he could not be more than thirty-five at most; but that one of the likeliest matches she ever knew was one of great disparity of years; adding, you know me and your father. As to his talking so much to him, she said, I think it is a good sign—it's the way some people have of courting.

All this seemed plausible, Nancy thought, and the more so when that evening he sat down in the parlor after tea, instead of going out as usual. She could not resist the temptation of sitting there too, though she had previously accepted an invitation from the mason to attend a negro concert. Presently Mrs. Morton closed the door—the noise came up so from below! When the tall, blue-eyed mason tapped at the door, smiling, and arrayed in his best, she told him abruptly she had changed her mind, enlarging, when he was gone, on the dislike she had always borne him. The evening passed, and at 9 o'clock the new boarder took a polite leave, having said nothing more gratifying than that he intended to drive her father to the country the next day to take a look at the old place he seemed so fond of.

The old man had not been so happy for many a long day as when looking from the coach window, he saw the old-fashioned little homestead, but whitewashed so neatly, and almost hidden among flowers and shrubbery, he scarcely knew it. The gates had been set on hinges, the rubbish cleared from the fields, now smiling with plenty, the cows were sleek, and their great udders distended with milk; the garden flourishing, and the hens flying from their newly laid eggs. No wonder the old man's heart was glad. And Ruth—how proud he felt of her in her simple chintz dress and gingham apron, and how pretty the old parlor looked with its nice rag carpet, whitewashed walls, and snowy curtains.

The new boarder was delighted. But I must not linger. Ruth is now the wife of a retired lawyer, and the mistress of one of the handsomest country mansions in her native state. I need scarcely say her husband and the "new boarder"

are the same. Sol owns the farm he used to rent, and has a house-keeper that he thinks a better manager even than Ruth.

Mrs. Morton and Nancy are keeping boarders and sewing; and Nancy has more than once re-

gretted that she went not to the negro concert.

Hard by the farm he loved so well in life, Jacob Morton lies asleep by the side of his early lost Mary.

VAIN REGRETS.

BY MARGARET T. WIGHTMAN.

They come, with their memories sad and vast,
Those spirit-voices of the past—
Recollections that haunt us still,
Try to forget them as we will—
Not the rosy dreams of childhood's hours,
When young hope strew'd life's path with flowers;
But like those grim phantoms were said to pass
In days of old o'er wizard's glass;
When the hand of superstition shed
Its impious spells o'er the shrouded dead.

Vain regrets, who hath felt them not?
From the highest sphere to the humblest lot,
From him before whose haughty brow
The conquer'd chiefs of earth did bow,
Who mingled his tears with the sounding wave
That bounded Asia's utmost shore,
That he could not another world enslave,
And his dream of ambition and glory o'er—
To the veriest beggar that ever bore
A weary heart from door to door?

The breast ne'er breathed nor burned yet
That hath not felt its vain regret.
Back, back to our hearts they fly,
Like storm-clouds darkening life's changing sky,
Back, 'mid the bustle, the toil, and strife,
The hopes, the fears, and cares of life.
They have mingled in scenes of pride and joy,
When the song was loud and the mirth was high;
They have wander'd amid the busy crowd,
When the soul in its lone despair was bow'd;
They are hidden in many a dungeon's gloom;
They are breathed o'er many a silent tomb.

And doth it haunt thy memory yet,
Mourner, that sad and vain regret?
Hath thy soul in silence long deplored
The harsh remark or the careless word,
Whose tones might bitter entrance find
To the hidden depths of a wounded mind?
Hast thou in thy dealings thy kind among
Omitted the mercy, and done the wrong,
Or basely repaid an act of good
With cold and dark ingratitude?

Hast thou met the kind question or beaming eye
With the chilling look or harsh reply,
Or deeper pierced with un pitying tone
The stricken heart of some suffering one?
Hast thou an evil example given
To lead thy brother from hope and Heaven,

Or spared the reproof whose blessed control
Might have turn'd from ruin an erring soul?
And do their memories sorrow shed,
When the hour to requite and repair hath fled?

Man mourns the vain hopes of his misspent prime,
The lack of knowledge, the loss of time,
The worshipp'd shrines of his spirit's trust
Crush'd and levell'd in the dust;
Affections, fancies, ambitious schemes
Proved but vain and fleeting dreams,
And the truth of the prophet's words of woe,
That all is vanity below.

Then, in the gloom of his blighted pride,
He turns his eyes to the darker side,
Till this bright fair earth loses half its light,
From the narrow sphere of his jaundiced sight;
Forgetting the deathless mind may prove,
As its powers to good or evil flow,
A gulf of discord or home of love,
A fount of joy or a stream of woe.

Would man to man sweet mercy show
In the many spheres of life below,
Nor hate, revenge, nor envy, be
Cherish'd in thought or memory;
The judgment mild and the tone sincere
Would smooth and gladden their pathway here
Not alone in deeds may kindness be,
Words, too, breathe sweetest charity;
When their power deep eloquence can frame,
To shield the injured from wrong or blame.
For, oh! if there's aught in this world of blight
That breathes of a land of truth and light,
'Tis those lips whose accents ever kind
Speak peace and hope to the wounded mind;
And the breast that bears not that fount of sin—
An unforgiving heart within.

These are the spirits whose sweetness shed
Sunshine and flowers where'er they tread;
Such memories truer fame bequeath
Than the monarchs' crown or the victor's wreath;
For the world's applause fleets vainly by,
But the blessed deed will never die.
Then, mortal, let thine actions be
Such as shall win that fame for thee:
A life of mercy, hope, and faith,
A calm and trusting bed of death,
And a starry crown on that happier shore
Where vain regrets are felt no more.

THE UNVISITED GRAVE.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Marian R— was one of the sunniest spirits that ever threw its gleam across the track of life. Her face was so expressive of genial sympathy, so radiant with warm, loving light, that, as Wordsworth says of his bed of dancing daffodils—

“——one could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.”

She was an only child, and her three passions seemed to be, love for her widowed mother, for little children, and for the beautiful outer world, amid one of whose very fairest scenes of loveliness she had her home. Miss Mitford herself never hung more rapturously over her geraniums, or doated more fondly on her pets “May” and “Lucy,” than Marian did over flowers, and the little favorites, who delighted to bring to her the rarest and the fairest they could find.

It is difficult to associate the idea of decay and death with those pleasant eyes, and that beaming brow, and that fresh, childlike heart,—for to those who loved her,

“She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.”

And now, although the grass has been green for more than three summers above her grave—though other faces look out upon us from the windows where we were accustomed to catch her sunny smile in passing—though we name softly her “household name,”—we have even yet scarcely learned “to make her dead.”

A strange desire took unaccountable possession of her mind, not many days before her lingering disease had worn her life away—a desire which the pleadings and representations of her many friends strove in vain to combat, and for which she herself offered no adequate reason:—It was, to be taken away from the spot that was confessedly the dearest to her on earth—to turn from those girding mountains, whose haze hung over every early dream, and those blue, placid waters that ran their silver threads through all of memory’s landscapes. It seemed as if she could not bear to have what had been the beautiful scene of her life, darkened to her mother by the thought that there she had died, and that those encircling hills compassed her grave. Or it may be, she

thought it would be easier to depart, if she should for herself thus loosen some of the sensible ties that most strongly bound her. However, it might have been she could not be appeased until, with sad hearts, her friends yielded to her importunate entreaties, and saw her carried away to the lonely and sequestered place she had named, as they too well knew, to die.

It was not long before their most mournful anticipations were realized:—A message came from the desolate hearted mother, desiring that some who had loved Marian would come and see her laid in the grave. A number obeyed the sorrowful summons, and towards evening, (for the place they sought was a day’s journey distant,) as their carriage was passing an old, dilapidated church among the mountains, they observed a few horses tied, and one or two vehicles in waiting, which served to give the lonely-looking spot an aspect of greater dreariness, from the suggestion of the presence of a funeral.

“Ah, who would wish such a burial-place!” said one friend to another, as they drove beside the falling wall. “It would surely be hard for a sensitive heart to lay its dead *there*.”

“And yet, what if this should be the last home of our dear Marian,” suggested the person addressed, pointing at the same time to a fresh pile of yellow clay visible in a distant part of the church yard, which an old man was patting into shape with the flat side of his shovel, “and what if that should be *her* grave!”

They shuddered at the idea that such might possibly be the case, and paused for a while, unwilling to give themselves a confirmation of their suspicions; but at length they alighted, and entered the time worn and weather-stained building. All was so still, that upon a partial view it appeared to be empty; but as they stopped on the threshold, the sound of a low voice was heard as if in prayer, and a stifled sob came with startling mournfulness to their ears. They stepped into the aisle—the pulpit was occupied—they looked anxiously around for the audience; the heads of a few persons alone were visible above the high-backed, dusky old pews, and there, in the midst

of them—bowed down under a sense of her utter bereavement, and deaf and blind to everything but the one consciousness of her terrible grief,—sat the heart-stricken mother of our lost Marian.

It was only by resolutely closing their eyes against all the sad circumstances attendant upon the laying away of her garment of mortality, that these sympathizing friends could, with any calmness, contemplate the truth thus painfully forced upon them. Everything was in the most striking and absolute contrast with the character, tastes and feelings of the genial, companionable and cheerful spirit that had passed away. Instead of the sweet, green spot hemmed in by the horizon of hills that had bounded the vision of her childhood, was the bleak corner of this distant and unfrequented church-yard; instead of a train of weeping companions following her bier, was the one heart-crushed mourner; no little children to brighten with their April tears her sorrowful sepulture, or to gather the wild-flowers which she so well loved, and scatter them over her grave. The contrast was great; but how infinitely greater was it, between the loveliest scenes that human fancy could summon up, to beautify, and soften, and hallow life's gentlest close, and those unimagined glories that were at that moment opening before the vision of those dear eyes that were shut on earth forever! Her sweet Christian life had burst into new and rapturous being, and she had found her way through the "green pastures" of the celestial paradise, to the feet of the heavenly Shepherd, whom, "not having seen, she had loved;" and there, surrounded by many a "little one" of the flock, she was reposing in perfect and eternal peace.

Yet we are creatures of sense, and the unseen does not impress us as does that which is tangible to our human touch, and visible to our mortal eyes; and so it is even sadly yet, that we think upon the old wayside church, the neglected burial-place, and

THE UNVISITED GRAVE.

She was a being of the gentlest mould,
Whose sweet emotions could be ever sway'd
By tender words as reeds by summer wind;
Yet firm, when truth and right demanded it,
As beetling rocks upon the ocean's shore.
Her heart was like a moss-grown, forest spring,
Upon whose brink the fair anemones
And trembling violets look mutely up,
With lips apart, until the fount shall give
To each its daily spray-drop.

Even thus,
Life's holiest charities around it grew,
Nor did they ever droop or fade away,
For want of the fresh spirit-dew of love.
Her smile was pleasant sunshine to the stream,

And sparkled all its surface. Underneath
Well'd the deep waters of a sympathy,
Refreshing in its coolness as a breath
Of mountain air to parched and aching brows,—
And very sweet;—ye only who have felt
Its influence like a vivifying power
Upon your hearts, can tell *how* sweet it was!
Yet passed she from our midst; and scattered now,
Lie all affection's sacred lily flowers
Around one lonely weeper's mournful path;
But memory will preserve the faded leaves,
And in her box of sweets will hoard them up,
Height'ning their odors with her silent tears.

She loved all lovely things; and it were well
To lay her therefore, where the mingled sounds
Of tuneful waters and of whispering trees
Make touching melody;—where children's tones,
To her so full of music and of joy,
Might interrupt the weary solitude,
As by her mound subdu'dly they would pause,
And murmur with a sorrowful regret,
Her fond, familiar name. And it were meet
To place the relics of so true a heart
Beside the tombs of kindred and of friends,
Who hand in hand with her, have trod this earth,
And now have gone together on their last,
Returnless journey. Yet they gave her not,
In place so consecrate, her sepulture;
Where we might kneel at twilight's tearful hour,
And plead with heaven, that we at last, like her,
Might die and be forgiven. But far away
Mid strange and nameless dead, they made her grave,
Where spreads no sheltering shadow, and no stream
Goes singing on with voice as human-like
As though it were a sympathizer too;
Where none who loved her see it,—where 'twill be
Unvisited save by the sobbing wind,—
Unwept, but by the clouds that hang above!

Yet shrunk not once the parting spirit back,
Who passing through the golden gates of life,
Shook off the agonizing weight of clay,
And heavenward mounted with such thoughts as these:

"I falter not—there was a time
When pleasure's fond control,
And love and hope had woven charms
To captivate my soul;
But raptur'd peace is on my brow,—
The last worn link is severing now!

"I fear not, though I've met the king
Of terrors eye to eye,
And in that solemn gaze have learned
How awful 'tis to die!
But bliss shall soon my spirit fill,—
Then lay my body where ye will.

"Yes, bury it alone; though none
Who love me, see the sod,
'Twill mingle with the dust as well,
And be as near to God:
One pilgrim's tears the turf shall wet,
When did a *mother* e'er forget?

"They who the waters of my soul
So yearningly have stirred,
Perhaps may let my name become
An unremembered word:
This wakes emotions ill to stem,—
I had not thus forgotten *them*!

"Love is undying as the soul,—
It will not pass away,
Because the animated form
Has crumbled into clay :
To be forgotten ;—slight alloy
Is this to damp an angel's joy !

"Then earthly loves, and hopes,—farewell ;
Without one parting throe,
My spirit girds her garments on,
In readiness to go ;
I thank thee, Father ! life is past,—
The sufferer is released at last !"

IS CHRISTIANITY FROM GOD?

BY REV. ISAAC N. WALTER.

In a certain and an important sense everything proceeds from God. In the ordinary course of things, He constantly displays His providence and perfections.

Day unto day altereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge of God. Take your stand in any part of nature and contemplate a few of the appearances which present themselves in the vast theatre of her operations ; it needs only the aid of an enlightened imagination and a devout heart to behold a present Deity wherever you direct your views.

When we contemplate the grandeur of the scene, we can hardly be surprised that so many inhabitants of the earth, ignorant of a higher power, have paid religious homage to the august procession of stars and constellations which irradiate the night ; nor that thousands should have knelt in silent adoration before the rising sun ; to every enlightened mind the brightest emblem of the divine glory, the most expressive symbol of the unlimited, impartial, and perpetual beneficence of the Creator.

God has no where left himself without witness. In the abundant provision which is made for human support and comfort, His goodness and faithfulness are daily proclaimed.

In the various sciences, improvements, and intellectual acquisitions of civilized life, we behold the tokens of that infinite wisdom whose inspiration has given man understanding. But when we speak of Christianity as a communication from the Deity, we mean to express much more than when we apply these terms, as we may, to the ordinary declarations of His works and providence, or than the profound discover-

ies and acquisitions of reason when most cultivated and improved.

In Christianity we acknowledge a particular and supernatural interposition of the Deity to amend and bless mankind, an usual manifestation of the divine perfections, a new and direct intercourse between heaven and earth, the Creator and His creatures, the Supreme Sovereign and His subjects, the Father of the universe and man His child.

Christianity introduces us to an immediate communion with God. We revere it as the religion of heaven, Jesus Christ as the sent of the Most High, His works as the works of God, His doctrines as the teachings of the Father of lights. "I came," says Jesus, "not of myself, as the Father gave me commandment so I speak. I can of my own self do nothing, the Father which dwelleth in me, He doeth the works."

To Him the wisdom of the Omniscient imparted its inspirations. In Him the power of the Almighty displayed its energy. From His life and character was reflected the express image of the moral glory of God ; in Him were seen the mercy and benevolence which reign in heaven, and diffuse blessing and joy throughout the universe.

When we open the Scriptures then we open no ordinary book. We learn in them the history of God's direct intercourse with His creatures. When we listen to the instructions of Jesus Christ, let us remember that these are not the speculations of human ingenuity, the sayings of a character elevated above his fellows by wisdom and virtue.

His precepts are not the salutary suggestions of experience. His teachings in regard to the

destination of mankind are not the conjectures of a powerful intellect, which rose high above the common views and conceptions of man. The authority of His religion is divine, to the truth of it God has affixed His seal. Its instructions proceeded from His infinite knowledge and perfect wisdom. Its precepts are the express laws of the moral governor of the universe.

The disclosure of the gospel respecting the unseen world are made by Him, who alone was capable of imparting them, to whom that world must bring us near, on whom depends the immortality of our nature, and with whom must rest the disposal of our lot in every possible condition of our being.

The religion of the gospel is the religion of God, devised by His wisdom, suggested by His inspiration, and supported by extraordinary exertions of His power. From Him it proceeded, to Him it conducts us. It is not the invention of men, it is not an engine of State policy, it is not the result of human inquiry and labor. It is the power and wisdom of God.

It claims for itself a divine authority, and it establishes its claims by ample evidence. Do we regard the gospel in that serious light in which these considerations place it? We have faith in it, we would not ourselves think, nor would we have others suppose, that we do not believe it. But is our faith anything more than some indefinite sentiment of its authenticity? We perhaps respect it as a valuable system of virtue and happiness; as a rule of duty sanctioned by reason and experience; as a fund of consolation, abundant

and sufficient for human necessities. The early impressions and prejudices of education, and the customs of society, have taught us to revere it. We are the friends of Christianity, we cheerfully yield our support to its institutions, we have a satisfaction in its ordinances. But with all this we are deficient in our duty; we have not an adequate impression of its essential importance and proper character, unless we possess a deep conviction of its divine origin and authority; and until this sentiment is habitually associated in our minds with all that it teaches and commands. Let our hearts answer whether this feeling is foreign from us, or if we constantly and cordially cherish it.

We enquire, in the next place, if our conduct corresponds with such views of the gospel? Is it not to be feared, that there are in this respect great and criminal deficiencies. We are criminally deficient, if the doctrines of Christianity are not the subject of our habitual and familiar meditation; if we can ever look on them with indifference; if the sacred Scriptures are not considered by us as invaluable; if their precepts have not in our regards an authority superior to all other considerations; if the ordinances of the gospel are not observed by us with punctuality and seriousness; if, in fine, Christianity, in all its instructions, precepts and institutions, is not the subject of our deepest interest, and the authority to which we refer all our desires and purposes, all our pleasures and employments, if it is not the just object of our thoughts, respect and affections.

A WINTER WREATH.

Though few green leaves we find to mingle in
Our snowy garland, yet all the pearls and
Gems that glitter on the brow of night, we
Gather for a gift—of love.

From every leafless limb,
The feather snow, made up of crystal stars,
Bends down like rich white plumes, with its own weight
Of beauty, or else in jewel drops, and
Brilliant-pearls, hang from the laden trees, there
Sparkling, with every ray of light—like
Costly diamonds, on the robes of Kings.

The twinkling stars, that
Scorn to smile so archly through the clear night
Frosty air, look down most lovingly, and
Display their fairest charms, in the blue arch
Above.

The full round moon comes
Forth in brighter hue, and as if Earth kept
estival, and she presiding Queen, lights
p with her benignant smile, the tiniest

Speck, that glows beneath the ray.

A pure white robe is
Spread, over each hill and dale of Earth, and
All the faded, worn out garb of summer,
Is concealed beneath a pearly covering,
Emblem of perfect purity; then stealing
Down, soft as an angel's wing, the tracery
Of shadows fall, and lie in deep repose.
Picturing the earth with trees, and landscape
Beauty, true as daguerreotype—

The light and shade, more
Perfect far than Painter's skill, makes every
Scene a picture bright, on Nature's evening
Scroll.

Oh, the full heart,
O'erburdened'd with its sense of light, of love,
And beauty, sighs in adoring solitude
At its own weakness to endure on earth
So faint a glimpse of Heaven!

L. G. A.

THE MISSIONARY ERA IN INDIA.

No country in the world is so rich in missionary association as India. A legend connects its Christian pedigree with the labors of the apostle Thomas—a pleasing though fabulous reminiscence, since it is far from probable that this eyewitness of the resurrection of Christ bore his mission farther east than Bactria; but so strong and exciting seems to have been the persuasion in Christendom, that we find our own Alfred, in A. D. 883, sending an embassy to the shrine of St. Thomas at Madras. The efforts of Pantæus, towards the end of the second century, come more, perhaps, within the domain of authentic history. This missionary had been a disciple of Zeno, but had renounced the cold discussions of the Porch for faith in the Divine Galilean, when, struck with the tidings of the Indies brought in the galleys that connected the eastern and western worlds at the port of Alexandria, where the converted Stoic taught a school, he quitted for a time his parchments and pupils, and went in search of the millions who peopled the continent of spices. In the seventh century, commerce being broken off by the uprising and expansion of the Mohammedan enthusiasm, the churches of the east, which, it is noticeable, had their representative in the Council of Nicea, A. D. 325, in the person of Johannes, described as the metropolitan of Persia and Great India (although the territory then included in this last name is involved in obscurity), fell into a languishing condition, but were saved, at this early period, the reception into their faith of the poison of popery, which was already circulating in the veins of the western churches. Centuries roll on, and a few Christian names and historical references continue to flame in the sky of the Indian peninsula; but these are as meteors compared with the full blaze of history into which it at length comes with the discovery, by Vasco da Gama, of a Cape passage, just as the fifteenth was closing into the sixteenth century.

The expedition of Da Gama, although primarily undertaken from commercial motives, was, like all the Portuguese discoveries, conducted with decided reference to purposes of proselytism. It stood, indeed, in this respect, very much lower than the earlier expedition of Columbus, whose vast and sublime spirit soared into the Christian connections of his enterprise with at least as much passion as into its mercantile associations. The Franciscan friars, too, who, accompanying Da Gama's expedition, now infested the

unhappy coast of Malabar, although they anew joined the Indian with the western churches, and so far supplanted the crescent by the cross, yet merged the missionary in the monk, and bespread the ravished territory with monasteries of lazy and disgraceful celibates. A period of nobler interest dawned with the advent of the chivalrous Francis Xavier, whose bell, sounding through the streets of Goa, yet peals in all hearts across the centuries, and awakens a gush of transport when we remember how these heroic beginnings preluded labors still more heroic, shares with the miserable pearl fishers of Cape Comorin and the Cingalese coast, haps and troubles among the Japanese, and a solitary breathing out of life on the barren beach of Sancian, when on the way to yet more wonderful feats of apostolic magnanimity. It was scarcely possible, indeed, for even the gentle Xavier to escape altogether the taint of the strong but perverse spirit by whom he had been converted, the famous Loyola. But he shines as a star, apart, both when compared with the society from which he took his origin, and with the atrocious miscreants who regularly represented the Church of Rome in this district. Now commenced a contest between the Syrian churches, which disdained to acknowledge the papacy, and the agents of that apostacy, led on by Don Alexis de Menezes, who had been appointed archbishop, and was backed in his plans by military force. Then we have Jesuitism bursting into flower in the person of Robertus de Nobilibus, who, in order to take Brahminism captive, became Brahmin himself, mastered its languages and shasters, donned the yellow gown, wore the sacred stamp on his forehead, and gave himself and his companions out for Brahmins from the snowy peaks of the Himalayas, where the higher gods are imagined to hold their abode. The mission of Madura, so called from the city where it held its chief seat, is loathful equally to the mere historian and the Christian; and the lie which it existed to consecrate met with its appropriate desert, detection; the popish emissaries received their true name, Feringhees; and the mission was at length broken up. So perish all attempts to palm off either truth or error under a false guise!

But the set time to favor India was at hand. The eighteenth century had just dawned, when Frederick IV. of Denmark, ruminating over his dominion in Tranquebar on the eastern coast, of

the southern peninsula, became touched with the hopeless state of idolaters; and, before the earth had run its orbit, two Protestant missionaries, under royal protection, were on their way for the Coromandel coast. Converted men themselves, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutsch, in peace and quietness of spirit, turned a long and dangerous voyage into opportunity for more closely contemplating their heroic work. The sight of the natives, who crowded to the ship's side on nearing the beach, melted the youthful missionaries into tears and prayers. M. Grundler followed, and received the mantle which Ziegenbalg, yet young, but consumed by zeal and labors, left behind, when called away to glory; and at the celebration of their first jubilee, in 1756, the Danes found that 3,000 souls had been gathered in to Christ during the last ten years of their mission. Next comes into view the holy Schwartz himself, consecrating the soil of India with undying interest. Imperishable names now begin to hang in clusters, such as Geriché, Kohloff, and Kiernander; and forty thousand Christians live to attest the labors of these missionaries and their successors among the idolaters of the Cape.

England had as yet done nothing, except by her gold, although she had so great a stake in the Indian peninsula. Her chaplains at the presidencies had remained chaplains; but, with David Brown, Claudius Buchanan, and especially the saintly Henry Martyn, a new character was communicated to the chaplainships. What pictures and associations does this last name call up! Which missionary biography do not its fragrant letters enrich and render more sweet! Then we have the noble Baptist triad—Carey, Marshman and Ward—on the banks of the Ganges. The present century opens, and the church-establishment in India, through the sublime labors of Wilberforce and the Thorntons, is seen extended and elevated. Bishops Heber and Wilson follow in due time to perpetuate the race of missionary saints.

The Church of Scotland came latest in the career of missionary activity. It had long been dry and dead, especially dead to missionary enterprise, when Dr. Chalmers, with his large views and affections, attempered by experience with the heathendom of Glasgow, began his professional labors in St. Andrews, and there drew around him some ardent spirits, in whose hearts a deep missionary zeal was slumbering. John Urquhart stands forth the fairest and saintliest of that choice band; but his mind had come early to maturity, and exhibited none of the large

origivative power which belonged to the future Church of Scotland's first missionary to India. The church in general was waking up to missions, as well as her St. Andrews moral philosophy professor and students; and, as the first fruits of this new-born activity, we find Alexander Duff, in 1829, ordained head master of the General Assembly's Institution for the Education of Youth and the Propagation of the Gospel in India.

The youthful missionary, full of buoyant hope, which all the regrets of home could not sensibly abate, sailed for Calcutta in November of the same year; and our first news of his progress show him wrecked off Dassen Island, near the Cape of Good Hope, by moonlight, and all his journals, notes, memoranda, essays, the toil of years, together with a numerous library and a great part of his outfit, become the prey of the storm. Feeding on the eggs of the penguin for three days, the castaway passengers and crew were at length picked off the island, on which they had both wrecked and saved themselves, by a brig-of-war sent from Cape Town. Fortified by trial, our missionary was soon again on the ocean, bound for the land of the Hindoo.

An interval of five years had now elapsed. The messenger of Christ had reached the shores of his new home. He had pitched his tent amid the swamps of Bengal, and gathered about him some hundreds of Hindostani and Mohammedan youths, brimful of curiosity. But he has returned from across the seas for purposes of health, and to report progress and prospects; and we have now to see him, in 1835, before the General Assembly, who cherished and revered their missionary, picturing in glowing images the extent, complication, and manifold difficulties of the mighty work on which they had entered, and especially giving an exposition and defence of the method pursued by the speaker and his noble colleagues, Messrs. Mackay and Ewart, who had now joined the mission.

A curious experiment had been made by the Moravians in their missions to Greenland. At first, proceeding on the then current views of the philosophy of missions, they plied the natives with arguments for the being of a God, and kindred truths, with the view of grafting on these elementary conceptions the doctrines of the everlasting Gospel. But the faithful missionaries found years of painful toil prove completely abortive; and the objects of their affectionate labors were remaining as frigid and unimpressed as the frozen masses among which they lived, when what we would call accident, but doubtless

the ineffable love of God, revealed the glorious fact, that the Gospel, the simple Gospel, without note or preparation, will accomplish its own purposes in the most wretched and ignorant, despite all the barriers which a besotted life may interpose to blunt it. Their plans were now completely reversed, and the most gracious fruits were the speedy consequence. Accordingly, it afterwards became the axiom, that the missionary should mount his pulpit and proclaim the Gospel at once—an axiom which Dr. Duff saw in its immense value, but also in its limitation. He saw that Paul had not one invariable way of addressing his various auditories, but had one mode for the pagans of Lystra, and another for the pagans of Athens; and he further saw that what might in every sense be the most fit and proper method for pursuing the conversion of Greenlanders and Red Indians, might by no means be best for the subtle and falsely-civilized Hindoo. This perception of his is the key to the whole plan of his operations. A preacher holding forth beneath the shade of some wide spreading tree, or the shelter of a bungalow, however invaluable in certain stages of the popular mind, would be despised as fit only for pariahs, the outcasts of Hindoo society. This arises from the nature of caste in India. The Brahmins, who hold the learning of the population in their fists, and are deemed limbs or fragments of the great mass of deity, mix themselves in vast numbers with the entire substance of the community, being found everywhere. If you have anything to say, they at once ask for your evidence, or challenge you to invalidate theirs. But there is one desperate point in their argument: their cosmogony is sacred and absurd; so are their geography, astronomy, metaphysics, medicine, law, &c. These being recorded in their shasters, or sacred books, originally sprung from the mouth of Brahma, or inspired by his dictation, a thrust at the contents pierces through the authority of the shasters themselves. Prove their astronomy or cosmogony fictitious, and you shake the structure of superstition to its base.

Now, taking advantage of this vulnerable condition of Brahminical science and theology, inter-twisted inseparably together, Dr. Duff set himself to sap both, by laying open the fancifulness of their science through a European culture and learning. But here, again, was a danger specially to be avoided by the Christian missionary, intent not simply on clearing the native understandings of false traditions, but on introducing a knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, if haply they might find

grace to believe on him. Education must be based on religion—on Christianity. About thirteen years before Dr. Duff set his foot on India, government had founded a college in Calcutta, for the cultivation of European literature and science. But everything was conducted apart from religion: such was the constitution of the college. As a consequence of this negative education, Dr. Duff had to encounter Hume's argument on the banks of the Ganges, and repel it, as he tells us, night after night. Youth had been taught to despise and abhor their own creed, but had received no faith in return.

On these principles, which were expounded with great power and eloquence, Dr. Duff, in addressing the General Assembly in 1835, rested the claims of his mission. They form the basis of all departments of the Assembly's India missions, now carried out by Dr. Duff and his colleagues within the Free Church; and, as the venerable head of the Free Church's mission in the Madras presidency, Mr. Anderson lately said, their inherent vitality triumphed over all opposition in India, and a revolution in the management of missions was due to the expositions of the great leader in their adoption.

The romance of missions, it has been said, is now worn off, and they are seen in the sober livery of hard and stubborn facts. No, no; this is not true. The tinsel of youthful dreams may be gone; well let it go. But, ah! the awful beauty of the Gospel, and the romance of a soul saved from idolatry! Who ever yet hath embraced these? If God should give an angel to the church, he would be a missionary; for, in the pursuit and rescue of the outcast, he would only be most closely imitating Him who is above all principality, when he trod our world. India, with its hundred and fifty millions of human souls, ripe for immortality, and shaking in their superstitions—India, with a British Government that has withdrawn encouragement from idolatry, and substituted the study of English literature and science for the monstrous births of Brahma, in all the schools under its patronage; that has abolished the suttee, and the law which beggared the Hindoo when he renounced the accursed chains of idols for Christian freedom—India, that shields the bones of multitudes of Christ's noblest missionaries, and has been an object of thought to almost every age—can never cease to be romantic. But the romance we speak of is in the eye of those only whose life is "hid with Christ in God," and who see in the soul of a Parsi or Hindoo a brother spirit, capable of recovery, capable of salvation.

NOTABLE NAMES.

BY REV. A. D. EDDY, D.D.

THE last year has not only been remarkable for great events, but distinguished names have crowded before us, and commanded the public eye.

Three Individuals from abroad, whose peculiar doings had long preceded them, have recently come to our shores, and are now among us. Their characters are as diverse as their doings; and the *morale* their history teaches should not be lost. Each, in their turn and way, have received their admirers, followers, and patronage. They have awakened vast interest; and they have left deep traces on the minds and morals of society. We cannot overlook, and we should not be unmindful of the influence of either.

We once saw the Statue of Jenny Lind in the Gallery of Madame Tussane, of London. We were charmed by the meek sympathy and beaming benignity of her young and Swedish beauty; for it was beauty of the highest order, this almost speaking marble gave.

From this moment we felt a desire to see and hear this wonderful Songstress. In this desire we have been repeatedly gratified, as have thousands in our country.

She has passed her bright day of unparalleled admiration, and gone into the responsibilities of domestic life, having received more marked admiration, and generous applause, than any other human being now living.

To have borne all this, with the vast wealth cast at her feet, so calmly, so modestly; and yet so preserved her moral bearing and integrity perfectly, she has now our admiration and our gratitude. While taking so many captive, she has never abused her power, nor perverted her vast talent to low and unworthy purposes. She retires from public view, honored and beloved. And this is the high reward of her virtuous doings, her respect for religion, the Sabbath, and the cause of charity.

As to the moral effect of her visit among us, we have the fullest confidence that it has been good. We have never had a more profound respect for talent; for power to move men; to excite attention and awaken emotion, than when listening to this gifted Swede.

We have felt reprov'd, that the talent of eloquence, the power of vocal utterance, was so little appreciated in our country, and so little available for useful purposes. All men feel it. When rising in the Senate, it is all commanding; when adorning the Pulpit, it is resistless; and yet we have failed to honor it as the gift of genius and of God, for moral and religious ends.

Society must have these scenes of recreation, their sources of social pleasure: and such as Jenny Lind has given us, we would make subservient to good, and to encourage the science of eloquence in every branch; and when connected with moral worth and piety, it holds its native affinity to the songs of inspiration, and mingles its purest strains with the holy harmonies of the royal Lyre.

Not a cloud has come over the sky of the northern songster, and not a moment of sorrow has she caused to the many thousands that she has delighted.

The entrance of Koesuth was as the triumph of a conqueror. A generous sympathy had preceded him. An exile, a prisoner, the invited guest of a free nation; commended by the loud applause of noble England, whose enkindled and just enthusiasm we sought to rival, was welcomed to our country and its capital; to our confidence and our churches,—to all the generous sympathies of our nature, our patriotism and piety, as no man has ever before been received. Not Lafayette himself, that noble Soldier, was brought so near our Christian altars, so loudly blessed by clergy and by all, as has been the Governor of Hungary. His march has been one of wonder and joy to millions.

Whatever may be the issue, the world has united in almost undivided homage of his mental greatness and moral worth. There is a steadiness of purpose; an indomitable persistence; a mysterious trust in divine destiny, that buoys him up under adversities which few have met or could endure. It will not do to charge insincerity and visionary enthusiasm upon him; nor attempt to ridicule the generous response that millions have made to his claims for his country and for freedom. There has been too much intelli

gence, moral worth, and piety in the mighty crowds that have done honor to the cause he pleads as well as to him who pleads it.

We will not speak of the piety of Kossuth. But his enemies do not assail his moral character; nor does he impair it by low invectives, or returns of abuse so often heaped upon him from the curious and the vulgar.

His course and end are one and sacred to his soul. It is liberty, civil and religious liberty. It is this that absorbs his whole time, thoughts and affections. He does not seem to be personally ambitious or aspiring; and he has never sought to degrade others, that he might rise and rule. In all his addresses, he has honored virtue and extolled religion. The clergy, in his whole course, have welcomed and honored him, and themselves, by their warm reception and their prayers.

Whatever may be the issue of his visit to our shores; whatever his and the destiny of his country may be, there have been lessons taught us we would value highly, and hope to see practical. We cannot but see the stimulating and girding influence of freedom, when instinct and animate with a true religion. We cannot but see and admire the tribute our very nature gives to the cause of liberty; and from the millions of England and America, protestant and free, rising together, and mingling their voices and praises, we may look for those concentrating energies which shall ever resist encroachment on the rights of humanity, and the invaded interests of piety. If the Hungarian exile would not renounce religion for his life, our free puritan principles and stern religious faith may yet be trusted for the world's freedom, and the Gospel.

Though religion seems checked, and liberty struck down, it may be but to summon hosts to a speedy encounter and their final rescue; and that shall settle both, in a glorious unity of millennial blessedness.

If there is anything sad in all these movements and developments, attending the avowed yet resisted claims of freedom and religion, it is that wonderful sympathy and countenance of despotism, monarchy, aristocracy, and arbitrary rule, which pleads man's unfittedness for self government and freedom, in justification of tyranny in the state, and the continued bonds of a personal servitude.

It needs a heavy providence to arouse the world to the duties and reform, on which safety and

salvation rest. Centuries of bondage, and years of rebuke and wasting in the wilderness, roused and disciplined the tribes of Israel for the conquests of Canaan, and made them the benefactors and wonder of the world. So the iron reign and bloody persecution of years and unnumbered cruelties, awoke the Christian world, and drove from the east the best and firmest of her saints, selected of God to people this new continent. And the howling seas of winter, and the famine and the perils of a savage wilderness, nurtured into a deathless life and power the state gigantic and the church beloved, in which we glory. Other republics as fair and free, yet may rise.

Lola Montes is the last name we notice. And on this we have but a word to say. A wonderful woman. A Scotch girl going abroad, a solitary adventurer, everywhere attracting admiration by her charms. The mistress of an imbecile monarch; swaying the very destinies of a throne, and guiding by her own caprice the will of councilors and ministers of state; the titles of nobility at length adorning her. She shines a star in the gay world, and brings thousands to her bright saloons. Lola Montes comes to our shores. The very winds seem to baffle her approach, and the press of every name and grade of talent and of morals, all but spurn her very footsteps, rebuking the thought of all generous reception and even notice of her, of any kind. Her errand has not a claim upon us. Her person not a solitary attraction to our respect and admiration. Her name and life not an association that appeals to our moral sympathies and commands regard. Not a single voice from all the world speaks in her defence, and asks at our hands one act of confidence or kindness. Neither truth nor liberty, virtue nor religion, does she come to subserve. A nation recoils from her, and the very man that would serve her for his pay, is loathed; and even degradation and wickedness, stealing on their way, stands trembling at the dark threshold that opens to her scenes of dissolute indulgence.

This woman too has genius, power, a charm, a wide and fearful influence. She writes her history, and will pass away. And what shall be her memorials, and what the moral lessons we should have?

Beholding these three Stars in their cloudless way across this orbit of our skies, how deficient, and what infinite varieties, and to more than infinite deversities of destiny, is all that they are, and have done, soon to conduct them.

RUTH.

BY REV. RICHARD H. STEELE.

"Entreat me not to leave thee."

THE book of Ruth is one of those Oriental gems that has shown very brightly in every age of the church. The simplicity and interest of this unadorned narrative gives it a charm to every reader. The learned and the unlettered; the teacher and the scholar; the philosopher and the divine; the Christian and the moralist; have been equally held in admiration by the stirring incidents of this Scriptural history.

An affluent and worthy family of Bethlehem-Judah, during the calamity of famine, refuse to receive the divine correction and return unto God by confession, repentance, and humble reliance on the righteous Providence of the Lord. From deficiency of faith and reformation, they choose to forsake their patrimonial inheritance, their country, the altars of their religion, their ancestral sepulchres, and the overshadowing wings of the Almighty, and take up their abode in the land of the enemy, and the place of idolatry. The sinful step of a Christian family has been taken, and the patriarchal head of the house soon sleeps in death in a foreign Gentile land. Contrary to the divine enactment, the two sons of Elimelech, Mahlon, and Chilon, unite in marriage with heathen women, and are soon visited by the correcting rod of the great vindicator of heaven's laws, and the three widows, united in sorrows and sympathies, are seen standing beside their husband's graves, Israelites entombed beneath the soil of heathenism.

We have every reason to believe that in the early death of the venerable father, and the premature fall of his sons, were exhibited the judgments of God because of their unnatural disobedience. Their present condition was truly lamentable. Their substance is all wasted, their protectors are gathered to the grave, and the house which they aimed to build in a more genial clime has gone down to desolation and ruin.

"Oft when God's rebukes awakes our fears,
He fills our path with thorns, our cup with tears;
And oft when his correcting hand we fly,
Our chosen home becomes our place to die."

Reduced to the last extremity, the stricken

desolate Naomi comes to a sense of her dereliction of duty, and in deep contrition she longs to return to her native home, and to her God. Encouraged by the joyful intelligence that came over from Canaan, that the Lord had remembered his people in giving them bread, the three widows commence their pilgrimage to Bethlehem-Judah. Oppressed with grief for the state of her daughters, and knowing of no prospect in Canaan but toil and poverty, and not desirous that the Gentile widows should share her privation in a strange land, save out of a pure attachment to the worship and enjoyment of the God of Israel, Naomi expresses her solicitude for the welfare of the sufferers in their own country, and commending them to the blessing of the Almighty, with tokens of her own maternal feelings of friendship, she says, "Go, return, each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me." With one the trial conquers and the world prevails, Orpah returns to the idol shrine, and the home of her childhood and grief. But Ruth, with the promptings of pure affection for her aged, honored mother-in-law, with firm confidence in God, and with faith looking onward towards a brighter world, exclaims with deliberate constancy of evil, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." It is the language of deliberate, persevering efficacious faith. And now the mother and daughter, youth and age, travel on with commingled joy and sorrow to find in Bethlehem a place to mourn, to toil, to rest. And then follows, in the beautiful story, the excitement, the wonder, and curiosity of the inhabitants; the recognition and astonishment of ancient neighbors and companions; and the mournful lament of the once affluent and pleasant one, "call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me." After which succeeds the exciting interest of the harvest field, the modest gleaner gathering up

the scattered grain; the piety, industry, and fidelity of master and servants; the kindness and attention of the generous Boaz; the happiness of Naomi in the reverence and affection of her daughter; the progress of virtuous love; the marriage arrangements; the nuptial ceremony; and the gleam of sunshine that warms and cheers the soul as Ruth lifts up her modest brow in the dwelling of the noblest prince of Bethlehem, his happy bride. The whole story is filled with scenes and incidents, tender, thrilling and instructive; and who can fail of admiration as the Scripture canvas is unrolled before him.

There is no part of the narrative more impressive than the determination of Ruth to go forward unto Bethlehem. The bereaved mother and daughter have made their last mournful visit to their husbands burial place; they are now standing on the borders of Moab, and Ruth beholds on the one hand the grave of her honored companion, the scenes of her early enjoyments and afflictions, the cherished forms of kindred and friends, the altars and ceremonies of former worship, and the retreating footsteps of her beloved sister; and on the other hand, her aged and weeping mother-in-law, a long, tedious, and lonely pilgrimage, toil and unremitting industry their only source of support, the formation of new connections in a strange land, and the dimly discovered rites and ceremonies of a pure and heavenly worship. But the scale is not long held in equal prize; the preponderating power of filial love, and confidence in God, led her to utter the pious sentiment, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The religious principles of Ruth were distinguished by the following characteristics:

1. It was founded on *knowledge*. It was not a rash and careless conclusion to which she had arrived under the constraining influence of temporary excitement. It was not under the promptings of a restless and dissatisfied spirit, not from mere feeling or enthusiasm, that led her to the determination expressed in such forcible language. But after she had weighed the consequences to result from her movements, after deliberately counting the cost of her abandonment of everything that the heart holds dear, that she came to the firm and noble resolve, "Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God." It was her discernment of the important interests involved. After a careful examination of the subject, she was willing to live in self exile far away from her home and native land; she was ready to sever the ties that bound her to companions and relatives; to endure hardships, to suffer

want, to go among strangers—all out of a sense of duty and of love to God. Undismayed by difficulties, unawed by dangers, she addresses herself to the work with that courage which even Paul exhibited, when bearing opposition, sufferings and death, he exclaimed, "None of these things move me." It was saying, by the most expressive actions, come sacrifice and loss, come disgrace and scorn, come aught that the world may impose,—“Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

2. Ruth's religion was *disinterested*. This is an essential characteristic of true religion wherever it is found. It asks not those questions which are suggested by a worldly policy. Will I be a gainer or a loser in a temporal point of view? Will I be honored for it? Is it popular? But is it the requirement of God? Religion is an intelligent purpose of the mind,—a right rule formed, and adhered to with a determination which no considerations of policy or interest can weaken or change. And the cause is entered upon not out of mere caprice or levity, not from custom or outward influences, but because it is apprehended to be the will and authority of God. It may bring with it no popular favor, it may be attended with no worldly advantage, nay, it may be a rough and rugged path we have to journey, it may come in open conflict with the dictates of our natural hearts; it may, as in the illustrious example of the narrative before us, require the individual to sever the dearest earthly ties, and out of duty to the Saviour leave country and home; but the will of God is final, beyond this there is no appeal. Seemingly, Ruth had everything to lose and nothing to gain by her disinterested choice of the God of Israel for her God.

3. Ruth's religion was *without ostentation*. There was in her demeanor no disposition to display her preference. It is not her study to make known the sentiments of her heart by words. She is not loud in her protestations before the world. You can read her principles in her life of practical obedience, in her daily exemplification of the commandments. Not like the rivulet that foams and bounds over a rocky channel, but the deep broad stream that flows between full banks, and is noiseless in its progress. It is by the actions of the life, that the feelings of the heart are expressed. See you a man steadfast in his performance of duty, resolute in his adherence to the truth, studious and careful of the right, uniform and continuous in his cause,—he is the one whose religion is founded upon principle, and it will endure when the noisy babbling

Christian has gone back to the spirit and practice of the world. Give me a man who will do, as well as say; who will perform, as well as vow; who will act as well as profess; give me the religion of Ruth that has its seat in the heart, and is a working principle in the life, and you have a far better evidence of his sincerity than is set forth in the zealous displays of piety which exhausts itself in words.

4. Ruth's religion was *constant*. There was firmness to the right end, and depending upon the proper assistance that led her to these renunciations and endurance. The piety of many a one resembles that of Orpah. For a time it is a burning and a shining light, but when trials come it is quickly extinguished. God has reason to alter the lamentation over many a faithless and transient profession, "O Israel what shall I do unto thee! O Judah what shall I do unto thee? thy goodness is as the running cloud, and as the early dew it vanishes away." Not so was it with Ruth. Her's was a purpose that would pass through seas of difficulties, and overcome obstacles at which less resolute spirits would start and draw back. Her principles were severely tested. Orpah associated in the joyous memories of the past, and in the still stronger attachment of present affliction, has sought again her mother's house; her mother-in-law uses persuasion and entreaty to try the strength of her resolution; every inducement which the world could offer pointed her back to the hills and valleys of the home of Moab. Had not her religious principles been distinguished by the element of firmness,—a steady and persevering purpose—these hindrances would have led her to follow the example of her sister, and the solicitations of Naomi to return to her heathen home. But unhesitatingly she says, "Entreat me not to leave them, thy people shall be my people, thy God my God."

5. The religion of Ruth looked to the *end of life as the measure of its continuance*. This characteristic of her piety is particularly noticed

in the narrative. "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but *death* part thee and me." When life ended, then would she cease following the Lord in his outward ordinances. And how essential is this to real piety. He who enters upon the way of the gospel, engages in it for life. It is a welfare which is to continue while our existence continues. It is a race which is to be run, and salvation, which is the prize, is set at the goal, which is the end of life. It is a work which is to be performed, and our duty is not done until the building is carried up to the top-stone. Is not this the testimony of the Bible? Hear the Saviour; "Then said Jesus to those disciples that believed on him, if ye *continue* in my word, then are ye my disciples." Hear John in the Apocalypse; "Be thou faithful *until death*, and I will give thee a crown of life." Ruth's resolution looked to the end of life, and from her history we believe that having served her generation well, rejoicing under the protection of the Almighty, she was borne at last on angels' pinions to her rest in glory.

From this whole narrative we learn one most important lesson, religion is the ornament of the female character. She may have a cultivated mind, a cheerful disposition, an amiable temper, surpassing beauty—but above them all shines the lustre of personal piety. Religion sets gracefully upon woman. It is the brightest jewel in her crown of glory. And by religion, I refer not to the form, but the spirit. Such a religion as Ruth exemplified, steadfast and continuous, not fitful and impulsive. A religion like that of Harriet Newell that will make sacrifices, endure trials, and brave dangers. Such a religion is attractive whenever manifested, peculiarly however in woman. It is more influential, more uniform, more enduring.

"Not she with treacherous kiss, her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue,
She, when apostles shrunk, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave."

TO MAY.

BY F. RUSSELL, A.M.

Come sweetest month of all the rolling year,
With gushing streams and opening buds appear!
Come fill our hearts with all the joys of Spring,
The leaf-crowned forest with its warblers bring.

Chase from the hills old Winter's lingering frown
The vales and mountains with thy glories crown
Thine early charms already greet our eyes,
And Winter's gloom before their coming flies.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

BY REV. J. P. SMELTZER, A.M.

"If a man die, shall he live?"—Prov. xiv. 14.

If a man die, shall he live? is a question that has had its thrilling interest, and on which the human mind has meditated with fear, wonder and concern; long before the resplendent beams of the Sun of Righteousness shed forth, more clearly, Life and Immortality through the Gospel. Man, *unaided by Divine Revelation*, perceiving that all things are subject to decay, beholding his fellow-man one after another going down to the tomb, feeling the burden of age and infirmity pressing him to the earth, must conclude that he too would soon pass into the chambers of eternal night. How awfully dismal and dreadful must death have appeared to him. The question, 'If a man die, shall he live?' never drew forth a single emotion in his bosom, and not a solitary ray of immortality ever illuminated his darkened mind.

If a man die, shall he live? *Reason* has exhausted her powers and failed to answer the question. She has examined the philosophy of death, but the prerogative of death ceases when vitality has fled. Death opens the gate, but cannot tell, whether eternal night or eternal life lies beyond. Death hurries mortals from the stage of action, but brings no one back to report the condition of the dead. Reason has entered the mental chambers of man, examined their properties, and made known their wonderful powers, but whether that mind possesses one spark of immortality, it is unable to discover. Every avenue of the soul that could be opened, she has entered; every possible property she has diligently examined, every tendency of the mind that could be known, she has followed; she has gone down with man to the gate of death, yet has never, and can never, raise the veil that hides immortality from man.

If a man die, shall he live? *Revelation*, and Revelation alone, has satisfactorily answered the question. Revelation affirms that he shall live; that there is a spirit-land, a world of spirits, to which every man is fast hastening; that beyond the narrow stream which divides that land from this, he has an eternal existence; and that death is nothing more than the separation of soul and

body. It assures man, that he shall exist long after countless worlds have accomplished the end of their existence, and have either sunk into total annihilation, or fitted up for other purposes.

It assures him that "Life and Immortality are brought to light," calls on him to "prepare" for a better world, bids him seek his "Mansion prepared," asks him to look away from time, to his "house eternal in the Heavens." Revelation has raised the veil of futurity, and opened to his mental vision a world of inexpressible happiness, a world of light and love and eternal rest. It is a voice from eternity answering the dark and perplexing question, revealing a future glorious existence, holding forth exciting hopes and heaven aspiring expectations, bidding man look to another world beyond time, and assuring him that if he die he shall live again.

If a man die, shall he live? *Annihilation* may have been desired by a Voltaire or a Paine. They may have wished, when that monster death laid his cold and clammy hand upon their feverish brow, to enter oblivion's awful night. They, no doubt, dreaded to stand in the presence of that Eternal Light whose radiant beams would render their blackened hearts doubly more dark and dreadful. But to him who has accomplished the end of his being, who can read over his past history with delight, and whose life has been spent in doing good, what can be more consoling? What can cheer him more in the hour of his dissolution? He bids adieu to all things earthly, and knows beyond the grave

"There is a home of sweet repose
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore."

There is a spark of Divinity in man that exists not in any other being on earth, a principle that is nought else than the breath of the Almighty. Age and experience only expand it, knowledge and truth beautify and adorn it, time cannot weaken it, and eternity itself cannot exceed it in duration. Man, in the light of Revelation, is conscious of this immortal principle within him. He feels it in his dread of annihilation, and his long-

ing after immortality. He sees one prominent feature of it, in his pursuit after knowledge, and his desire for wisdom and truth; and just as plainly as he sees it in Revelation, written by the finger of God, so certainly he feels it written on the tablets of his own heart.

If a man die, shall he live? Yes, and *existence becomes a solemn trust*. Every soul is clothed with this garment, invested with this trust. God alone has power to sink it in the depths of annihilation. Death ends not existence, existence must go on. Every moment it is ripening, only for its eternal state; every step it is gathering fearful responsibilities; every affection and emotion of the soul is storing up treasures for its weal or woe; every act of man has written in indelible characters its happiness or its misery. Death makes existence doubly sure, continues it without the possibility of perishing, and settles for ever its destiny.

If a man die, shall he live? Yes, and death becomes a *welcome messenger*; for

"Who would live alway away from his God;
Away from yon Heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the moontide of glory eternally reigns."

Death opens to the world-weary traveler the "radiant vista of Heaven," where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." He safely lands the billow-tossed pilgrim, after having sailed across the stormy ocean of life, in the haven of eternal rest. He unites the loving and the loved in an eternal chain of love, and bring into one sweet communion the worthies of all ages. He gives the great Reform a more glorious insight into the hidden mysteries, written by the author of the Epistle to the Romans; and permits these faithful servants to sit at the feet of Israel's "mighty orb of song."

If a man die, shall he live? Yes. *Adam* lives,

and remembers the awful curse entailed upon his posterity; *Abraham* lives, and delights to contemplate the sacrifice of Mount Moriah; *Elijah* lives, and has often retraced his final journey to Heaven; *Moses* lives, and enjoys the bliss of that Canaan, a type of which he saw on Nebo's top; *David* lives, and well remembers the Angel by the threshing-floor of Araunah; the three *Hebrew children* live, and enjoy the company of him who was with them in the furnace; *Isaiah* lives, and delightfully contemplates the fulfilment of his prophecies; *Daniel* lives, and converses with the Angel that closed the lion's mouths; the noble *Paul* lives, and enjoys the crown of righteousness, the Lord, the righteous Judge gave him; *Nero* lives, and views the Christians whom he persecuted in a land of bliss and glory; *Luther* lives, and rejoices in that light he kindled in Germany, which will continue to increase to the end of time; *Voltaire* lives, and curses the day of his birth; *Paine* lives, and is in the world of despair, biting his chains of woe; and the smiling *infant*, the mother has deposited beneath the clods of the valley, and has become a messenger of Jehovah.

If a man die, shall he live? Yes, though the "elements melt with fervent heat," though the earth be blotted out of existence, though the firmament, with its countless worlds, be "rolled together as a scroll," he *shall* exist. He shall exist when ages multiplied with ages shall have rolled their rounds, as long as Heaven shall resound with "Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb." Yea, as long as the great Author of his existence is, he shall be.

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou, O man, shall flourish in immortal youth!
Unhurt amid the woe of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

THE DESERT.

BY WM. CLAND BOURNE.

Years fly, and Time leaves traces on us all!
They pass, and we in changes live to die!
And oft the clouds that fill the distant sky
Cast gloomy shadows that around us fall!
This earth is not for ever! Every scene
Is like the shifting sand, that blown by winds
Across the burning desert of our minds

In trials deep, hath no oasis green;
Yet burning sands may sparkle, and the cloud
That seemed to hide the sun, be full of light;
And passing o'er us, if we love the right,
We shall not stoop, beneath its burden bowed:
But trusting still, with Faith our souls shall rise,
Refined in trials deep, to sinless skies.

Of the publications which have appeared during the month, we would notice the following as deserving a place in the select reading of the Family circle:

THE MESSRS. CARTERS' PUBLICATIONS. The first volume of a fine translation of a Commentary on the Apocalypse by Professor Hengstenberg, of the Berlin University, Germany, has been published by this house, which clergymen and biblical students will find worthy of their studious attention. Prof. Hengstenberg stands among the first biblical scholars in a land of scholars, and excels the ordinary type of the German scholar incomparably in his consistent religious faith and evangelical character. His previous studies have prepared him admirably for this work, the prophecies of the Old Testament having long been made his particular field. Those who are familiar with his great work, the *Christology of the Old Testament*, a fine translation of which was made by Dr. Keith of the Episcopal Theological school at Alexandria, will expect to find in this not only the ripest learning, soundness of judgment, and acuteness of reasoning, but, in particular, broad and rational views of the nature of prophecy. Those views govern his expositions of the Apocalypse. He finds in this mysterious book, not a literal syllabus of modern history, nor such a close symbolizing of future events, as to enable the reader to foretell the future, except in its broad outlines. This gives a consistent and worthy view of the great plan of the book, and disposes of those literalizing theories which have sprung up one after another, according to the fancy or the passions of the interpreter. We think the good sense and consistency of the views which are here taken, will commend themselves to Bible readers as far beyond the average of the expositions of this book. He will also be struck with the general agreement which this profound and independent scholar evinces with the best interpreters of all ages of the church. We shall look for the continuation of the work with great interest.

Apocryphal of the Apocalypse, we may mention that another exposition has been added to those already existing, by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, so well known as the author of the "Notes of the Gospels," published by the Messrs. HARPER. While differing in details of explanation, and going much farther in the application of the symbols and prophecies to the particular events of history, the same general views of the scope of the book, and the platform of its prophecies, are taken by Mr. Barnes, as by Prof. Hengstenberg. It completes his series of expositions of the New Testament, and evinces many of the same excellencies which gives to his previous works such an unprecedented popularity. We see it is stated in the preface of the present work that more than two hundred and fifty thousand copies of these notes have been circulated in this country, while their sale abroad has exceeded even that large number.

The Messrs. CARTER have likewise furnished an interesting work on "America as I found it," by the Mother of Mary Lundy Duncan, and author of several works of most admirable biography. Mrs. Duncan made a few since a leisurely and lengthened tour of this country; and was brought by her tastes and former associations, chiefly into contact with religious people. Her book displays close observation, and a careful inspection of nearly all the institutions and characteristics of the country. Her information is quite extensive, and very accurate for a stranger; and her mode of communicating it entirely unexceptionable. Though free to express her opinions, the candor and good feeling displayed in the volume are honorable alike to her and to us. Some of the incidents of her tour are narrated with graphic effect; and all the facts she gleaned are so stated as to possess great interest—scarcely less interest to us than to those for whom the work was especially designed. The impression which her picture of our country

must produce on the minds of the religious classes of Great Britain, who will be attracted to her pages by her well-known ability and worth, is all that we could desire. Written in the best spirit, and pervaded with a most friendly tone, its effect cannot but be pacific, and tend to unite in still closer bonds these kindred nations.

"Christ our Example," by Caroline Fry, is also from the press of the CARTERS, in a very neat form. The present edition of this valuable work is enriched by the autobiography of the amiable author, embracing the earlier years of her life, and those eras of experience which marked the dawn and early youth of her religious life. This is exceedingly interesting—revealing that nice analysis, delicate taste, and eloquent style which are so conspicuous in her ethical writings, and also the deep workings of a heart strongly moved by the motives and influences of religion. We regret that so instructive a narrative should have been cut off in the middle—as most of the performances which have rendered her name so pleasantly familiar to the Christian public, took place after the period embraced in this autobiography. The present work is one of the most able and serious of her works. It presents a lovely and discriminating view of the poetical aspects of the great atonement, and of the relations of Christ's person and history to the believer's religious life. The happy tact of illustration, and the fervor of feeling which animates and enriches the style, render it an attractive book for perusal. We have long regarded it an unusually rich and useful work for the beginners of the Christian life.

Another work from the same house is entitled "Wheat or Chaff," from the pen of the author of a very striking little work recently published, entitled "Living or Dead." It is a series of essays of a faithfully practical character, centering around the momentous text, "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor." The evidences of a really regenerate heart, the sources and subtleties of deception, the infinite peril of mistake, indifference and neglect, and the claims of the Gospel, are set forth in pointed, energetic language, which gives great emphasis to the very serious thoughts he presents.

"Stories on the Lord's Prayer, or Edward and Miriam," is a beautiful little work for children, written in fine keeping with the spirit of the Divine word, which it seeks to illustrate and enforce. All these publications of Messrs. CARTER, let us say, are beautifully printed, and often embellished with fine engravings.

M. W. DODD has enriched the circle of good religious reading by another admirable work from the pen of Rev. Dr. Spring, entitled "The Glory of Christ," in 2 vols. 8vo. It is a series of discourses on the office-work and future triumphs of the Redeemer, embracing a variety of considerations not usually dwelt upon in the sacred desk. The energy and diligence of this venerable servant of Christ are remarkable. Though pastor of one of the largest congregations in the land, and subjected to a great number of calls, incident to his conspicuous position, he finds time in his rigorous old age, to gather the results of his life-long experience and thought, and to send forth, from time to time, some of the ablest of our contemporaneous religious literature. It is one of the promises made to the upright that they shall bring forth fruit in old age; the verity of which Dr. Spring is beautifully exemplifying. We add our hope to the hopes of all who know him, that his valuable career may be prolonged; and that time may be given him to perpetuate on the printed page the healthy and efficient influence which he has so long exerted by the means of his eloquent voice and consistent ministry.

These volumes treat of the richest and broadest of subjects, with a freedom of breath to be acquired only by long practical acquaintance with the subject. The views of

Dr. Spring are formed after mature study, and are generally sound, clear, and self-consistent. His calm and candid reasoning, his perpetual recurrence and deference to the inspired Word, his easy, graceful style, and his deeply evangelical spirit, are qualities of authorship which the reader of sense will not fail to appreciate. Some controverted topics fall within the scope of his discussions, on which, as on all subjects, Dr. Spring speaks with freedom and decision. Firmly persuaded in his own mind, and yet candidly tolerant to others, he speaks frankly and earnestly as he thinks. Yet no opponent will find occasion to censure his method of argument; to question his fairness or learning; or complain of his spirit. The volumes are a noble tribute to the glory of Christ, and present such views of the Atonement as cannot fail to arrest the faith and strengthen the love of every devout heart.

"The Mercy Seat" is also another of Dr. Spring's works, a new edition of which has just been issued by Mr. Donn—a series of discourses on Prayer, in its personal, tender and practical aspects. It breathes the very spirit of prayer; and in its doctrinal teachings—for some profoundly interesting questions of philosophy and theology are connected with this most practical and spiritual of Christian duties—are sound and scriptural. Some passages of great tenderness of feeling, as well as of great eloquence of style, are to be found in it; while the total impression of its appeals and arguments is greatly to enhance the value and blessedness of this duty.

Mr. SCRIBNER adds to his list a work of special interest just now from the pen of Mr. Brace, who, it will be remembered, was imprisoned by the Austrian police last year, on suspicion of being a spy, or of being some way implicated in revolutionary movements. His letters were published in the *Tribune* and the *Independent*; and were read with intense interest. These letters are now gathered, and a work entitled "Hungary in 1851" is the result. Mr. Brace is a shrewd observer, an adventurous traveler, and a graphic delineator. Going on foot through Hungary, with deep sympathies for its down-trodden inhabitants, and with the express purpose of studying the details of its history, the character of its people, and the very genius and life of the country, he has gathered together an amount and variety of information not only altogether novel, but almost inaccessible elsewhere. The civilized world now feels a deep interest in Hungary, as it should; and there is everything in Mr. Brace's volume to minister to that interest. It will be read with eagerness, for its descriptions are vivid, its scenes and events picturesque, and its information valuable. It is also well illustrated by drawings, which reproduce the costume, habits, and scenes of the land with great force.

"Harmony of Interests," is the title of an erudite work on Political Economy, published by MYRON FINCH, editor of the "Plough, Loom and Anvil," from the pen of Henry C. Carey, Esq., well known for his frequent and elaborate disquisitions on this science. It is a comprehensive discussion, whose ability and candor will hardly be questioned.

Two of our most enterprising publishing houses have entered upon a new series of publications, of a cheap and popular sort, to which the attention of the buyers of good books may be confidently directed. The Messrs. APPLETON have commenced a series entitled "*Appleton's Popular Library*," in which have already appeared "Essays from the London Times," a collection of some of the remarkable and eloquent literary papers of that eminent journal; the "Yellow Plush Papers," a series of comic papers from the pen of the accomplished satirist, Thackeray; the "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," an imitation of a work

of the seventeenth century; and a "Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China," by M. Huc, in 2 vols. These last-mentioned volumes bring the reader into an entirely new region, with people, scenery, history and traits wholly different from everything that we are familiar with. The author was a Jesuit missionary, sent on a kind of exploring tour; and shows himself a courageous, shrewd, observing descendant of Xavier himself. The information afforded is very copious, relating to almost every particular, and yet partaking so much of the nature of personal adventure, as to be exceedingly interesting. M. Huc shows himself to have been a most adventurous traveler, and an ingenious and shrewd observer, with enough of the sense of the ludicrous in his composition to take the full effect of the extreme puerility and strangeness of some of the habits and ceremonies he describes. Its authenticity we see no reason for questioning; and after the formal approval of critics abundantly able to judge, there is no need of questioning it. We believe it will be found, for the information it imparts, the spirit and picturesqueness of its narrative, and the moving tales of suffering and adventure, a remarkably useful and entertaining work.—We are glad that the publishers add so good a book to their excellent Series.

Mr. PUTNAM has commenced a series also, in semi-monthly volumes, which are of good size, excellent typography, and real literary worth, and yet are sold at the marvelously low price of 25 cents per volume, or \$5 00 per year. The seven numbers already issued—which we must notice in a batch—are these: Three are composed of essays selected from Dickens' Household Words, and mostly from the pen of the great magician himself—"Home and Social Philosophy"—some of which are exceedingly ingenious and suggestive, uniting science, fact, philosophy and humor in admirable proportions. "Claret and Olives," a lively sketch of a journey through the Wine and Olive regions of France, by Angus B. Reach, one of the circle of wits that bow to the supremacy of Mr. Punch. "The World Here and There," another series of traveling sketches, easily and graphically depicting the scenes and manners of out-of-the-way countries. "Home Narratives," a series of admirable tales and sketches in the genuine Boz strain. Two of the works of the late Thomas Hood, one of the selectest geniuses of modern times—"Whimsicalities," and "Hood's Own"—full of the very refinement of humor, yet kindly, instructive and genial. It is the peculiarity of Hood's humor that while it corruscates, it never blasts nor injures. "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." By Frederic L. Olmsted,—an instructive sketch of a journey on foot through England, with special reference to agricultural knowledge. "Journal of a Poor Vicar," is the title of a tale from the German of Zschokke, published by J. S. TAYLOR. A most touching little tale, a counterpart of the Sunny Side, just now so popular. It depicts the trials of ministers, and the beauty of Christian virtue, with a master-hand.

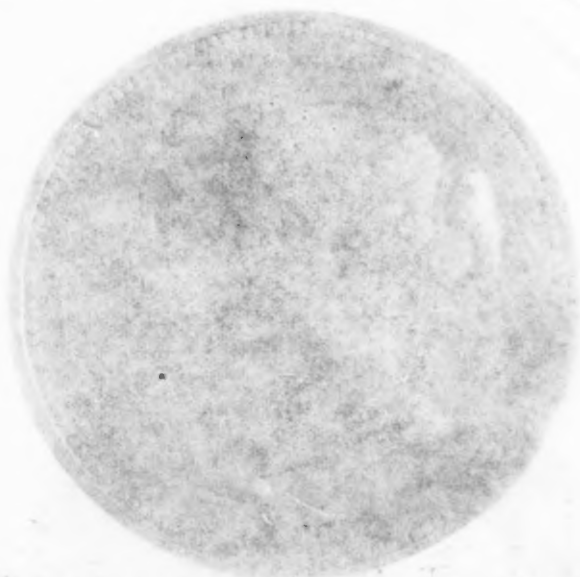
"Hygienic Physiology," By T. S. Lambert, M. D. Published by LEAVITT & ALLEN. This is the first of a series of three books by this author, designed for the use of schools, and the instruction of common readers in the general principles of Physiology. It strikes us as a remarkably lucid, logical, and intelligible book. Its philosophical arrangement—its clear definitions—its plentiful and apt pictorial illustrations, and its constant reference of principles to practical uses and objects, make the whole study at once intelligible and highly attractive. A high moral purpose, and a perpetual sense of the exquisite beauty and skill of the Creator's workmanship, are also novel and most useful characteristics. Colored plates and numerous wood-cuts are interspersed to illustrate the topics treated on.



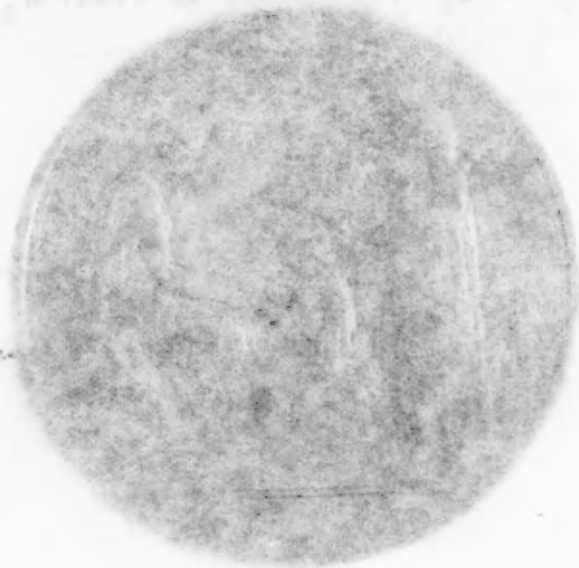
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FALL OF HUNGARY.

WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL



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FALL OF HUNGARY.

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Awarded to Silas C. Herring.



NEW YORK.

FOR THE BEST

FIRE PROOF SAFE.

A Night in June.

MUSIC BY G. H. RODWELL.

ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.

1. I've heard the for - est birds by day
2. I've heard the sounds of dis - tant bells

pp

The first system of the musical score for 'A Night in June'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE GRAZIOSO'. Below the vocal line are two piano accompaniment staves, also in B-flat major and 2/4 time. The piano part begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The lyrics for two verses are provided below the vocal line.

Sing to the golden, gold - en noon, And wa - ken on the startled trees The
Come on the sparkling, sparkling stream, Like voi - ces of the friends I love, Or

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics continue across two lines.

sleep - ing buds of June. I've heard the sun - lit wa - ters greet Their
mu - sic of a dream. I've heard a harp up - on the tree Sigh

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The lyrics end with 'Sigh'.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "borders with a play - ful kiss, But O, to me more purely sweet The mu - sic to the zeph - yr's kiss, But O, &c." The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. A *pp* (pianissimo) marking is present in the piano part.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "still - ness of a night like this, But O, to me more purely sweet The". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "stillness of a night like this, But O, to me more pure - ly sweet The". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "stillness of a night like this, The stillness of a night like this." The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. An *Ad lib.* (Ad libitum) marking is placed above the final vocal note. A *pp* (pianissimo) marking is present in the piano part.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUBLIME.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A FEW years ago, the captain of a whale ship was on a cruise in the Pacific Ocean. There were three boats attached to the ship. Early one morning a whale appeared. Two boats were sent to capture it. They fastened to the whale and were soon drawn, by this monster of the deep, out of sight of the ship. An hour or two passed along, when suddenly another whale rose in the water, but a few rods from the vessel. The temptation to attempt its capture, was too strong to be resisted. The captain ordered the only remaining boat to be lowered; and leaving but one man and two boys to take care of the ship, sprang into the boat with the rest of the crew. Soon the harpoon was plunged into the whale, and they were carried, with almost the speed of the wind, about fifteen miles from the ship. Then the whale plunged perpendicularly down into the depths of the ocean. Soon they saw him fathoms deep in the crystal waters, rushing up with open jaws to destroy the boat. By skillfully sheering the boat, the whale missed his aim, and thrusting his mammoth head some fifteen or twenty feet into the air, he fell over upon his side, and again disappeared in the fathomless sea. Soon he reappeared in the almost transparent abyss, again rushing upward to attack the boat. Again he was foiled. The third time he descended, and as he arose with invigorated fury, he struck the boat in the centre of the keel, threw it some fifteen feet into the air, and scattering the crew and fragments of the boat over the waves, again plunged into the deep and disappeared. The captain and the crew were now in the water, clinging to the pieces of the demolished boat. They were fifteen miles from the ship, and could not be seen from its deck. The other boats were gone they knew not where. Apparently every chance of rescue was cut off, and nothing awaited them but a watery grave. It was twelve o'clock at noon. The hours of one, two, three, four, five and six passed slowly away, and still they were floating almost exhausted upon the heaving billows of the Pacific. When the ship rose on the swelling seas, they could just catch a glimpse of her rolling spars.

"Oh how fervently I prayed," said one of these mariners, in afterwords relating to the writer the scene, "that God would in some way providentially interpose and save our lives! I thought of my wife, of my little children, of my prayerless life, of the awful account I had to render at the bar of God for grieving the Spirit and neglecting the Saviour. All the horrors of this dreadful death were forgotten in the thought, that in one short hour I was to render up an account to God for years of ingratitude and disobedience. Oh, thought I, if I were only a Christian, what a solace would it be to me as I sink into this watery grave."

The sun had now disappeared behind the distant waves, and the darkening shades of a dreary night were settling down over the ocean. Just then they descried, dim in the dusky distance, one of the absent boats returning to the ship. It was, however, far off, apparently beyond the reach of their loudest outcries. Impelled by the energies of despair, they simultaneously raised a shout, which blended with the wash of the waves and the sighing of the breeze, and the boat continued on its way. Again they raised another shout. And it was also unavailing. The shades of night were deepening; the boat rapidly passing by them. Almost phtrenzied at their terrible condition, they raised another cry. The sound of that distant shriek fell faintly upon the ears of the boatmen, and they rested on their oars. Another shout which almost lacerated their throats was raised, and the boat turned in pursuit. They were taken from the water, and carried almost lifeless to the ship.

Such are the dangers which are continually incurred in the whale fishery. They are almost equal to the dangers of the field of battle. We often wonder that so many escape with their lives from the battle-field. And we equally wonder that comparatively so few perish in this most hazardous pursuit. A boat almost as frail as a bubble approaches the side of a whale, slumbering upon the ocean, sixty or eighty feet in length, and a harpoon is plunged into his body. His efforts to destroy his tormentors or escape from them

are terrific. The ocean is lashed into foam by blows from his enormous flukes, which would almost dash in the ribs of a man-of-war. Often he rushes at the boat with lightning speed and with open jaws, and it is crushed like an egg-shell in his mouth. In this frightful warfare many are maimed, and many lives are annually lost. But many whales are worth between two and three thousands dollars. And this is indeed majestic game to hunt. But he who earns his bread through the perils and the hardships of this pursuit, has truly a hard lot in life. He is but a transient visitor at his home. Amid the solitude

of the ocean he passes the greater portion of his days. And if he survives the perils of his adventurous pursuit, the storms of the ocean and the pestilence of different climes, he usually finds that the friends of his youth are all gone, and that he is almost a stranger even at his own fire-side. And yet this mode of life has its privileges and its joys. And in the midst of the influences which surround the whale ship, many form the most noble characters of heroism and generosity, and find life's great end fully answered, in their preparation for that better world where the weary shall rest forever.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

The tempest beat upon an old man's head—
Wind, hail, and rain, and showers of driving sleet,
Commingled, pour'd their fury on him. Still
His form bow'd not, nor shrank; but, with his eye
Bent on the gloom beyond, he journey'd on,
And, with the faith and courage in his heart
Close-casketed, he overcame the tempest,
As, with his pebble, David slew Goliath.

And one was with him, who,
Amid the gusty darkness of the storm,
Shone like a star upon the brow of night.
And, as they went, these two—he worn by care,
And she radiant with buoyant youth—they look'd
Like Spring and Winter walking hand in hand.
He rested sometimes on her arm, and then
She would look up, and bless him with a smile;
But, whether battling with the hurricane,
Or resting from its violence a space, her finger,
Like a lily, pointed heavenward.
And it would chance, as they were wandering,
That sweet young sunbeams, radiant with haste,
Rush'd past the blacken'd skirts of flying storms,
And bounded o'er the darken'd arch above,
Rimming the pitchy vault with glowing light,
Like night's grim portrait gilt and framed by day.
Masses of sunshine fell upon the earth,
Like angels' plumage scatter'd from on high;
And forth from the surrounding gloom there came
Bright shapes and forms innumerable, and caught
The glory on their wings, and flung it off
Again upon the flowers, that lifted up
Their fragrant heads, and smiled—smiled in their
tears,

Half buried in the leaves, like those sweet babes
The "Children of the Wood;" and singing birds
Fill'd the bright air with songs; and, high above,
The sunbeams intertwined threads of gold
Amidst the sable curtains of the storm,
And, like the heavenly finger on the wall,
Wrote mystic characters upon the clouds.

And she

The maiden who had wrought the miracle,

Look'd on the scene, and smiled; and, turning
round,
Her full orbs fell upon the old man's face,
And watch'd the thrillings of his heart that play'd
Upon his wayworn countenance, like moonbeams
On a mirror. As she look'd, she sigh'd.

Straightway,
From their unseen retreats, tempest and storm
And hurricane rush'd forth, darkening the disk
Of day, and blotting glory from the clouds.
Whirlwinds swept by, and spreading out their wings,
Form'd a black canopy, that hid the light,
And hemm'd the darkness in; and all the sounds
Of jubilation were hush'd: the birds were dumb,
And the young flowers—the sweet young flowers—
were dead.

Then, saddening with the sight, the old man bow'd
His head and wept. The maiden, lifting up
Her eyes towards heaven, knelt, like a saint, beside
him,

And, drawing forth a crystal vase, she caught
The tear-drops as they fell. Then, with a touch
Soft as the ruffling of a downy wing,
She laid her hand upon his arm, and said,
"Behold!" and lo! the vase was fill'd with pearls,
Sparkling and beaming in the gloom around
With light supernal. "These bright gems," she said
"Shall star thy crown in glory.

Sorrow binds on the brow of man a wreath
Of cypresses, that darken on his sight;
But one soft breath from the celestial shore,
And every leaflet in the dusky wreath
Trembles with lustre; and a crown of gold
Rests on his glorious brow, set round with gems,
And brilliants, and flashing lustres."

The old man lifted up his head, and lo!
The sun appear'd once more, scattering the gloom,
And flinging off the darkness, like a king
His robe of sables—stepping down cloud-cliffs,
A halo round his head, like Moses fresh
From Sinai.

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY RUTH W — .

"SUSAN, how is little Walter this morning?" asked Mrs. Malcolm of the nurse as she opened the door to her.

"Oh, he is very low, ma'am, and seems to be failing fast."

"Has the doctor given him up, Susan?"

"I think he has, ma'am, though I heard him say to Mrs. Vincent, as he went out, 'While there is life, my dear madam, there is hope.'"

"Poor Helen!" sighed Mrs. Malcolm as she ascended the stairs to the room where the sick child was lying. Opening the door so gently as not to disturb the inmates of the room, Mrs. Malcolm quietly entered.

On a low crib lay a beautiful boy of about three or four years of age; his rich brown ringlets were thrown back from his high white forehead, the flush of fever had faded from his cheek and lip, and he looked like a beautiful piece of marble. Kneeling by his low bed with her face buried in her clasped hands, was his young and beautiful mother. She was a widow in her youth, and he her only son. Day by day, and night after night, she had watched by his bedside with that agitation which is only produced by the alternation of hope and fear; and now she leaned over him with that indescribable heart-sickness which only those can understand who have watched by the bedside of loved ones when fear is taking the place of hope, when disease is triumphing over skill, and death seems just at hand.

The low moaning sound which Mrs. Malcolm heard as she entered the room, did not proceed as she at first supposed from the lips of the sick boy, but from those of his heart-broken mother. Kneeling beside her and throwing her arm around her, a movement apparently unnoticed by the agonized mother, Mrs. Malcolm also bent her head in supplication. Little Walter's mother was praying in low murmuring tones, interrupted by groans which came from the very depths of her burdened heart, and her prayer was for the life of her child.

"Oh God, spare my darling! Father in Heaven, take not this dear one from me! Oh God,

spare the life of my child!" This was the burden of her prayer.

"If it be His will, Helen; dear Helen, say if it be His will!" whispered Mrs. Malcolm.

"No, Catharine, no; I cannot say the words. It may be His will to take my darling boy from me, and how can I part with him?"

"Helen, He *'gave,'* and shall He not *'take away'* too, when it seemeth best to Him?"

"Oh, Catharine, you will drive me crazy! Pray for me, dear sister! you are accustomed to pray; God will hear you; ask him for the life of my boy. See Catharine, how he sleeps; the doctor says this may be the crisis. Oh, let us lose no time; pray with me, dearest sister, for his life!"

"I can say nothing, dear Helen, but what I said when my own dear ones, one after the other, were stretched on the bed of sickness, 'Thy will, oh, God, be done!'"

"I cannot understand it, Catharine!" and again the mother's head was bent, and again was heard the low murmuring prayer, "For his life! for his life!"

I have said that little Walter was the only son of his mother; but there was one other child, a little girl, perhaps two years older than the sick boy, who had been sitting all this time quiet and unnoticed in one corner of the room, hardly daring to breathe lest she should disturb her sick brother. All remained silent for about half an hour, with the exception of the low murmured prayer of the mother; Mrs. Malcolm was praying too, but her prayer was that her sister-in-law might be resigned to the will of the Lord.

At the end of this time, a soft little arm was thrown gently around Mrs. Vincent's neck, and a little voice whispered in her ear: "See, dear mamma, Walter's eyes are open now, and I think he knows me." Mrs. Vincent sprang from her knees and looked upon her boy. It was indeed as little Agnes had said; the light of intelligence had returned to the sick boy's eye, and as he looked from his mother to Agnes, a smile of recognition passed over his beautiful face.

"Walter, darling, do you know your mother?"

He looked in her face, and attempted to raise his arm to put it around his mother's neck, but he was too feeble. The sudden transition from grief to joy was too much for the worn-out frame of the young mother, and murmuring, "Catharine, Catharine, the Lord has heard my prayer!" she fell in her sister's arms and fainted.

"God grant, dear Helen," said Mrs. Malcolm, kissing her pale forehead, "that you may never have cause to mourn that you were not willing to leave the matter entirely in his hands, for oh, 'it is better to trust in the Lord at all times.'"

The beautiful boy from this time slowly recovered; and as his mother rarely left his side, and the darkened sick room was but a dull place for a child like Agnes, Mrs. Malcolm asked and easily obtained permission to take her home with her to Burnside.

Little Agnes delighted in the companionship of her aunt, who lost no opportunity of instilling religious principles into the mind of her lovely niece; and during the visits she received from her much good seed was sown in the heart of the little girl, the fruit of which was precious in the time of need. She was also very fond of her cousin Clarence, who was but a year or two older than herself; and the days passed by Agnes in the quiet little home of her aunt Malcolm, were the bright spots in the days of her childhood; for Agnes was more dearly loved by her aunt than by her mother, whose whole soul and being centred in her only and darling son.

Mrs. Malcolm was the widow of a country clergyman. Near her far-off former home in the quiet graveyard of the lovely village of Springdale, where her husband had been the useful and beloved minister, were six graves side by side, and five of them were very short ones; here reposed the little ones who had begun to bloom around her, and some of whom had learned to lisp the name of "mother;" but she had watched each little bud as it drooped and faded and fell from the stem, and had resigned one after the other, saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

But when the sharpest arrow in the quiver of the destroyer was aimed at her earthly blessings, when her husband who had helped to sustain her in her sore bereavements, was smitten down at her side, faith for a moment faltered: "My affliction is more than I can bear," was the language of her breaking heart. But when the question came in a gentle whisper to her wounded spirit, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth

do right?" then came the ready response, "Aye, though he *slay* me I will trust in him."

But other trials came; though no hint of the kind had been given to her, Mrs. Malcolm knew well that she must leave the parsonage; and though kind hands and pressing invitations were by all extended to the widow of their much loved pastor, she felt that Springdale was no longer a home for her. In a village far away was a pretty cottage which had been left her by her father, and thither she determined to go; and, with a sad and heavy heart, she began to make preparations for her departure.

Many were the tears that fell as the kind-hearted villagers crowded around her to give the "good-bye" and "God bless you" to their pastor's widow. But the hardest part of her trial was yet to come. Towards evening of her last day at Springdale, taking little Clarence by the hand, she took her way towards the little burying ground on the hill side; and as they slowly walked along, many a kind-hearted woman drew hastily back from the door or window, and putting her apron to her eyes, exclaimed, "Poor soul! she is going to pay her last visit to 'the graves.'"

She came with her only remaining child to a land of strangers, but had hardly established herself there when her boy was prostrated by fever, and for days he lay hovering between life and death. And now that this only remaining earthly prop seemed sinking from beneath her, she had not forgotten where to go for support in the hour of bitter trial; but she clung with a firmer hold to the arm of Him who hath said to those who trust Him, "When thou goest through the waters I will be with thee," and the God of the widow sustained her. As she leaned over her suffering boy, and parted the thick chestnut curls from his fevered brow, she said, "Yes, my darling, even with thee I can part at the bidding of my heavenly Master. He who has kept me through six troubles will not desert me in the seventh; and even though thou art called to join the loved ones who have gone before, this earth will not be all darkness and desolation; and 'all my appointed years will I wait till my change come,' and endeavor to accomplish whatever my Master has for me to do."

Contrary to all human expectation, the boy recovered, and the mother received him back, almost as those mothers of old received back "their dead raised to life again," and renewed the vows she had so often made, that "she would train up this child for the service of God." A few weeks after the recovery of little Clar-

ence, a letter was brought to Mrs. Malcolm evidently written in great haste and agitation; it was dated "The Elms," and ran thus:

"Come to me, my dear Catharine; come quick. My boy, my Walter is *very, very* ill. I cannot write what I fear. It is the same fever that Clarence had; so let not that keep you from me. My trust in man is failing. *You can* pray, dear Catharine; come and pray for your

"Distressed sister,

"HELEN VINCENT."

"Poor Helen always sends for me when she is in trouble," sighed Mrs. Malcolm, as she folded up the letter; "but this call must not be neglected for a moment. God grant that this affliction, however it may end, may lead her to the true source of consolation."

In less than an hour from the time of receiving the letter, Mrs. Malcolm was on her way to "the Elms." It was on her arrival there that the scene occurred which we have described at the beginning of our tale.

As I have said, little Walter slowly recovered, and in the course of a few months he was as healthy and robust as ever; but though naturally open hearted and affectionate, still he was a boy of fierce passions and headstrong temper, and needed, more than any child I ever knew, a strong and judicious hand to guide him. But, being left to the sole care of a weak and foolishly indulgent mother, he grew up with his strong passions all uncurbed, and by the time he was ten years old, he was as passionate and tyrannical a little fellow as ever existed.

It was perhaps fortunate for Agnes that her mother did not care enough for her to indulge her, and was too indolent to interfere with her in any way. She went and came as she chose, and it is not to be wondered at if she spent much of her time with her dear aunt Malcolm, who took a deep interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of her lovely niece. With her aunt, Agnes read, and worked, and studied, and to her moulding hand she owed it, that her naturally lovely character ripened into one of such full perfection.

Oh Agnes! lovely friend of my childhood! never, so long as memory lasts, shall I cease to retain a vivid recollection of thy surpassing loveliness; thy light, graceful figure; thy calm, gentle, earnest eyes; thy soft chestnut hair; the warm sunshine of thy cheerfulness, never exuberant, not often gay; thy charming composure of manner, easy, artless, and elegant; thy self-sacrificing devotion to others, and above all, thy unwavering trust in Heaven. Sweet Agnes! thou

should'st have had a happier lot than was that of thy early days. So says, in its weakness, my foolish heart. But did not thine early trials help to prepare thy spirit for the home to which it fled ere the bloom of youth had faded from thy cheek?

Walter grew up remarkably handsome, highly gifted in mind and taste; extravagantly fond of music, and with such a rich, delightful voice, its tones still linger in my memory! Oh, with his beauty, and his accomplishments, and his ungoverned will, the training of that youth needed more than human wisdom. How proud Agnes was of him! and how he idolized his lovely sister! Still, even in his younger days his conduct caused many a pang to strike to her gentle heart, and she dreaded the time when he should go forth into the world and mingle with other young men. Her fears were never well defined even to her own heart, but still Agnes *did* fear for her young brother.

Time passed on, and it became necessary that Walter should leave home for college. This was a sad event to Agnes on many accounts. She had felt comparatively safe about her wild, reckless, handsome brother while he remained quietly with them at home, but her heart was filled with many anxious forebodings when she thought of the trials and temptations through which he must pass in his college life, and for which he was so unarmed and unprepared. But Agnes found it necessary to give all her care and thought to soothing the frantic grief of her mother, who was inconsolable at the idea of this long separation from her only and darling son. Her tears and lamentations were continued for many days and nights, while Agnes patiently watched, and tended, and soothed her, and tried to lead her mother to look to the only true Source of consolation in all the trials and troubles of life.

In the new scene to which Walter was introduced, his sparkling wit, and his delightful music, and the fascination of his manner, drew around him a circle of admiring friends who were ever ready to applaud the jest, and who could not but admire the music. And there was no serenading party complete without Walter's guitar, and no ball or evening party without the presence of this agreeable and fascinating stranger; and then came the late suppers and the wine cup, and then, alas! the gaming table! and, in short, before Walter Vincent had been two years in college, he was far advanced in the highway to ruin.

Nothing of all this was known by the friends

at home; but still when Walter visited them during his vacations, the anxious eye of his sister saw that there was something wrong; Walter was different from what he used to be. She did not dare to question him, for she knew well his fiery temper, which would not brook what he termed interference even from her. She dared not awaken her mother's suspicions, for by her injudicious questions she would be likely to do more harm than good; she must keep her anxiety to her own heart, and ask counsel alone of her Father in heaven.

It was during Walter's third year at college that his mother was taken seriously ill, and by her own folly and obstinacy in scorning the advice of physicians, she grew rapidly worse, and it became necessary to write to Walter to come home. Mrs. Malcolm was already with them, but Clarence was far away with a clergyman with whom he was preparing for the ministry. Agnes wrote to her brother, and then watched alternately by her mother's bedside and for Walter's arrival. The time passed when Walter should have come, and he came not, neither did she hear from him; and her heart was oppressed with anxiety and care. One day as she sat wondering what could detain her brother, she heard the sound of wheels on the gravel, and soon after steps in the hall. Feeling assured that her brother had arrived, she was hastening down stairs to meet him when she suddenly paused upon the landing, at the sight of two strange men. Presently old Simon the servant came up and said to her, "They are inquiring if Mr. Walter is here, Miss Agnes; and when I told them he had not been at home since the last vacation, they looked at one another as if they did not believe a word I said, and then they asked to see some of the family."

"This is strange," said Agnes; and going back to her mother's room, she called to her aunt Malcolm and begged her to go down and speak to the men, while she took her place by her mother's bedside, and waited anxiously for her aunt's return.

She soon heard her step as she came up the stairs, but to her surprise her aunt did not come to seek her, but turned off to her own room. After waiting a few moments, Agnes could bear the suspense no longer, but went to her aunt's room to find her. Opening the door gently, she saw Mrs. Malcolm upon her knees, and when she looked up, she disclosed to Agnes a face of such ashy paleness that she was ready to sink with terror.

"Oh my dear aunt! tell me—what is it?"

"Agnes, darling, I am praying for strength to tell you. Ask God to give you strength to hear."

After a moment's silence Agnes said, with forced calmness, "I am ready to hear it, dear aunt. What is it about my brother?"

Mrs. Malcolm then told her that at a convivial party of the students at ——— College, after the young men had become much excited with wine, a quarrel had arisen during which a death-blow had been struck. It was supposed that Walter's hand struck the blow; though the senses of all the actors in the scene were so confused that no one could tell certainly by whose hand the young man fell. But Walter had disappeared, and the men below had been sent to apprehend him; and though Mrs. Malcolm had assured them that he had not been at home, they declared it to be their duty to search the house and grounds.

"I suppose we must submit to it, dear Agnes," said Mrs. Malcolm, "and they are in haste to begin their search."

"They *must* not go into my mother's room," said Agnes, ever, in her own deep trouble, thinking first of others. "We *must* keep them from her room; it would kill her."

"We will see, dear, what can be done," said Mrs. Malcolm.

The search was made from garret to cellar, in every room and closet, except that of the sick lady, which, after some consultation, the officers consented to leave unmolested upon the word of honor of Agnes and her aunt, that Walter was not there. They then proceeded to the out-buildings, the grove—every place where a human being could lurk was carefully examined; but the search was unsuccessful, and apologizing for the needless trouble they had given them, the officers drove out of the grounds.

Wearily passed the hours to Agnes and her aunt in consulting the changing humors, and listening to the querulous complainings of the invalid, while a trouble so much sorer was hanging over them. Oh, who can describe the complicated agony of those slowly passing hours to the deeply loving heart of Agnes; the certainty that something dreadful had occurred, and the terrible suspense in regard to the fate of her wandering and hunted brother.

Night came—a brilliant moonlight night. It was late when Agnes left her mother's room, in which, for that night, her aunt had persuaded her to allow her to take the place of watcher. Agnes retired to her room, but she could not sleep; she was too restless and excited even to lie down. Extinguishing her candle, she raised

the window and looked out upon the moonlit scene, and thought of Walter.

After a few moments she became conscious of something moving in the shadow of the grove which was before the house. Now she saw it plainly moving; now it was in the bright moonlight for a moment, the figure of a man looking up to her window.

"Yes, yes, it is my brother!" said Agnes, and throwing a shawl around her, she descended the stairs, quietly opened the front door, and in another moment she was clasped in her brother's arms.

"Sit down by me here, my dearest sister," said Walter sadly; "I have come to bid you a long good-bye."

"Where are you going, dear Walter?"

"I am going on a long journey, Agnes; where it will bring me to, you must not ask," and he shuddered as he spoke.

"Walter, you speak strangely. What do you mean?"

"No matter now, Agnes; you will know soon. How is my poor mother?"

"Mother is very ill, dear Walter. Oh, how she has longed to see you! But come in, dearest brother; you shiver though the night is so mild."

"No, Agnes, no; it had better not be *there*."

"They will not come again so soon, dear brother. You may at least have one quiet night under your mother's roof."

"They have been hunting for me here, have they? That is as I expected. Well, Agnes, I will do as you say; I will go to my own room."

"Tell me this, my brother," said Agnes, as they walked along, he with his arm around her, "and oh, for the sake of heaven tell me truly, has this hand sent a fellow being to eternity?"

"I know no more than you do, Agnes. There was an affray; all was wild confusion; a blow was struck, and some one fell; and I was told that I was a murderer. It may be so or not, but there are other things almost as bad. Ask me no more questions, my sister; I must escape from these torturing thoughts. I want to sleep—to sleep!"

He spoke so strangely that Agnes turned, and, by the bright light of the moon, she saw his face, and it was so ghastly, and the expression was one of such unmitigated despair, that she turned and threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed,

"Oh Walter, have you no thought of God?"

"Hush Agnes, don't speak that name to me!"

"But, Walter, my brother, promise me that you will pray this night before you go to bed."

"You may pray for me, sweet sister," said Walter sadly, as he stooped and kissed her forehead.

They entered the house and passed up the stairs. "Will you not come in and look at mother, Walter, or will you wait till to-morrow? She is asleep now." Again as Agnes said "to-morrow," the ghastly expression came over Walter's face.

"I will see her now," said he, and he quietly entered his mother's room. He gazed upon her for a few moments, then stooped and kissed her cheek, and hastily left the room. Agnes walked with him to the door of his own room, to say good-night. He held her in his arms, kissed her again and again; and after she had left him he called her back, kissed her once more, and said "Good-bye, sweet sister."

After Agnes entered her own room, she sat down and thought over her interview with her brother, and his manner and words seemed more and more strange to her. A wild fear seized her heart; she rose and went to the door of her brother's room; he was pacing with quick strides up and down the room. "Walter!" she called. "What, love?" he answered very gently. "Do you want anything, Walter?" "No, dear, nothing." "Why do you not go to sleep?" "I am going to sleep now, Agnes; good-night, sweet sister." Again she returned to her own room, and seated herself with her Bible in her hand to try and calm her troubled spirit. Then she thought she heard her brother call, and again she rose and went to his room. All was still. She called his name; there was no answer. She tried the door; it was fastened. "Poor Walter!" she said, "he is so tired; he sleeps soundly."

Yes, *soundly* already!

Agnes returned to her own room, and threw herself on the bed, and being thoroughly exhausted by many nights of watching, and by the anxiety of the day, she was soon asleep. It was late when she woke. She dressed herself hastily, and went to her brother's door. Walter must be up now, she thought, for some one was moving about in the room. She called his name; all was still. "Walter, Walter," said she, "why do you not answer me? I am waiting for you."

"Oh, do go away, Miss Agnes," said the voice of Simon in agonized tones from the room; "oh, do go away; you must not come here now!"

"What is the matter, Simon? tell me!" said Agnes.

"Oh, Miss Agnes, I cannot! Do go away!"

Again the deadly fear seized the heart of

Agnes. There was an upper piazza which extended along the side of the house, upon which Walter's window opened, and also the windows of another room. Springing from one of these upon the piazza, she ran to the window of her brother's room.

Oh horror! oh horror; *they had just cut him down!* and Agnes fell headlong into the room without sense or motion.

Over the agony and wretchedness of the scenes which followed we will draw a veil. It is strange how much the human heart can bear and yet beat on; it is strange how much the human mind can endure and not become a wreck. Agnes lived and retained her reason even through *this!*

The fact of Walter's death could not be concealed from his mother, who continually questioned those around her about her son; but the most agonizing circumstances attending it were not revealed to her. She did not even know that he died by his own hand. But she did not survive him many days; and the indulgent mother and the victim of her indulgence lie side by side in a quiet spot near "the Elms."

To escape being called before an earthly tribunal, Walter Vincent rushed uncalled into the presence of the Judge of all the earth; and as

Mrs. Malcolm stood looking upon him, lying so placid and so calm, all traces of the passions which had agitated him having passed from his face, he looked so like the beautiful child who once lay on his low crib in that same room, to all appearance dying, that the whole scene rose vividly before her mind, and she exclaimed, "Oh Walter! would to God thou had'st died in thy pure and spotless infancy!"

The house at the Elms was closed, and Agnes went with her aunt to Burnside. In the course of two or three years Clarence Malcolm finished his studies and was immediately called to the church of Springdale, to which his father had so long ministered. But he did not go thither alone; he was accompanied by his lovely wife, who, I need hardly tell you, was our own dear Agnes, and by his mother, who was welcomed with tears of joy to the hearts of those who had loved her so warmly, and to whom the memory of her husband was so precious.

I have before intimated that Agnes died early. A little more than a year after her removal to Springdale, we saw her ready for the grave with her "baby on her breast." And the deeply afflicted ones who were left to mourn her, still bowed in submission to Him who "doeth all things well," and said, "Thy will be done."

"IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED."

BY MRS. K. P. CANNING.

When the balmy morning breeze
Softly stirs the budding trees,
And the genial sun of spring
Doth the living verdure bring;
When the gently falling showers
Wake to life the wildwood flowers;
When the robin and the wren
Tune their cheerful songs again,
And each living, breathing thing
Joyous hails returning Spring—
"In the morning sow thy seed,"
Waiting for the harvest's meed.

Gentle Spring shall yield her reign,
Summer's promise clothe the plain;
Warbling bird and busy bee
Hush their cheerful minstrelsy;
Ripening fruit succeed the flowers,
Nourished oft by genial showers;

Earth return her bounteous store,
When the summer days are o'er;
Autumn winds with chilling power,
Curl the leaf and fade the flower,
Hast thou sown in morning's prime,
Thou shalt reap in evening time.

Loving mother, on whose breast
Helpless infancy finds rest,
Canst thou read its hidden thought,
Nursed in silence, unforgot?
Every hour that passes by
Gives its lesson silently.
Time with noiseless wing flies on,
Steals its blossoms one by one;
Shall he win, or yield the strife,
"Weary of the march of life?"
Trust the promise—sow thy seed—
Strength awaits the hour of need.

LUTHER AND LOYOLA.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

To those who are inclined to undervalue the great truths of the gospel—who may feel that they are of little practical importance—who forget that man is to be sanctified through the truth, and that the truth alone can make man free, we would point the effect which the tenets embraced by two celebrated men produced upon their own characters and conduct, and through them upon the world.

Luther and Loyola were both educated in the faith of Rome; and during their early years, differed little from other members of her communion. Similar in faith, although different in pursuits, the one performed the duties and went through the ceremonies required by his order, chanted his psalms, or muttered his "aves"; while the other sought for fame in the field, and reward in the smile of beauty, or the homage of the crowd. And there came to both an hour of awakening. The one found no peace in the quiet of the cloister; the other no joy in the excitement of the field, or the splendor of the court. Conscience was awakened. They learned that they were sinners, and the monk and the warrior alike asked, What shall I do to be saved?

Luther found in his convent one copy of the word of God; and while it taught him more fully the darkness and depravity of his own nature, his own lost and sinful state, he learned too the full provision made in the gospel for a lost race, a rebellious world. He flung himself upon the merits of the great sacrifice, and found in the doctrine of justification by faith, the assurance and the consolation he needed. He tore away the rubbish which superstition and avarice had reared upon this rock, and the corner-stone of the Apostles became the corner-stone of the Reformation. The truths he embraced he proclaimed. The light he received, he held so high that it illuminated all the horizon around. Healed himself by the leaves of the tree of life, he gladly circulated and widely disseminated the word of God; while, himself a free man in Christ, he desired the freedom of all mankind.

Worn out by a sickness which had prostrated his body and weakened his mind, while it had

awakened and alarmed his conscience; exhausted by fasting, and worn down by watching, Loyola was comforted by a vision, and dedicating himself to the service of Rome, he sought by devotion, zeal and penance, to atone for past transgression, and to secure future and eternal glory. Uniting the zeal and devotedness of the knight to the craft and policy of the priest, he founded a new order, who proved the most efficient supporters of the tottering fabric of Papal superstition in Europe, while they carried the literal worship of the cross—we wish we could say the knowledge of Christ—to the other quarters of the earth. Rome has had many devoted sons, but none to whom she owes so much as to Ignatius Loyola. But is Christianity equally indebted to him? Did he teach her doctrines, or disseminate her life-giving principles? Did he embrace the atonement God has provided, and proclaim the terms of salvation as taught by our Lord and his apostles? Was his the faith which marks the enlightened disciple of Jesus Christ, or the seal to be found among the followers of Mohammed—the worshippers of Bramah? It has ever been characteristic of the true religion, that she has refused the costly offerings which are heaped upon the altars of the false. She has ever required a spiritual worship, a subjection of every thought and feeling of the heart to laws of holiness and love, and a conformity of the life to their requirements; and fallen man has still shrunk from this self-renunciation and self-abasement, and still striven to substitute a sensuous worship, a bodily service, in the place of the heart demanded. Every system of false religion may point to devotees who have made sacrifices which true religion has not required and will not accept, and the zeal and frenzy of the worshipper at the shrine of a false faith, is proportioned to his guilt, ignorance and superstition. Rome herself has no disciples so self-sacrificing as are the worshippers of Juggernaut at this hour.

The first act of transgression arose from a temptation addressed to the senses, and from the day of the fall, spiritual religion has maintained a constant conflict with a sensuous worship. The

great struggle has not been so much to preserve a religion in mankind, as to preserve a pure religion. Man is too constantly taught his helplessness, he feels too deeply his misery, to reject all religion; but he has forgotten God in multiplying unto himself other gods, and departed from the worship divinely instituted, first by adding, and then substituting his own rites and observances in the place of the worship required. Early did these conflicting principles develop—doubtless the offering of the first-born was rejected, because it was an offering not commanded; and lessons of deep meaning are conveyed to the church through all ages, by the tale of the fratricide—the history of the first martyr, the first persecutor.

Jehovah called a people from the land of their fathers and separated them from all the nations of the earth, to preserve the knowledge of the true God and to perpetuate a spiritual worship; yet it was only by the constant interposition of divine power, of miracles, of judgments and mercies, that the one temple erected to the true God upon the face of this world which He had so lately created, so lately pronounced good, was preserved from desertion or profanation. The deep spiritual meaning conveyed by the ritual of the Israelites—the strict requirements of the holy law, read aloud in the ears of the people—were as distasteful under the ancient dispensation, as are the holy precepts and self-denying demands of the gospel at this day; and splendid as was the Jewish ceremonial, it was yet unattractive compared to the ensnaring charms of the heathen worship. Like the Papal, the heathen worship offered all that could charm the imagination or delight the senses, while the deep convictions of conscience were soothed by costly offerings or stifled in human blood; and like the modern apostate, the Jew was still drawn from the temple where the true God was worshipped, to altars wreathed with flowers and stained with blood—to temples which echoed alternately with the shrieks of human sacrifices and the wild mirth of the devotees, where the father offered his first-born for the sin of his soul, and the mother dedicated her daughter to impurity, to secure the favor of some queen of heaven.

We might the more wonder at the infatuation of the ancient Israelite, did we not see the same effects produced by similar temptations in the present day. And yet, while Rome has borrowed much from heathenism, she has not yet been able to invest her shrines with all the embellishments and attractions of the more ancient worship. The heathen and the Papal worship alike

address themselves to the senses, but the heathen temples presented every attraction which could entrance the senses and the imagination. In their decay and desolation, they are the wonder and admiration of the world. To gaze upon a few columns—to trace foundations almost hidden by sand—to enter a vestibule choked by rubbish and marred by time, travelers have crossed deserts and braved the robber and the pestilence. What were they in their full proportion and perfection of architectural beauty, surrounded by groves and fountains, adorned with statuary, embellished by flowers, when the song and the dance echoed through these now silent porticoes and broken arches, and music swelled the notes of triumph, or melted the soul into voluptuousness; and while every unholy passion was excited and every appetite gratified, all remorse was soothed by fancied expiations for every sin.

As we retrace the steps by which Christianity returned to heathenism, we may learn those by which in the first ages man departed from God. Human nature still develops the same principles, and false religions of all creeds still combine the same elements. It is still the turning from a spiritual worship to a service of forms and outward observance—from the great atonement provided, to offerings and works of merit, and self-inflicted mortification and suffering. The cruelty of a religion of error and superstition ensures its perpetuity. It thus meets the sternest demand, the deepest want of human nature. In all ages, in all nations, the voice of conscience has been heard; and where she has not enlightened, she has yet condemned. She has roused the terrors of the heart, she has pointed to acts of past transgression, she has whispered of a coming retribution. Philosophers in Christian lands may talk of the native purity of the heart—of conscious innocence and rectitude. The heathen have been found self-condemned; and those systems which teach man that by his offerings he may atone for his transgressions, or by his voluntary sufferings expiate his guilt, or by his good deeds more than cancel his offences, at once quiet his conscience and gratify his pride. The process by which the soul of man is regenerated, and the image of God renewed in the heart, is at once painful and obscure.

Though it be the work of the triune God—though all heaven is represented as sympathizing, and all hell as opposing—it attracts and it seeks no notice from the world. It is an inward, spiritual conflict, and few outward signs may show the mighty struggle, the wonderful transformation progressing within. "The kingdom of hea-

ven cometh not with observation," and the influences which are fitting a child of sin and death for the glory and purity of heaven, are as little noted by the world around, as the changes by which the crawling worm is transformed into the golden and purple butterfly. And from this silent internal conflict the heart shrinks. It is hard to wage a constant war against our own corruptions, it is hard to resist the desires and inclinations of our own hearts. Easier is it literally to cut off a right hand or to pluck out a right eye, than to obey the spirit of the command, and crucify our sins and lusts. Easier to give our bodies to be burned, and our goods to feed the poor, than to maintain that constant principle of love and self-renunciation which the gospel requires. And substitute in the stead of this warfare a few extraordinary acts of penance, or a religion which teaches that heaven may be bought, or the rigid observance of even a cumbersome ceremonial, and the heart of the unrenewed man is not slow in making a choice.

The doctrine of the atonement—the promise of a Redeemer, was intimated even when the curse was pronounced. It was the great truth shadowed forth by the Mosaic ceremonial—more clearly apprehended, more distinctly taught by succeeding prophets, until the glory of the latter day dawned, the great sacrifice was consummated, and Christ crucified became the corner-stone of the spiritual building. Gradually did the Christian churches lose sight of the great truths of the gospel, as they adopted the rites and then returned to the principles of heathen worship; and though witnesses to the truth still remained, they were comparatively few, until Rome in her presumption exceeded even the guilt and madness of heathenism, by granting at once a dispensation to sin and an absolution from it.

He who has in her darkest hour so often interposed for his church, raised up fresh witnesses for the truth. Luther embraced and restored the great doctrine of justification by faith. He proclaimed it in trumpet tones. He unsealed the fountains, and streams gushed forth for the healing of nations. He did not at once perceive the full force of the truths he taught. He did not at

first see, that in reinstating Christ he was dethroning Rome. He dreamed, as others have dreamed—as many now dream, of a reformation within the pale of Rome—not of a separation from her.

But he was surely taught that she was Anti-christ; that in substituting penance for repentance, the outward act for the spiritual service, the form for the worship of the heart—by placing the key to heaven in the hand of the priest, by teaching that the favor of heaven could be purchased by offering, and sin expiated by suffering—in multiplying mediators she had banished Christ. She neither acknowledged him as her king, nor depended upon him as her redeemer, nor accepted him as her sanctifier, nor needed him as her mediator.

We have sometimes mourned that Loyola did not embrace the truth, that his mind had not been enlightened, and he so brought to the knowledge of Christ, that his mighty energies might have been sanctified and devoted to the advancement of the truth. We have thought what an impetus it would have given to the Reformation, had Luther and Loyola, names now always placed in opposition, united in reviving and spreading the great truths of revealed religion. And it is right to mourn over talents perverted, zeal unsanctified, energies misapplied. And the more devotedness, faithfulness, and moral excellence any of the disciples of Rome exhibit, the more must we regret that they are blinded by a false faith, and slaves to a blind superstition.

But to a deeper source than the influence of Rome—an age more remote than the age either of Luther or Loyola, may we trace this conflict between a true and a false religion, a worship of the spirit or of the senses. And it is well to learn lessons from the past; to remember that when we depart from the simplicity and purity of the gospel, we soon lose its spirit; and that multiplied forms hinder the piety which they may have been designed to promote. There is a point at which we turn our backs upon Christ, although we may have departed but one step from him, and the developments of this day prove that the great conflict is far from being ended.

THE BEREAVED MISSIONARY.

BY META LANDER.

IN the blue Mediterranean, off the coast of Asia Minor, lies the beautiful island of Rhodes, whose salubrious climate makes it a delightful resort for invalids. Here, many years ago, came Mrs. Sarah L. Smith to die. Hither, too, in the summer of 1850, came our beloved missionary, Mr. Hamlin, of Constantinople, with his family, in the cherished hope that the impaired health of Mrs. H. would be regained.

As they approached the island, the waves, in one direction, were dashing against the grey stones at the foot of the old towers and battlements,—and in another, were rolling and breaking upon the long sandy shore where they landed. Mr. Hamlin bore his feeble wife through the old street of the Knights, to the house which he had hired, and from which she was no more to go out till the day of her death. Here, for several weeks, he watched over her, hoping against hope, till it became evident that she was nearing her heavenly home.

Through many seasons of peculiar trial had he passed, and now on the evening of the fourteenth of November, he felt that the bitterest one of all was to come upon him.

It was a damp, chilly night, with occasional showers of rain, yet the windows were flung wide open, that the dear sufferer might breathe with less difficulty. But the affectionate wife, considerate for her husband's health, exclaimed, "Shut them,—shut them! You will take cold."

When he saw that she was near the close of her mortal life, Mr. H., said to her, "Can you not offer one petition more for your husband?" She gave me her hand. I knelt and kissed her forehead, saying, "Farewell, my dear Henrietta! may the Lord Jesus send his angels to guide you to himself." "Delightful thought," she replied, returning the farewell kiss; "but can we be sure that He always sends them, and to one so unworthy?" Then, probably feeling that her health was about to fail, she added, in a voice singularly sweet and distinct, "The Lord bless my husband; the Lord bless my children and my unworthy self!" More she would have said,

but the angel of Silence sealed her lips, and she slept in Jesus.

Peace left its sweet and heavenly impress upon her countenance, after the rejoicing spirit had departed. And there in the chamber of Death, with his five motherless daughters asleep in an adjoining room, all unconscious of their loss,—there, by the side of that lifeless form, he knelt down, and poured out his heart into the ears of a compassionate Saviour. He then closed those eyes, which would no more beam upon him, and smoothing her dark hair, he cut off a lock as a sad memorial of that hour.

What a waking for those desolate children! The sun rises in gloom, and soon passes into clouds. And now, the broad English flag is slowly raised at half mast, and mournfully spreads out its folds to the sighing breeze.

What emotions must fill the heart of that lonely mourner, as he stands at the window of that still chamber, and gazes upon that signal, uttering aloud his bereavement, and casting a deep shadow over the face of Nature!

Shall we follow him, as, according to her direction, he wraps a sheet around that cold form, and with his own arms places her in her coffin? The rough Greek bearers screw down the lid, but at his direction they raise it again, and weep in sympathy as they look on him gazing for the last time upon the face of his loved one. Then they "went and buried her in the sands of Rhodes."

At the grave of their mother, his dear children fell upon his neck, exclaiming in the bitterness of their grief, "We have nobody to love, and nobody to love us now but you."

THE LAMENT.

BREATHE a farewell to thy heart's cherished idol!

Press on her forehead the seal of thy love!

Clasp in thine own the cold hand she extendeth,—

Angels are waiting to bear her above.

Wo for thee, mourner! The cup thou art draining—

Wo for its dregs that thy pale lips have quaffed!

Weep, oh, my brother! unchannel thy sorrow!
Life bringeth never a bitterer draught.

Look on her now in the death-sleep reposing!—
Close thou forever those love-beaming eyes!
Smooth her dark tresses,—oh, tenderly, softly,—
Culling one lock as thy heart's treasured prize.

Lovely in death! How serenely she sleepeth!
Holy the smile is that beams on her brow,
Sealed there by Peace, that dear angel celestial,
On whose placid bosom she slumbereth now.

Wave at half-mast, oh, thou mournful death
symbol!

Fling thy broad folds to the sorrowing breeze!
Utter aloud that lone mourner's bereavements!
Tell his sad tale to the tall, cypress trees!

Place her, oh, gently, within her lone coffin!
Look yet again ere the dark grave enfold!

Rough-moulded Greeks in strange sorrow are
weeping,
Gazing on anguish unfathomed, untold.

Bear her loved form to its place of sepulture!
Heap the light sands on her cold, silent breast!
On the sea-breaking shore reposes she sweetly;—
Worn and way-weary,—there let her rest.

Wo for thee now in thy desolate dwelling!
Wo for thy yearnings, so hopeless and vain!
Wo for thy clinging, thy motherless children!
Fast fall their tears and bedew thee like rain.

Dearest Redeemer! oh, pity their sorrow!
Where but to thee can these weeping ones go?
Bear on thy bosom the soul-stricken father,
As o'er him are breaking the billows of wo.

Leave her alone on the fair, rocky islet!
There dasheth ever the white-crested surge!
Balmy the air is, and warm the sweet sunshine—
Ocean-waves chanting her low mournful dirges.

IMMORTALITY.

BY HORACE DRESSER, L.L.D.

WHENCE our knowledge that there is a God taking cognizance of all our doings, and witnessing everywhere the secret things of our hearts? How know we that he will hear our prayer, however humble our petition, and however repentant we may be for our manifold sins? Whence our knowledge of the divine origin of the Sabbath day, and the mighty and eternal obligation resting on man, to keep it holy unto the Lord of heaven and earth? Where learned we from whence we came and whither we are going? By what means have we the assurance that *if a man die he shall live again*?

This our knowledge, and this our consolatory assurance, comes not of man's wisdom, nor of the energizing of his mind: he never gathered it from the garner of heaven above, nor from the treasures of earth beneath—he never drew it from the magnificent garniture of the sky, nor from the variegated furniture of the landscape. Restless and tumultuous in his passions, he never was impelled by the mere force of reason and contemplation, to suspend his labors and lift

his thoughts upward and onward into a certain and eternal state of being, anticipating an ever-during blessedness in the presence of God—no, never! *notwithstanding the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.* While illumined only by the flickering lamp of his own wisdom, he never recognized a Deity of perfect purity and invested with the awful attributes of omniscience and omnipresence, omnipotence and eternity; but *changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things.*

Averse to holiness, and vain in his imagination, with a heart darkened, man never felt the burthen of that law, *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.* He never learned from the lectures of philosopher his true origin; nor from the lips of astrologer his final destination. He never was assured by the dazzling sun, nor the pale moon, nor the twinkling stars, nor yet

by the fruitful earth, nor the teeming air, nor the tossing ocean, that when the breath of his nostrils should cease its offices, there should afterwards be a resurrection unto life, clothed with vigor and immortality. If man's wisdom and the book of nature never revealed to him these things, from what source then has he derived them? We anticipate the answer, and seem to hear it said—

Only from the BIBLE—book most blessed—
book most precious—book above all price—

—“Heaven's last, best gift to man.”

But this book—the Bible. And what does the follower of Jesus think of it? Without it, what can he do on the tempestuous sea of life, when the waves of trouble are running mountain high, and its tumultuous billows are threatening to overwhelm him? It is both chart and binnacle which tell him of the rocks and quicksands beneath the flood, and of the bearings of that haven where are his hopes, where will be his joys and pleasures, and where there shall remain a rest undisturbed for evermore—that haven where no storm ever broke its tranquility, whose sky is ever serene and unclouded, and upon whose shores is the New Jerusalem, whose *Temple is the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb*.

And the sage infidel—what can he do without this same book, the Bible? Will learning alone lead him to a knowledge of the truths of Revelation? If so, then Paul would not have seen an altar with the inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD, in the learned and far-famed city of Athens where were assembled the philosophers of Greece.

And yet,—I seem to see Socrates, the wisest and best of all the heathen worthies, with the sentence of death upon him and the fatal hemlock before him, in readiness to depart hence: I seem to hear him discoursing with his friends, but no mention is made of the cheering hope of the resurrection and of happiness beyond the grave, and only an unconfirmed belief of the soul's immortality lights up in twilight dimness his soul in its departure. I seem to hear Cicero discoursing of old age and advancing doctrines which tell how his mind struggles to overcome the uncertainties which wrap the future in darkness, impenetrable only by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

If such men, accomplished as they were in the philosophy and learning of their times, were thus ignorant of what should be their destiny beyond the tomb, how deep and dark and cheerless the gloom that must take hold upon the hopes and expectations of the great mass of the

heathen world! Oh, how deep should be the feeling, how ardent the desires, how great and determined the efforts of the Christian for the bestowment of that book, whose doctrines and precepts and principles can be understood not only by the learned but by the unlearned—that volume, whose pages reveal how the embrace of death shall be unlocked, and the sealed doors of the sepulchre unbarred. How wide the difference in their assurances between the most unlearned Christians and the profound Socrates and Cicero! Go to the death-bed of the former, and hear them calmly bidding adieu to the world and its scenes; give them the hand of your friendship and feel the feeble pressure of theirs, now becoming motionless; and finally mark their expiring language—

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And whence come these assurances? Where learned they these things? In whose school are they taught? And where may we find the text-book from whence are derived such hopes and assurances as to disarm death of its sting, and strip the grave of its laurels of victory? Shall we hesitate to say that they learned them in no other school than that of Christ—and have we any doubt that this same Bible is that text-book?

And should not the Christian use his efforts to give this Bible to the whole world? It is the great moral lever by which the world is to be raised from its degradation by sin. It is the instrument *mighty through God to the demolition of strong holds*. By it only can the strong holds of infidelity be made to totter; by it only can the man of sin entrenched on his seven hills, be made to fear and tremble; by it only can the temples dedicated to sensuality be made to crumble; by it only can the yoke of the oppressor be broken and the dark captive be set free; by it only will the nations of the earth be induced to *beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and not lift up sword against nation nor learn war any more*. It is the great statute book of the Almighty, given to man for his rule of action. It comes to him a savor of death unto death, or life unto life. It comes with the penalties of death to all those who are not washed and made clean in that fountain which has been opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness,

—“and Silos's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.”

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

BY REV. J. L. BLAKE, D.D.

It is in the agricultural year there are any particular periods enveloped with especial interest, and standing forth with distinctive prominence, they are the ones here selected for a brief commentary. So important is the one in the farmer's schedule for labor, as well as for the exercise of skill in his vocation, that it seems to be almost a literal personification of the elements which form his character. Without it there would be little to give buoyancy and elasticity to his energies. Without it there would be little to inspire hope in the future, or to stimulate in that career of activity designed by the Parent of nature to be commensurate, in animal and vegetable life, with the necessities incident to existence. While the one is thus constituted the door of entrance into the calendar of the husbandman, the other is the fruition of his most ardent aspirations; the joyous remuneration of his labors. Indeed, without these two periods what a paralyzing monotony would be spread over the wide creation! Were the beings existing upon it to be perpetuated by some agency now unknown to us, there would be a sluggish development of life wholly incompatible with all our present ideas of happiness. So essential were these two periods in the Divine Mind, there was given to us the perpetual assurance that they shall continue to the end of time.

The leader of an army in contemplated conquests and victories, enters not on his campaign without making a comprehensive and judicious estimate of the means requisite in overcoming obstacles and in securing the objects of the enterprise. He proportions the forces to sustain him to those which may be brought against him; man against man, and weapon against weapon, for every possible contingency. His ammunition, his cavalry, his luggage vehicles, his provisions, and all his instruments of destruction, are not only procured in full competence, but are selected with wise reference to their excellence, as well as arranged with reference to their safe preservation and their position for use upon the least expected emergency. Without such systematic and well-devised preliminaries, defeat

and disgrace would be the probable results. Without them there would be no laurels—no military glory; and the anticipations of the commander would be like the baseless fabric of a vision.

Analogous to this should be the schemes and the precautions of every tiller of the ground anterior to the sowing of his seed. His lands should be surveyed and laid out with as much deliberation as a commanding general inspects and assigns for particular use the hills and the valleys which are to be the battle-fields on which he is to triumph or suffer defeat. How much in martial tactics does success depend on this! Not less does the success of the farmer depend on a knowledge of his soils and the adaptation of particular localities for particular crops. Should he appropriate a particular locality for a crop to which it is most inappropriate, and practise a similar indiscretion or want of skill for all his crops, his disappointment in relation to a harvest would be inevitable. A farmer can no more resist the influence of such untoward mistakes than an army in a valley or deep ravine can overcome an enemy planted on a commanding eminence. And when the grounds have been thus judiciously assigned to specific uses, there should be prompt and efficient action in the preparation of them for these uses. The occupation of a husbandman cannot be profitable, nor indeed pleasurable, unless his grounds are well prepared by tillage and manure for the reception of the seed. The best of seed might as well be cast into the highway, or upon a brick pavement, as into an exhausted and sterile soil, possibly, too, as hard as sunburnt and compact clay. It would be as useless and ineffectual as it would be in a ship of war to point her cannon to the stars instead of living men, or to throw bombshells into the adjacent ocean instead of the assaulted citadel.

But our present object is especially to impress the farmer with the necessity of more attention than is usual in the selection and use of the different kinds of seed to be applied in the processes of agriculture. It is a doctrine of vegeta-

ble physiology, founded on well known analogies, and substantiated by the experience of the most discriminating amateurs of rural science, that the quality of the seed has much influence on the harvest that is to arise from it. Poor seed is not dissimilar in its agency for agricultural wealth, to poor gunpowder in the hands of the sportsman, or for the purposes of human slaughter in martial conflict. It may be entirely destitute of vitality, and hence have no germination; and much more frequently possess only an impaired or feeble vitality, and consequently yielding only a deficient or defective product, for it is a law of physics that everything in nature creates succession in its own likeness. To this law there may be exceptions; but they are so few in number and so equivocal in character, as to furnish no sufficient reasons for neglecting the law itself. Sometimes, possibly, deteriorated seed may furnish samples of excellence in vegetable growth which had not been known to spring from it for years, being one of the transient and lingering spasms of vegetable element, once predominant in the family to which it belonged, but now having no abiding features in it. It is so in the animal kingdom. Degenerated farm animals will very rarely have an off-spring of some points kindred to those which pertained to the stock years before. And now and then in the human species there may be seen one in a family neither resembling father or mother, brother or sister, but a mere fac-simile of a grand parent, or even a great-grand-parent. We have all witnessed such cases.

At the season of harvest the best portions of the crop should be saved for seed the following spring. This should be a general rule. For Indian corn in particular the largest ears and those which are first ripe are to be selected; and where there are two, or more than two, ears on the same stalk, preference should be given to these, provided they are of a large size. Similar preferences in all similar cases are to be made. And in the case of maize, not only the early and large ears are to be chosen, but the small and irregularly formed kernels at the ends of the ears are to be rejected. It is difficult to prove mathematically the beneficial effect of this caution, but it is well known that where efforts are thus made for a succession of years there will be improvement in the quality of the article, and that where such precautions are neglected there will be a corresponding degeneration in it. This is analogous to changes wrought from corresponding influences in the rearing of animals. Who would think of taking a calf, or colt, or pig, or lamb, of pigmian size, or of sickly constitution,

to be reared to propagate his species? Possibly the thing may have been done when the animal was worth less for the market and the table; but if we were to see it done, the inference would be irresistible that the individual who does it is ridiculously stupid.

Scarcely less important is it that all seed to be cast into the ground should be free from impurities. A neglect of caution in this particular will occasion more trouble and vexation than the cost of seed that is pure. In the cultivation of wheat especially, and where fields are to be put into meadow, some kinds of wild seed will diminish the value of the former at least twenty per cent, and will prove ruinous to the latter, unless labor be spent to eradicate the vile weeds more than equal to the value of the crops. In traversing some portions of the country whole farms may be seen, comparatively worthless, from being covered over with daisy, or some other worthless and ruinous vegetable nuisances. All this might have been prevented if suitable prudence had been exercised in the selection of seeds and in the application of manure. In agriculture, above all things else, there may be a parsimony which tendeth to poverty; and if there is a liberal and enlightened expenditure, it will lead to wealth. A poor farmer has the more occasion to avail himself of every contingent circumstance, on the one hand to obtain adequate remuneration for his labor, and on the other hand to be secured against liability to loss and discomfiture.

The successful husbandman will always be cognizant of the appropriate time for planting his seed, as well as of the quality of it, or the due preparation of the soil which is to receive it. In our climate especially the appropriate time for planting is to be watched with scrupulous vigilance. Too much precipitation or too much delay will always be injurious, and sometimes fatal to the crop. The laws of vegetable development depend on the peculiar atmospherical and meteorological influences arising in the revolving year. Were we regardless of these laws and these influences by planting the seed before the return of spring, it might yield no germs—or, if there were germs, they would be so chilled and stunted as to receive only a feeble growth; or, by waiting till midsummer before planting it, the hot suns and parched soil would burn it up—even if it did germinate, the tender plants could not survive the withering breezes and the mildews of that oppressive season; or, by waiting till autumn before planting it, the frosts would assuredly prevent maturity. If the farmer would secure a harvest, he must sow his

seed in the spring, and the different seeds successively in the different periods of spring, designed by the Author of nature to render them the vigorous germs of vegetable life and of abundant harvests. The Christian is furnished with certain means of grace. If he use them as it is intended they shall be used, he has no occasion to doubt their efficacy. So is it with the farmer. He is furnished with the elements of the material creation with which to unite his own labors. If he do it, a harvest is to be expected. But if he exercise skepticism or sloth in regard to such coöperation; or self-conceit, endeavoring to improve upon the laws of nature, instead of an autumnal fruition, he may actually die of starvation. With the farmer, as with the Christian, faith and works must go hand in hand, harmoniously supporting each other. Without the latter the former will be but a dead letter, and the works to accompany it, or spring from it, must be prompt upon every emergency, and abundant as they are prompt, like the gushing fountain upon the hill side that fertilizes and renders verdant the whole plain which lies beneath it.

There is a delightful harmony between the world of spirit and the world of matter. To the eye of the husbandman especially each throws its own shadow upon the other; each warms the other; each gives life and animation to the other. The faith of the Christian imparts to the laborer in agriculture an equanimity, a steadiness of progress, and a self-balancing hope of reward, found in no one pursuing his toils like the ox that knows not God; and again, the enlightened and meditative agriculturist finds mental food in his occupation favorable to the growth of the sentiments of piety and the moral virtues. Here is a species of reciprocal influences, less obvious and less efficient in all other relations of industry. With what fervor and rationality may the farmer, on casting his seed into the ground, and having well performed every other incidental duty, pray to the Father of Mercies that the early and the latter rain—that the solar rays by day, and the abundant dews by night, may cause his barns, his granaries, and his storehouses to be amply filled at autumn! Here is a foundation for growth in spiritual excellence, as well for accumulation in the products of the earth, found not, according to our apprehension, in any other department of human labor. Can the merchant so pray for an increased valuation of goods on hand, and for diminished prices on those to be obtained, upon which depend his profits and his wealth?

Verily to the husbandman there is a harvest as well as a time for planting seed. To him the autumnal harvest is an annual jubilee. To him it is an occasion of triumph and joyfulness, like rent day to the landlord, stock dividends to the capitalist, and the return ship to the merchant. To them, however, there are contingencies and disappointments seldom experienced by him. To one there may have been loss from conflagration—to another from commercial revulsion—and to the other from shipwrecks. Seldom is the farmer oppressed by such casualties. Seldom does the earth fail to yield a plentiful supply of its productions. If there is a deficiency of one, there is an overstock of the others. Rarely does it happen to him that he is unable to unite in the general acclamations of praise from nature; rarely do the mountains and the hills break forth into singing, or the trees and the fields clap their hands while he is a mute or desponding spectator. Such is not the wonted destiny of the skillful and industrious culturer of the soil. If his face is sunburnt, and his arms and his hands are brawny, his soul is buoyant and expansive. Though he toil early and late, seldom does life become a burden to him; seldom is he overwhelmed with losses and perplexities; seldom is he deficient in the staple comforts that cause existence to be desirable.

Nor should it be forgotten, that, in the spirit world, as well as in the realms of materialism, there is a seed-time and a harvest. In the one, as well as in the other, there is to be a process of culture. The mind, as well as the soil, is to be made rich and vigorous by a supply of aliment congenial to its own nature. Without this process of culture and this supply of aliment both will be sterile and unproductive. There is this difference between them: in one case harvest succeeds seed-time after a few months; in the other case, the period between the two is the life-time of the individual, whether it be long or short. Hence childhood and youth are the spring season or the seed-time of the soul, and the harvest is the end of life. Thus the solar year is analogous to and is emblematical of a human generation. One has a calendar of months; the other may have a calendar of years. In both cases the periods assigned are proportioned to the nature of the fruits to be reared. As the solar year is none too long for the entire process of the great staples of vegetable life; so the life of man, though it be three score and ten or four score years, is none too long for the process of a great spiritual harvest.

Man comes into the world helpless, diminu-

tive in size, and fragile in organization, almost like the most delicate of our garden plants. A little too much sun or too much cold, too much moisture or too much drought, would, in many instances, be fatal to each. To either there must be vigilant nurture. If neglected, they will perish; or if they survive, they will be without value—like worthless weeds. Let a human being pass from the cradle to the grave without receiving any stimulants for intellectual expansion, and he will more resemble the automaton than the offspring of genius. Let him pass from the cradle to the grave without receiving any moral culture, and he will more resemble the prince of darkness than the candidate for celestial beatitude! But in the season of childhood and youth, furnish him with the seeds of knowledge; furnish him with the elements for mental vitality, and speedily he may be seen to rise above the world that sustains him, to grasp at the hidden mysteries of science, and to soar in imagination among the works of God far beyond any limits revealed to human ken. In such a field of culture, one like Newton may analyze the laws of gravitation; another, like Herschel, may number the stars and call them by name; another, like Hervey, may unfold the ceaseless action of animal mechanism; another, like Franklin, may disarm the thunderbolt of its power; and another, like Fulton, may teach his fellow-men, as it were, to annihilate space and bring society into new combinations. It is by the use of such instrumentalities, in the seed-time of human life, that the world is blessed with those master spirits which give dignity to our nature and glory to the world. If men would rise to renown and become distinguished among their fellow-men, they must not, like the slothful or the unwise husbandman who neglects to sow his seed, allow their minds in the spring season of life to lie fallow. If they would see their sons and their daughters become good and great in the world, the foundation for it must be laid in youth. It is in the buoyancy of youth that the germs of mental distinction first display themselves. Then the soul is plastic and readily receives impressions. Then the elements of thought quickly become assimilated, and tend, with progressive velocity, to the developments of genius in all succeeding time.

Nor is it less important that the spring-time of life be carefully observed in reference to a moral harvest. Why is it that vice has such luxuriant growth in the world? Why is it that crime so often becomes rampant, and with lawless strides passes over the land, leaving footsteps stained

with blood or marked by desolation? Why is it that society is so filled with drunkards, the neglectors of religion, and the violators of the rights of their fellow-men? Why is it that so many mothers die of broken hearts, and so many fathers go down to the grave in sorrow? Why is it that our criminal courts are pressed with the most painful responsibilities, and that our penitentiaries are crowded with the outcasts of society? It is because the moral seed-time of the soul has been suffered to pass away in neglect! It is because no plants of heaven have been caused to take root in the young bosom! It has been overgrown with a spurious progeny as the neglected garden is overgrown with worthless weeds. Its flowers have been choked by pernicious tares; its fruit has perished from the mildew of sin; and even the verdure of its leaves has become sadly faded and seared by some hidden malady destroying their vitality.

The sentimental ruralist is always surrounded with objects of absorbing interest. Among these objects the processes of vegetation are prominent. As soon as the seed is cast into the soil he daily meditates on the swelling kernel and the opening shell. No sooner does the slender blade rise above the surface than he watches its daily growth. With what pleasure in the morning does he behold the full orb'd dew-drop upon it! The refreshing shower and the genial rays of the sun, as they unfold its vital energies, are observed with ceaseless assiduity. If it be one of our rich annual garden fruits, how soon does the ripe, luscious berry succeed the delicate flower! If it be one of our staple cereals, maize or wheat, who can fail to admire the well filled ear? If it be a fruit-bearing tree, it is cherished year after year, till its branches become pendant with the load that hangs upon them, and, as it were, invite us to partake of their delicious treasure. If it be the oak, we fail not to make our pilgrimages to it, if life be continued, from the day when the acorn that gave it birth was cast into the ground, till its branches wave in beauty and its stately trunk defies the tempest; and, indeed, till its enduring wood is moulded into the majestic ship that is to ride upon the ocean's mountain wave. Is there anything plodding and dull in watchings like these? Can the philosopher find a counterpart to them for chastened reveries and pious meditation? We think not! If, in the great temple of nature, one cannot find, in his own bosom, the kindling of rapture, where can he do it?

Yet there is not less pleasure in watching over the developments of the intellectual and moral

seed cast upon the human soul. How soon does it take root and rise upward? How soon does the discerning mother and the attentive father rejoice to behold the sparkling infant eye and the symbols of infant thought in the motion of its tiny hands; and, anon, in its lively prattle and its laughing glee? Here are the first dawns of character that may animate the family circle, and cast a halo over the dark places of the earth! Then the faithful schoolmaster records his prognostications of some casual tokens of advancing greatness; and not less does the attentive watchman upon the ramparts of Zion scent the odorous incense that begins to ascend from the young heart. The progress is onward. Each revolving year furnishing new evidence of a glorious intellectual and moral harvest. The seed was carefully spread upon a rich soil. The culture was without relaxation. All noxious weeds were removed. Thus a vigorous maturity is in prospect. The fathers of state quickly discern those on whom their own mantle is to descend; the ermine of the bench is enabled to salute with certainty those who are to perpetuate its own judicial purity; and not less readily does the

Church open her arms and receive to her embraces those who are to minister at her altars and to share in her highest honors.

Obtuse indeed must be those sensibilities which can apprehend no occasion in such exhibitions for pleasure. The heart that can witness them without emotion must be destitute of every social attribute, and frigid as the frosts of Lapland. Such a heart would be a burlesque on manhood! If there is aught amidst the wreck of virtue, whose ruins have been scattered broadcast upon the world for nearly six thousand years, that can justly cause enthusiasm, it is in the growing adornment of that intellectual power, and in that spiritual regeneration which may be traced backward to a due observance of the spring-day of life and the seed-time of the soul. If we have one aspiration rising above all others, it is, that through the remainder of life, our own cup of blessing may be filled with the dews of heaven descending upon the soil and the soul, in their vernal seasons, and with the profusions of that harvest, whether material or spiritual, vouchsafed to all who labor faithfully in the culture of the earth and of the mind.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

THE world in which we dwell presents many affecting spectacles, but none which to my mind is fraught with a more tender interest, than the death of the young. When infancy sleeps in the arms of death, it seems like the flight of a spirit, which has just touched the earth, tasted its pangs, and then spread its wings for a brighter and more congenial clime. When old age yields itself to the universal destroyer, it seems like fulfilling some natural period, when the clock of life having run down, all its machinery stands still, and the days and months and moments are numbered. Time is now no longer. Eternity is the portion of the soul. When even middle age is arrested in its prime and vigor, it is not till a long morning has been enjoyed, giving the probationer a full experience of the nature of life, of

its blessedness or its bitterness, its joy and its sorrows, its hopes and its fears. But what shall we say of the death of the young! Of those who, having surmounted the helplessness of infancy, and escaped the perils of childhood, have just entered on the more intelligent portion of life, a period when hope is most buoyant, expectation most vivid, and fear and care least intrusive!

Yet this is the life that cometh forth like the flower, and is cut down. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up: in the evening it is cut down and withereth. For some reason, more strongly felt than clearly defined, the removal of the young awakens in our breasts the most lively emotions of which they are capable, with reference to death. That is the period when the world

opens on the mind with extraordinary freshness: it is the commencement of a new scene in the drama of life: the power of the imagination is more distinctly seen: its prolific pencil is busily engaged in distributing the gayer colors over the picture of life: the energy of passion is felt, rather than the dominion of reason: the exhilaration of enthusiasm is preferred to the sobriety of reflection, and the prevailing impression is, that religion is not so much meant for the young and the gay, as for those who are decrepid with age, loaded down with affliction, or worn out with disappointment. How often, alas! is this mistake corrected by the hand of death itself! That grim monarch knows no distinction of age or sex, of rank or attainment, unless indeed that "shining mark," of which we so often read, a lovely youth, has some special attractions for the shaft of "the insatiate archer."

Within the circle of our own acquaintance, what sudden breaches are sometimes made! What hopes crushed! What expectations blasted! What plans confounded! A father, the staff and the stay of a dependent and helpless family, is laid low in death. A mother, on whose maternal care hang the interests of a cluster of young immortals, is snatched from her charge. A son, the hope and the prop of a widowed mother, descends to the tomb and leaves that mother in tears, if not in despair, when she thinks how there await her those heart-wearing conflicts with a cold and unsympathizing world. A daughter, loving and beloved, is seen to waste away under the inroads of a disease, which neither the most devoted attention of friends, nor the utmost skill of physicians can arrest in its progress. The flower, which has been watered with the tears and illumined with the smiles of the parent, begins to droop, and soon withers upon the bosom of the earth, out of which it came. "Man dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" In all this there is something to interest us, even if we have had no personal experience in such matters, for we are possessed of a like nature, being associated in the common brotherhood of humanity, and subject to all its ills and all its issues. But few there be who have not had the intimate family bonds sundered by the stroke of death. In the constitution of human relations, God has assigned different degrees of affection, from the strongest emotions of the most devoted love, down to the sobriety of a steady esteem. There is not one of these which is not shocked by the intrusion of death.

The death of the young—it is the early extinction of many natural hopes. Hope is the

first-born of the soul. It is a life in the breast of man, that raises him above the brood of ills that infest it. It spreads itself out on all the obvious objects that lie in his path. It is a creation of infinite benevolence: a constitution of infinite wisdom. Even where the vigorous and vital energy of faith is wanting, it serves a purpose connected with the happiness of a natural man. There are many pleasant things, which the preventing benevolence of God has rescued from the ruins of the fall: many objects of hope, that minister an antedated pleasure to the sensitive soul. But at the touch of death, all these disappear. The reluctant soul must part with everything that has charmed it, however deep the fascination, however strong the attachment thus formed. The statesman from his ambitious projects—the warrior from his field of glory—the politician from his spoils—the professional man from his practice—the scholar from his studies—the epicure from his pleasures—the profligate man from his bebaucheries—the coquette from her conquests—the young, the gay, and the giddy from their amusements, all, all must be sooner or later torn by that uncompromising hand, that is never idle, never weary, and never palsied in its work.

It creates a chasm in many circles. First, there is the circle of HOME, that sacred spot, where that which is now an inanimate corpse drew its first breath—uttered its first cry—heard the first tones of love and affection: where its infancy was cradled, its childhood nurtured, and its maturity attained: where its first prayer was offered, and the last faint breathings of the departing spirit were watched with the eye of affection. Here is a blank which cannot be filled. There is a vacant seat at the table—an empty chair by the hearth-side—a silent chamber, that once echoed to the light step of the loved one; there is a vacant seat in the pew—a chasm in the Sabbath school class—a missing one from the youthful circle, that sometimes gathered to the welcome of that home;—all this is felt. It is not a figure of speech—it is not a creation of poetry—it is not the offspring of some melancholy muse, that delights in sombre scenes—it is no picture of the fancy. It is the reality of every-day life—the lot of a fallen race—the inevitable necessity of our condition—the experience of us all. Thus are we taught to think of our home, however happy, as a tabernacle—its inmates, however dear to us, as transient visitors—its enjoyments, however refined and exquisite, as temporary—its destiny, to pass away. We must be willing to see that the seal of death is upon every brow, the seeds of dis-

solution in every heart, and the pledge of the grave in every added, which is in fact every diminishing, year of life. Dear as home is—sweet as are the associations that cling around the domestic hearth—we continually hear a voice saying, “Arise, and depart, for this is not your rest, for it is polluted.”

The death of the young illustrates the wisdom of God. I do not mean, merely, that God’s appointed time is the best and the wisest, whatever be the age of the dying, but that the provisions he has made for the young, and the premonitions he has uttered to them, equally attest the wisdom and the benevolence of God.

Why are such special appeals to them made from Heaven’s holy page? Why does the heart of infinite Love seem to glow with extraordinary fervor, when it contemplates the young? Why does the oracle of Infinite Wisdom utter in such impressive tones its injunction: “REMEMBER NOW thy Creator *in the days of thy youth*”? Why that exhilarating promise to those in the bloom of life: “Those that seek me early shall find me.” Can such earnestness be without an object? Is such plain and direct dealing without a motive? Oh no! It is because the season of youth is the golden time. Then you sow the seed that settles the kind of harvest you are to reap: then you fix habits, establish principles, and shape character. It is the malleable period of life, when you are to choose whether you shall have a character moulded and shaped in the fire of passion, or in that holy flame which is kindled by the breath of the Spirit of God. Now, if we perceive in the course of God’s providence, that not only does youth constitute no exemption from the demands of the grave, but is in fact most frequently summoned to its dread companionship, how wise in God is it, to be very earnest with the young. He desires that its strength should be dedicated to him: its warm enthusiasm enlisted in his cause: its burning aspirations rise above the loftiest objects of human pursuit, and mingle with those of angelic minds: its ardor spent, not

in prosecuting inferior schemes, but in the nobler exercise of those immortal powers which, though chained for a season to earth, seem impatient to reach that more exalted sphere, where alone their moral grandeur can be fully developed. He would have you begin at the time when the end can be best secured. And can you in this be more wise than God? Nay, are you not less wise than yourselves in other matter? See the young man choosing for this life. If the object of that choice be the legal or the medical profession, does he not seek it early? If it be an agricultural employment, or a mechanical trade, does he not seize the season of youth? There are those, indeed, who change their profession, as there are those who change their religion, but some choice they make in early life. If this be wise, if it be expedient, if it be necessary, more wise, expedient and necessary is it, to choose life that you may live, and that in proportion as infinite things transcend those that are finite. It was in view of the early triumphs of death, and—if I may so express it—the impatient anxiety of the grave for its victims, that the Psalmist prayed: “So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” A most appropriate prayer, which cannot be sincerely offered without a sincere and earnest effort to secure the thing prayed for. No scene is more fitted to awaken such a prayer, than the dying chamber of the young; no sight better adapted to rouse the living to immediate action, than that of the shrouded and confined remains of one on whose cheek erewhile was the roseate bloom of health—whose eye beamed kindly on you—the sound of whose voice gave you pleasure—the sympathy of whose heart sped itself with almost electrical celerity to the fountain of feeling in your own: all that is tender in recollection—all that is gentle in the reminiscences of the young and the lovely, then rushes to the mind with a power which you fear to resist, and yet which seems to crush the heart. Happy if it be the contrition of a heart broken for sin!

HOPE.

Horn filleth the world’s eye,
Like a rainbow-tinctured glow,
Spanning the gloomy sky,
That hangeth o’er all below.
Desire goes forth to clutch
The beauty that seems at hand;
But, forbidden to mortal touch,
’Twill still in the distance stand.

Yet ever there’s rushing on,
By the eager, gazing throng;
With never a thought ’tis vain,
That the way is rough and long!
Look higher, ye earnest crowd!
Beyond that fleeting sign;
It is but the shadow on the cloud
Of the heavenly and divine.

ADDRESS TO "IK MARVEL."

BY RUTH DOUGLAS.

IK MARVEL! If such name thou would'st be called,
Though other and far nobler is thine own,—a name
Which in thy father's and thy grandsire's day,
Stood strong, and high, and good, where'er 'twas
known,

But which thou yet mayest place on higher niche
Of fame's bright temple, than it yet hath stood,—
Ik Marvel! I have lately read, (and wish I'd not
That I might pass 't again as at the first,)

Thy last sweet work, of truth and fancy full, and
mind and heart,

"Dream Life," from earliest boyhood down to
latest age,

And I would thank thee for it. Yes, I thank thee,
For the healthful laugh it yielded—but yet more,
Far more, for those sweet touches, true to life,

Which send our rusting memories back through long,
long years,

And make us for a while, bright boys and girls
again.

In my own mother's garret, oh! how well
Do I remember peering as thou hast described,
Amid the various, multifarious medley there!

Oh, days of innocence, paternal love, and childish
glee,

Would those sweet hours might once more come to
me!

And then their early loves, so quaintly told,
Oh, can such pleasing transports e'er grow cold?
Buried in learning's lore, or hot ambition's sigh,
Ah, modest, sweetest, early love may fade and die.

But there rose from its ashes, and behold,
Thou and thy "hoyden Madge" as one grown old.

But yet, Ik Marvel! Not alone for this,
Though it hath given to me a day of bliss,

Would I most thank thee! No, far sweeter, far,
The touches of thy heart's deep feeling are,

A mother's love! How couldst thou, man! portray
Her inmost heart, in that true touching way?

Does memory bring,

Back to thine eye the graceful form of one laid low,
Thine own sweet sainted mother? Who erst lull'd
thee

To thy cradle sleep, "with such blest melodies
As memory pours, fresh from her echo-harp,"

And o'er thee all unconscious, breathed the fervent
prayer

Of warm maternal love. Well do I see her now,
For in my youthful days, I gazed on her, and
thought,

Oh, purest loveliest one, scarce less than angel art
thou,

Even now, so sweet, so wondrous sweet, that mild
blue eye,

That smile, with more of Heaven in it than earth.
A little while and thou wilt soar a seraph pair,
In that pure world of bliss, where one thou mournest
Waits thy coming! Thou art with him now,
And half the darlings ye here cherished, gather
round.

Ik Marvel! Where learned ye a father's love and
pride?

No precious children hang caressing round thy
side,

No tiny image of thyself hath gamboll'd o'er,
The nursery carpet, or thy library floor,
How canst thou know the depths of that strong
heart

Which looks on youth, and says, "*My son thou art.*"

Ah, truthful memory shows thine honored sire,
And filial love of his remembrance ne'er can tire.

E'en now I see him—in his pulpit, gentle, grave,
Earnest and solemn, longing souls to save,

Yet may his mantle fall on some dear son,
And wanderers be by him to Heaven won,

'Tis true thou art a Marvel Ik, 'tis true,
For hearts' deep thoughts are plain and light to you,

E'en age delights to trace thy dreaming o'er,
And children listened round my nursery fire,

While I thy touching story read of death,
And thy sweet "brother Charley," each their breath,

Hold mute with sympathy, and pearly tears,
Came from those sunny eyes so young in years.

I thank thee Marvel, for the precious truth,
Ye taught to my young flock of thoughtless youth,

Thou'rt doing service to my girls and boys,
Thou'rt teaching them that life's best, sweetest joys,

Come not from pleasure or ambition's hand,
But most from those sweet homes that gem our land;

That till we reach our Father's house above,
Earth hath no gift so pure as that true love,

And trust, and friendship, which so sweetly comes,
From heart to heart in happy loving homes.

And when old age wrinkles thy polished brow,
When more of those thou lovest well, lie low,

When thou art rich in faith, sins all forgiven,
And through *His* merits thou art waiting Heaven,

May no line which thou there wouldst "wish to blot,"
Come, troubling spirit, to thy dying thought,

But the sweet hope that thou hast helped to bind,
The love of goodness in thy fellows' mind,

Steal o'er thy failing sense, and light the way,
Thy ransomed spirit soars to endless day!

Norwich, 1852.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AS I SAW IT.

BY REV. W. H. BIDWELL.

WITH A SKETCH OF ITS CHIEF MEDAL.

THE great Industrial Exhibition of 1851 was, doubtless, a most important event in the progress of society, and the mechanic arts. No other event, up to this period, has extended its interest over so large a surface of the globe, or enlisted the anxious thoughts and labors of so many of the human family. The ingenuity and skill of many different nations have been taxed to their utmost extent in collecting materials, and in furnishing contributions to compete in this mighty and peaceful contest. Millions of men, women and children, compose the armies in this battle, not of blood and destruction, but of production in the peaceful arts of life. This peaceful contest for pre-eminence in extending the boundaries of human comforts is worthy of the age, and is the harbinger of continued peace among the nations.

The Crystal Palace with its innumerable productions and contents, as I saw it, was a world in beautiful miniature, in a sense and to an extent never before seen, attempted or achieved—a sort of daguerreotype likeness of many nations in their individual features, wonderful in extent and variety. In other words, the representative world enclosed in a glass case like a vast bee-hive, all alive with bees, which have brought into it their contributions of industrial honey from all parts and portions of this mundane creation, and they don't sting each other at all.

Having some little share of curiosity in common with the universal Yankee nation, we have been spending several days in looking at this renowned Crystal Palace—its form, its size and architectural proportions. We had heard of it—we had read of it. We had been told that of all the wonders it contained it was itself the leading wonder. We had seen drawings of it, large and small, made by London artists, and sent over to our side of the Atlantic to astonish their Yankee cousins, and allure them over to see the wonder in the "Fader-Land." With some general impression of its likeness in our mind, we went to compare it with the original. We approached it with becoming respect. We circumnavigated it. We sat down wearied

with the journey and exhausted by the effort to swallow so big an idea. We gazed long and earnestly at the stupendous structure.—We measured it by our bump of comparison, and our astonished eye ran over its vast dimensions. We dipped our imagination again and again into a sort of India rubber solution, to increase its expansive powers so as to make room 'if possible for this immense "fabric of a vision" built of glass and iron. We entered this gigantic industrial temple of all nations. We trod slowly through its entire central avenue, gazing up into its lofty transept, as we passed and returned along the length of its ethereal galleries (we never took such a walk before) not to inspect the quantity or quality of its countless accumulations of industrial wealth at this time, but in the vain attempt to get this wondrous structure safely deposited inside of our laboring imagination. But we gave it up as a hopeless task. Future efforts may be more successful. The attempt was too much for our brain, and cost us a most distressing headache. But more gravely, if need be. The Crystal Palace is, indeed, a new thing under the sun. In its conception—its development—its history—the unequalled rapidity of its construction—the new and novel mode of employing, with such unexampled success, the materials in its foundation and superstructure, it is the brightest architectural modern idea of the human mind, and fully justifies all the interest excited by the enterprise, not only in England, but by almost universal Christendom. We do not doubt that this new mode of employing iron and glass is destined to effect a great change in architectural arrangements, and in the construction of churches and public edifices, in cheapness and durability, both in the Old World and the New. We lingered for hours, day after day, underneath the ponderous arches and lofty dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, in admiration of its massive magnificence and solemn grandeur; but a view of the Crystal Palace gives us quite a different impression, which we cannot stop to analyze.

A vast tide of living, breathing and moving humanity was constantly flowing to and fro along the great channels and thoroughfares of the city, without half the chafing and confusion and danger to life and limb that there is in Broadway, below the Park, so thorough were the police regulations. The first day we were in it (June 19,) according to the police report, 17,731 persons entered by eleven o'clock. During the next hour 18,139 more had passed through the doors. As the day advanced, the tide of visitors flowed in fast, till at four o'clock they were spread about the immense area and galleries, "thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa." At five o'clock over 63,000 had entered, and yet there was no appearance of crowding. We remained till seven o'clock, when the great bell of the Palace summoned the multitudes to retire. In about twenty minutes these thousands had quietly passed out of the edifice by the different avenues, without crowding, and left the building "alone in its glory," save the keepers who have charge of it. The receipts this day, at a shilling each, save a few pounds for season tickets, were £2,984 12s. This made the total amount received up to that evening by the Royal Commissioners £237,568 7s. or about \$1,055,560. The contract cost of the building was only £79,000 if the contractors received back the materials, or £150,000, if the commissioners retained the building. Such are the successful results at the end of fifty days since the opening, not deducting the expenses.

The interest and attention which this Industrial Exhibition has received from the leading men and influential minds of England, and other European countries, have given the subject such an impulse, that it can hardly cease to be felt for years to come.

As Industrial Exhibitions are becoming more and more matters of public interest, a brief sketch of them may not be out of place here. It is well known to what perfection the various manufactured productions have been brought in France. This has been the result of Industrial Exhibitions for a long series of years. The first exhibition of industrial productions in France, recognized as a national institution, occurred in 1798; a second took place in 1801, a third in 1802, and a fourth in 1806. But it was not until the year 1817 that the expositions of French industry have taken place systematically; and it is only since that time the influence of them has been markedly felt in Europe. During the last thirty years, in each of the metropolitan cities of the United Kingdom, and the most important manufacturing towns, one or more exhibitions of

machinery and manufactures have been held. The sixth French Exposition took place in 1823, August 25th, and continued open 50 days. On this occasion was exhibited the model of the first French suspension bridge for the Rhone.

The seventh French Exposition was in 1827, in a building of immense magnitude, and continued open two months, showing great improvements in all kinds of manufactured articles. The eighth French Exposition was held in 1803, in four pavillions erected on the four sides of the Place de la Concorde, and remained open 60 days. This year there were 2,500 exhibitors. Successful and brilliant as the last Exposition had been, it was far surpassed by that of 1839, which was held in a grand hall and eight long apartments, affording an area of 120,000 square feet. There were no less than 3,281 exhibitors, of whom 878 gained rewards. The tenth Exposition took place in 1845, in a vast building erected in the Champs Elysees, in which 3,960 manufacturers exhibited their productions.

The eleventh and last French Exposition took place in 1849, in a building erected in the Champs Elysees, covering more than five acres of ground, and in which the productions of 4,494 exhibitors were arranged for the inspection and delight of countless throngs, and we ourselves among the number of admirers.

It is the brilliant success and manifest influence of this long series of expositions of manufactures that has led to the grand result of an Industrial Exhibition of all nations in London this year, which is now daily visited by delighted thousands. Arrangements for such a World's Fair, on a sufficiently gigantic scale, such as became the character and people of England, required vast efforts. The great men of England entered into it with a spirit becoming their high character and enlarged views, and the result is one of most brilliant success.

As the beautiful edifice still remains, though evidently destined to demolition, a description of it as I saw it in its glory, may not be too late for the gratification of the reader.

The ground plan of the building is a parallelogram, 1,850 feet long, by 456 feet wide in the broadest part, with a transept of 408 feet long and 72 feet wide, intersecting the building at right angles in the middle. The side walls rise in three steps. The outer wall rises from the ground 24 feet high. The second rises 20 feet higher, or 44 feet from the bottom of the pillars below; and the third rises 20 feet higher than the second, or 64 feet from the bottom of the supporting pillars, giving within the building a

great central avenue or nave 72 feet wide, and on each side of it three avenues 24 feet wide, and two 48 feet wide, the transept being 108 feet high, to give ample room for the large elm trees which remain under it, and which from their value the Government were unwilling should be destroyed. The roofs of the different sections of the main building consist of a series of ridges and valleys, of 8 feet span, running transversely, so that there is a valley at the top of each column. The transept has a semicircular roof, with a radius of 36 feet, or 72 feet span, and 108 feet high, under which are now a number of lofty elms, clothed with a dense green foliage, around whose trunks on the ground are arrayed a great variety of plants in full bloom, and together present a beautifully picturesque appearance, and suggest the pretty idea of venerable patriarchs surrounded by their children.

The space occupied on the ground floor is 762,784 square feet, and that of the galleries above, 217,100 square feet—making together about 21 acres. The total cubic contents of the building are 33,000,000 feet. As no other building was ever erected since the world began, that we have read of, covering so much space, we give the statistics of its dimensions as a world-wide curiosity. There are four exits at the east end, four at the west, and six on the south side. The main entrances are three in number: one at the south end of the transept, with seven pairs of doors, each of eight feet span. The other main entrances are at the ends of the centre isle, each with nine doors of a similar width. "The plan is so simple," says Mr. Paxton, who originated it, in all its details, that "a section of one part shows the whole; for it is only by the multiplication of those parts that the stupendous structure is extended, resting in every part on columns 24 feet apart, which form regular avenues through the building." The columns are all hollow; it being well known to scientific men that a hollow pillar is much stronger than a solid one of equal gross diameter.

The building is supported by 3,809 iron columns, 2,224 cast iron girders, and 1,128 iron beams for the galleries, and about 900,000 superficial feet of glass, weighing 400 tons. The surface water from the skylights is received into the longitudinal or three-way gutters, and these again empty themselves into the framed transverse gutters at either end. The hollow iron columns act as rain-water pipes in carrying the water from the roof into the cast iron drain-pipes running in parallel lines along the whole length of the building. The flooring on the ground floor

consists of boards nine inches wide, laid half an inch apart on sleepers, so as to permit the dust in sweeping to fall through the spaces between the boards, and this necessary operation is rapidly performed by a movable hand engine, immediately followed by a sweeping machine, consisting of brooms, fixed to an apparatus on light wheels, drawn by a shaft.

For safety from fire, a 9 inch water main, charged constantly with a 70 feet column of water, has been laid, and from it 6 inch pipes run all around the building, with 16 branches into the interior; so that an immense quantity of water could be poured on with hose. An engine has been put up specially at Chelsea Water Works, which can supply, if needed, 800,000 gallons a day.

Besides the immense space thus devoted to the purposes of the exhibition, there is on the north side of the building a room set apart for the reception of machinery. The dimensions of this department are on a scale proportionate to the important branch of inventive industry to which it is dedicated. The room is 946 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 24 feet high. The engine stands at the northwestern side of the Glass Palace, and furnishes steam to the extent of one hundred horse power to the models within the building. Its steam prints off copies of newspapers, works all kinds of looms, and in fact does more at once than steam from any single boiler has ever accomplished. This room is much visited by large numbers, and by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who takes great interest in it, as many sorts of manufactures are constantly going on during the Exhibition.

An electric telegraph was constructed in the building, to enable those employed officially to communicate with each other with the greatest possible facility and without any running about in confusion. As no brick and mortar were used, and all the proportions of the building depended upon its iron pillars and girders, nearly all the materials arrived on the spot ready to be placed and secured in their destined positions. Yet vast operations were necessary even in its construction, and called forth the most admirable display of scientific ingenuity, systematic arrangements, and great energy. Hardly any scaffolding was used, the columns as they were set up answering the purpose. Machines for performing all the preparatory operations required to be done on the spot, were introduced into the building, some of them invented for the occasion. The first column was fixed on the 26th of September; and the building, though not completed in all its

details, handed over on the first of January to the Royal Commissioners. When the whole structure was elevated and completed, every beholder was struck with its grandeur and simplicity, says Professor Cowper, as one of the most astonishing and successful examples of imagination, contrivance, science, industry, and engineering skill, the world has ever known. In the week ending September 6, 1850, says the report of the Commissioners, 39 men were employed; October 4, 419 men were employed; November 1, 1,476; December 6, 2,260; January 3, 2,112 men—average about 2,000.

The rapidity with which this edifice was erected outrivals all precedents. "A building covering 753,984 superficial feet, having an exhibiting surface of about 21 acres, was roofed in and handed over to the Commissioners within a little more than three months from its commencement—constructed almost entirely of glass and iron, the most fragile and the strongest of working materials, combining the lightness of

a conservatory with the stability of our most permanent structures." Enchanted palaces that grow up in a night are confined to fairy land, and in this material world of ours the labors of the bricklayer and the carpenter are notoriously never-ending. It took 300 years to build St. Peter's, at Rome, and 35 to complete St. Paul's. The New Palace of Westminster has already been 15 years in hand, and still is unfinished. The Great Palace of Industry in Hyde Park is something different. It is suggestive of Arabian Nights reminiscences. But we must not further extend this condensed description.

We will only add here, in order to give a more distinct impression of its dimensions, if possible, that the galleries extend nearly a mile in length, and that to visit all the avenues and alcoves of the building, and examine all the immense industrial treasures here displayed for exhibition and instruction, will require a walk or journey of nearly thirty miles. So it is estimated.

LOST.

BY ALICE CAREY.

WHAT eyes with tears will overflow
When death shall hush my song?
Roughly the winds about me blow—
I cannot brave them long.
And yet my worn and bleeding feet
Shrink from the sheltering mould;
The dream of human love is sweet,
The grave is dark and cold.
Spirit of comfort, ere the day
Closes in helpless ill,
Break from my poor weak hands away,
The reed I lean on still,

For passion and pale pain must stir
Even in triumphs swell,
Since starry falling Lucifer
Brought echoes out of hell:
And for the spirit crushed and crossed,
The heart untimely sere,
Love dying, hope and faith long lost,
What is there left to fear?
God! struck aside from all thy grace,
In sin's black meshes dumb!
Pining for mercy's sweet embrace,
Ruined and lost, I come.

MUSINGS.

LAY thou thine hand upon my head
And call me thine,
Then, though the world distrust and chide,
I'll not repine.
What though the way my feet have trod
Has all been rough,
Let it but lead me up to God,
'Twill be enough.
What though the budding hopes of time
Pass all away,

Flowers blossom in the upper clime
That last for aye.
What though the ties that bind to earth
Should be forgot,
Relationships of spirit birth
Are sundered not.
What though by friends I've learned to prize
Left here alone,
On wings of faith I'll higher rise
Toward the throne.

THE WRONGS OF HUNGARY.

SEE PLATE.

THE Fall of Hungary, though a subject well fitted for the imagination of artist or poet, is something more than an allegory: it is a great and disgraceful fact with which history has to deal, and human nature to apologize for. The facts relative to the history of Hungary, her connection with Austria, her wrongs and her fall, though now comparatively well known, can never be too frequently or forcibly repeated. It may justify the skill and point of our artist's effort to reproduce an outline which ought to live in the memories of men.

Hungary is an ancient constitutional monarchy, which used to elect its kings. Every new king was solemnly crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, after taking the coronation oath on Hungarian soil, in which he swore to uphold the constitution. In the year 1687 the royalty was made hereditary in the family of Hapsburg; but, so far was Hungary from becoming a province of Austria, to this year not a single Austrian has been allowed to hold office in the Hungarian kingdom. An Austrian is a foreigner in Hungarian law and practice.

The kings of the house of Hapsburg have, notwithstanding, made various attempts to overthrow the liberties of Hungary. After repeated attempts to fuse Hungary into Austria, and repeated insurrections, a long struggle, begun by Leopold I, was ended in 1711 by Joseph I, who was constrained to confirm the old constitution. Again, by the efforts of Joseph II. to enforce the German language, and suppress the municipalities, a revolt was kindled, which his successor, Leopold II, finally pacified (in 1790) only by withdrawing all his brother's innovations, and making a peculiarly distinct avowal, that (Art. 10) "Hungary, with her appanages, is a free kingdom, and in regard to her whole legal form of government (including all the tribunals) independent; that is, entangled with no other kingdom or people; but having her own peculiar consistence and constitution, accordingly, to be governed by her legitimately crowned king, after her peculiar laws and customs." Nevertheless, Francis I. dared to violate his coronation oath, by not assembling the Diet from 1811 to

1825. At last he was compelled to give way by the passive resistance to all government. From that year onward the Hungarians have struggled successfully for internal reforms by constitutional methods, though perpetually thwarted by the bigotry, ignorance, and perverse ambition of the Austrian cabinet or crown.

One mode of resistance applied by Austria, was to extinguish parliamentary bills by the *veto* of the crown; the fear of which paralyzed the upper house—a body always naturally disposed to lean to Austria. Against this the Hungarians had no adequate constitutional weapon to use since the Austrian cabinet was not responsible to the Hungarian Diet. The often repeated legal declaration of their independence, and in particular the distinct compact of Leopold II. in 1790–91, justified them in desiring, by peaceful and constitutional means, to attain an independent ministry directly responsible to their own parliament.

Such a ministry had been long talked of and claimed in the Diet. In fact the conservative party and the opposition had differed little as to the objects at which they aimed, but chiefly as to the vehemence with which they should press them; the conservatives pleading to "give time" to the Austrian cabinet. But in March, 1848, the conservatives, as a separate party, vanished, by the great mass of them acceding to the opposition. Kossuth carried a unanimous vote, that the constitution of Hungary could never be free from the eternal machinations of the Austrian cabinet until constitutional government was established in the foreign possessions of the crown, so as to restore the legal *status* of the period at which the Diet freely conferred the royalty on the house of Hapsburg. This vote paralyzed the Austrian authorities. Vienna rose against Metternich, and a revolution took place there. A constitution and a national guard were enacted. The Hungarian Diet immediately claimed for itself also a responsible ministry. This was granted without delay, and Count Louis Batthyany was made premier. But on the very same day, March 15, Jellachich was appointed Ban of Croatia. In a letter to Vienna, dated March 24,

1848, the Archduke Stephen, Viceroy of Hungary, is found to have suggested three modes of destroying the Hungarian constitution: either to excite the peasants against the nobles, as in Galicia, and stand by while the parties slaughter each other; or to tamper with Batthyany's honesty; or to invade and overpower Hungary by military force. A transcript of this letter, in the Archduke's handwriting, was afterward found among his papers when he fled from Pesth, and was officially published, with all the necessary verifications. The Austrians have not dared to disown it.

Before March ended a deputation of all the leading members of both houses from Hungary appeared in Vienna, carrying to the King their unanimous claim that he would consent to various bills. In these the greatest constitutional change was the restoration of the old union between the Diets of Hungary and of Transylvania. But socially the most important laws were the equalizing of all classes and creeds, and the noble enactment which converted the peasants into freeholders of the soil, quit of all the old feudal burdens. This bill had passed both the houses by Feb. 4, 1848, before the French Revolution had broken out; so little had that great event to do with the reforming efforts of the Hungarians. The Austrian cabinet, seeing their overwhelming unanimity, felt that resistance was impossible. Accordingly, Ferdinand proceeded with the Court to Presburg, and ratified the laws by oath. This is the reform of April 11, 1848, which all patriotic Hungarians fondly looked upon as their charter of constitutional rights, opening to them the promise of a career in which they should emulate Great Britain, as a pattern of a united, legal, tolerant, free, and loyal country.

Croatia is a province of the Hungarian Crown; and there Jellachich, as Governor, openly organized revolt against Hungary, by military terrorism, and by promising Slavonic supremacy. On Batthyany's urgency, King Ferdinand declared Jellachich a rebel, and exhorted the Diet to raise an army against him; but always avoided finally to sanction their bills. Meanwhile Radetzky defeated Charles Albert. Jellachich dropped the mask of Croatianism, and announced to Batthyany that there should be no peace until a ministry at Vienna ruled over Hungary. In September, as the King would neither allow troops to be raised in Hungary, nor the Hungarian regiments to be recalled from Italy for home defence, a Hungarian deputation was sent to the Austrian Diet; but it was denied admittance by aid of the Slavonic party. To catch stray votes (it seems),

Latour, Austrian Minister at War, in the Diet, Sept. 2d, solemnly disavowed any connection with Jellachich's movement; yet, on Sept. 4th, a royal ordinance (officially published in Croatia only), reinstated Jellachich in all his dignities; who, soon after, crossed the Drave to invade Hungary, with a well-appointed army of 65,000 strong. As he openly showed the King's commission, Batthyany resigned, Sept. 9th, since he did not know how to act by the King's command against the King's command. No successor was appointed; and the Hungarian Diet had no choice but to form a committee of safety. To embarrass them in this, the King reopened negotiation with Batthyany, Sept. 14th, but still eluded any practical result by refusing to put down Jellachich. Meanwhile, Sept. 16th, dispatches were intercepted, in which Jellachich thanked Latour for supplies of money and material of war. The Hungarian Diet published them officially, and distributed them by thousands. But Hungary was still unarmed, and Jellachich was burning, plundering, slaughtering. September 25th, Lamberg was sent to Pesth, in the illegal character of Imperial Commissary of Hungary, but was immediately murdered by the rage of the populace. Masses of volunteers were assembled by the eloquence of Kossuth, which, with the aid of only 3,000 regular troops, met and repulsed Jellachich at Sukuro, Sept. 29th, and chased him out of their country. But Latour was far too deep in guilt to recede. A royal rescript of October 3d, dissolved the Hungarian Diet, forbade all municipal action, superseded the judicial tribunals, declared Hungary under martial law, and appointed Jellachich civil and military governor of that country, with discretionary power of life and death, and an expressly unlimited despotism. It likewise distinctly announced the determination of the Crown to incorporate Hungary into Austria. Troops from Vienna were publicly ordered by Latour (Oct. 6th) to march against the Hungarians. This order, coupled with alarm inspired by the approach of Jellachich (whose defeat was kept secret), led to the *emeute* in Vienna, in which Latour was murdered, a murder which was made a pretext for bombarding Vienna, and destroying the newly-sanctioned constitution. Windischgrätz, the agent in this work, joined his forces to those of Auersperg, who meanwhile had sheltered Jellachich.

At all this the Hungarians were so infuriated that, after deposing the generals (who were believed traitorously to have allowed Jellachich to escape), with inferior artillery, and with forces

not half of the Austrians, who were 75,000 strong, besides their reserves, they fought and lost the battle of Schwechat, Oct. 30th. This was the first and last battle fought by the Hungarians on Austrian soil, fought only against those who were protecting a ruthless enemy, who had desolated Hungary by countless outrages; yet this is trumpeted by the Austrians as Hungarian aggression. Jellachich (Nov. 2d) entered Vienna in triumph, and was entrusted with a great army in the course of the whole war that followed.

The Cabinet now tried to obtain from Ferdinand a direct permission to carry into detail the receipt of Oct. 3d, and seize Hungary by right of conquest. But as Ferdinand began to be troubled with religious scruples, they resolved to depose him, and put his nephew on the throne—a youth of eighteen, educated by the Jesuits, and accustomed to obey his mother the Archduchess Sophia, who was so identified by the Viennese with the Cabinet as to be called the Lady Camarilla.

By intrigue of some sort they induced the half-witted Emperor to sign the act of his own abdication, and at once seated Francis Joseph in his place, who, not having taken the coronation oath, might be assured by his directors that he committed no wrong in invading the laws and constitution of Hungary! An Austrian army marched into the country, and in the course of January and February overran and occupied it as far as the Theiss eastward and as high as the Morosch northward: the Russians meanwhile penetrated into Transylvania. The usurpation of the Archduchess and Cabinet seemed to have triumphed.

On March 4, 1849, Count Stadion published his new constitution for fusing down Hungary into a part of the Austrian empire. If previously Hungary had been under Russian despotism, this constitution would have seemed highly liberal, and from an Austrian point of view such it was; but to the Hungarians it was an intolerable slavery. First, it virtually annihilated their municipalities, and subjected their police to Vienna. Next, it would have enabled the Austrian cabinet to put in Austrian civil and military officers everywhere in Hungary—an innovation as odious to the Hungarians as would French police magistrates, excisemen, overseers, colonels, and lord lieutenants, be to the English nation. Thirdly, it swamped their parliament among a host of foreigners, ignorant of Hungary and its wants, and incapable of legislating well for it. Fourthly, it was enacted without the pretence of law, by the mere stroke of Count Stadion's pen. If the Hungarian

constitution fourteen times solemnly sworn to by kings of the House of Hapsburg, was to be thus violated, what possible security could the nation have for this new-fangled constitution of Stadion, if it were ever so good in itself?

On reviewing the constitutional question, it was clear to the Hungarians, first, that Ferdinand had no legal power to abdicate without leave of the Diet, which leave it was impossible to grant, since, in the course of nature, Ferdinand might yet have direct heirs; secondly, that if he became incapacitated, it was the right of the Diet to appoint a regent; thirdly, that if Ferdinand had died, Francis Joseph was not the heir to the Hungarian crown, but his father, Ferdinand's brother; fourthly, that allegiance is not fully due to the true heir until he has been crowned; fifthly, that if Francis Joseph had been ever so much the true heir, and had been ever so lawfully crowned, the ordinances would be a breach of his oath, essentially null and void, and equivalent to a renunciation of his compact with the people; sixthly, that even to Austria the ministry of Stadion—or, rather, the Archduchess—was no better than a knot of intriguers, which had practised on the clouded intellect of the sovereign to grasp a despotism for itself, while over Hungary it had no more ostensible right than had that of Prussia or France. All Hungary, therefore, rose to resist—Slovachs and Magyars, Germans and Wallachs, Catholics and Protestants, Greeks and Jews, nobles, traders, and peasants, rich and poor, progressionists and conservatives. Ferdinand was still regarded as their legitimate, but unlawfully deposed King.

Between the Theiss and the Morosch, Kossuth organized the means of fabricating arms and money; and in the course of March and April a series of tremendous battles took place, in which the Austrians were some fifteen times defeated, and without a single change of fortune their armies, 130,000 strong, were swept out of Hungary with immense slaughter. Only certain fortresses remained in their power, and those were sure to fall by mere lapse of time. The Austrian Cabinet was desperate at losing a game in which it had risked so much. Its more scrupulous members had retired, including Stadion himself. Bloodier generals were brought forward, and the intervention of Russia (long promised, and granted as early as February in Transylvania) was publicly avowed. This act finally alienated from Austria every patriotic Hungarian.

Upon the entrance of the Russians with the consent of Francis Joseph, the Hungarian Parliament, on the 14th of April, after reciting

the acts of perfidy and atrocity by which the house of Hapsburg had destroyed its compacts with the nation, solemnly pronounced that house to have forfeited the crown. During the existing crisis Kossuth, according to constitutional precedent, was made Governor of the country.

We all know how Hungary, deprived of her ports, taken by surprise, isolated and abandoned, has been overwhelmed by the combined hosts of her unscrupulous foes. But has England nothing to say to this?

For three centuries, at least, Hungary has been a prominent member of the European family of nations. Her constitutional union to the house of Hapsburg has been a notorious public fact; and in the Emperor of Austria, as king of Hungary,

Europe has long seen a powerful barrier against Russian encroachment. That Hungary is not Austria—that the Emperor of Austria has no right in Hungary except as its Constitutional King—is as public a fact in Europe as that Hanover was never part of England. When Hungary proclaimed to us that the Emperor of Austria was no longer her King—that she had found the house of Hapsburg traitorous, and had legally deposed it; and when the Hungarian nation had, by a unanimous effort, actually expelled her invaders—there was the very same reason for our acknowledging the independence of Hungary, as we ever had for recognizing the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary at all.

EDEN.

BY WM. CLAND BOURNE.

THE Soul, bright effluence from the Sun Eternal,
Orbing its circuit in its godlike sphere,
Is full of Promise! Forth from bliss it came,
Baptised in angel harmonies that rung
From sphere to sphere, when morning stars awoke
Their seraph strain! when Heaven's divinest choir,
And Earth's unsullied scenes—and Ocean's waves,
That joyous worshipped round Elysian Isles—
And winged birds—and harmless beasts that roamed
On verdant hills—and in the sunny ray,
Insects that hummed their busy hymn of love,
And Nature, in her virgin robe attired,
Looked up, with dewy eyes of grateful love,
And poured their praise in Heaven's attentive ear.

Great destiny of being! thus to hear,
First sound that caught Perception's listening sense,
The blessing of the Giver! Countless spheres,
And circling systems in unmeasured paths
Rejoiced that God had given another orb
To love's domain; where Joy immaculate
And holy Faith, that linked the new-born soul
To glory infinite, should reign supreme.

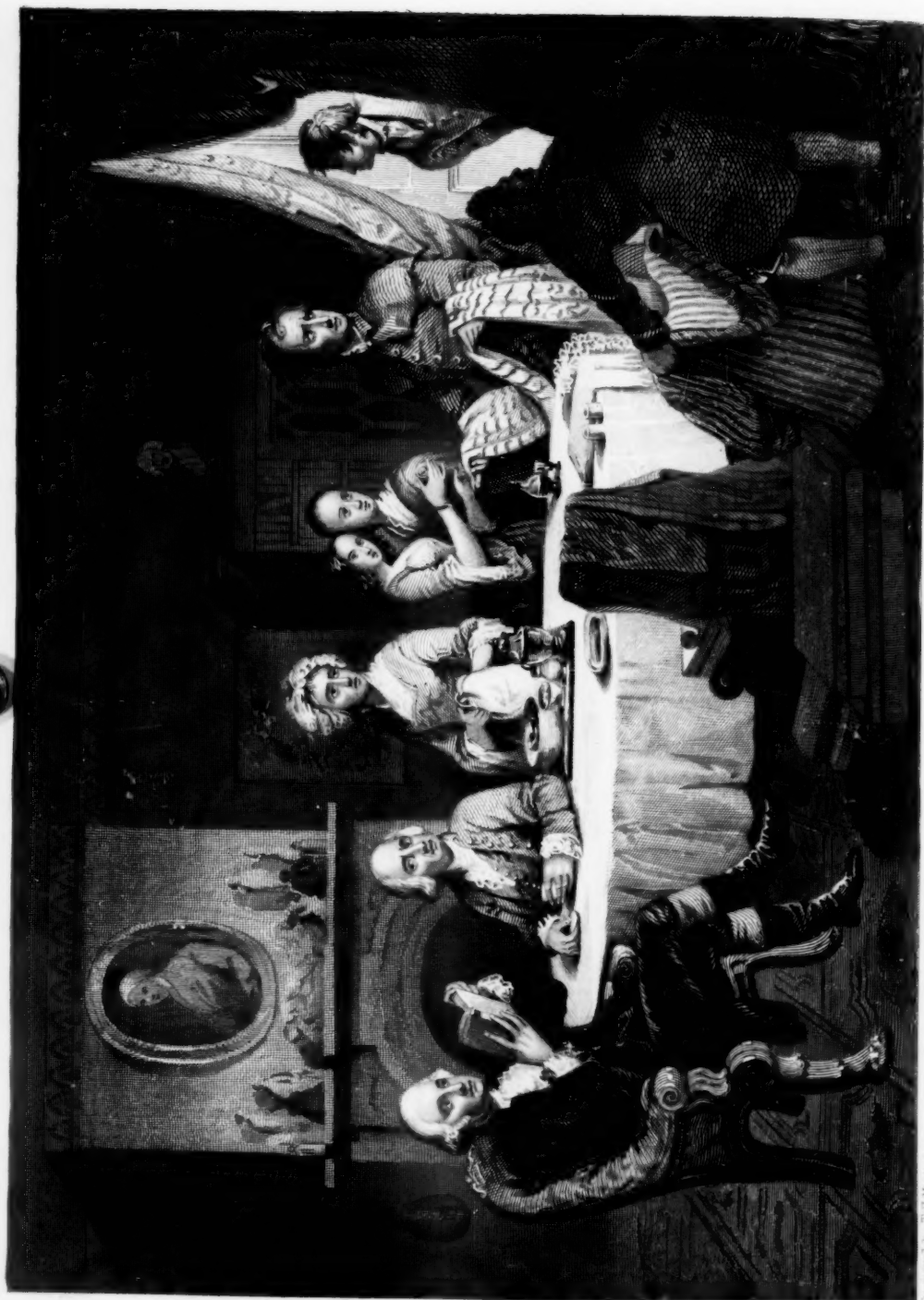
Dwelling of God in Man! Great thought in being!
That linked Divinity to dust—that made
Earth's dust a temple, where His spirit breathed
And bade Hope swing her censer; while with Faith,
And Harmony that drew the strains of bliss
From spirit harps, that round the Tree of Life
Were ever strung, they caught the living fire.
Love's golden altar set with radiant gems
Of pearly deeds; life-giving Truth that shone

With Glory's seal, and Purity that looked
With angel eye on Earth, then sought her God.

Dwelling of Man in God! That woke the dust
And gave it life—that took a wondrous form
And walking forth in earth's first sinless hours,
With thought contemplative, enwrapped in bliss,
Adored the Eternal Author! Child of Light,
He sought the Unfailing Source! Endued with
thought

He soared in lofty mood, and walked unfrayed,
At evening shades with Mind Unsearchable!
The air was full of Him! The breathing winds
That swept o'er flowery meads and fanned his brow
Spoke silently of God. The cooling shade
Was worship's holy veil. The lofty trees
With rustling leaves spoke symphonies of praise,
The flowing stream that mirrored forth the stars
Spoke of the River from the Throne. The birds
Woke melodies that thrilled the soul with strains
Of gentle love! The lion spoke of God
With kingly voice! The noble beasts that roamed
O'er vocal hills, and finny tribes, and things
Of humming wing, replied in many tongues,
Or flashing gleam, and with Creation's lord
Kept sweet companionship! All spoke of God!
All pure, all praising, all in worship led
The mind to God! The stars allured the eye
To heaven's blue depths, where full in beauty rolled
The virgin moon! The sun woke morning songs,
And all day long, and in the evening walks,
And night's deep shades, the soul communed with
God—

Him seen, Him known, Him worshipped and adored.



Designed by T. H. Matheson.

Engraved by John Wilson.

A SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

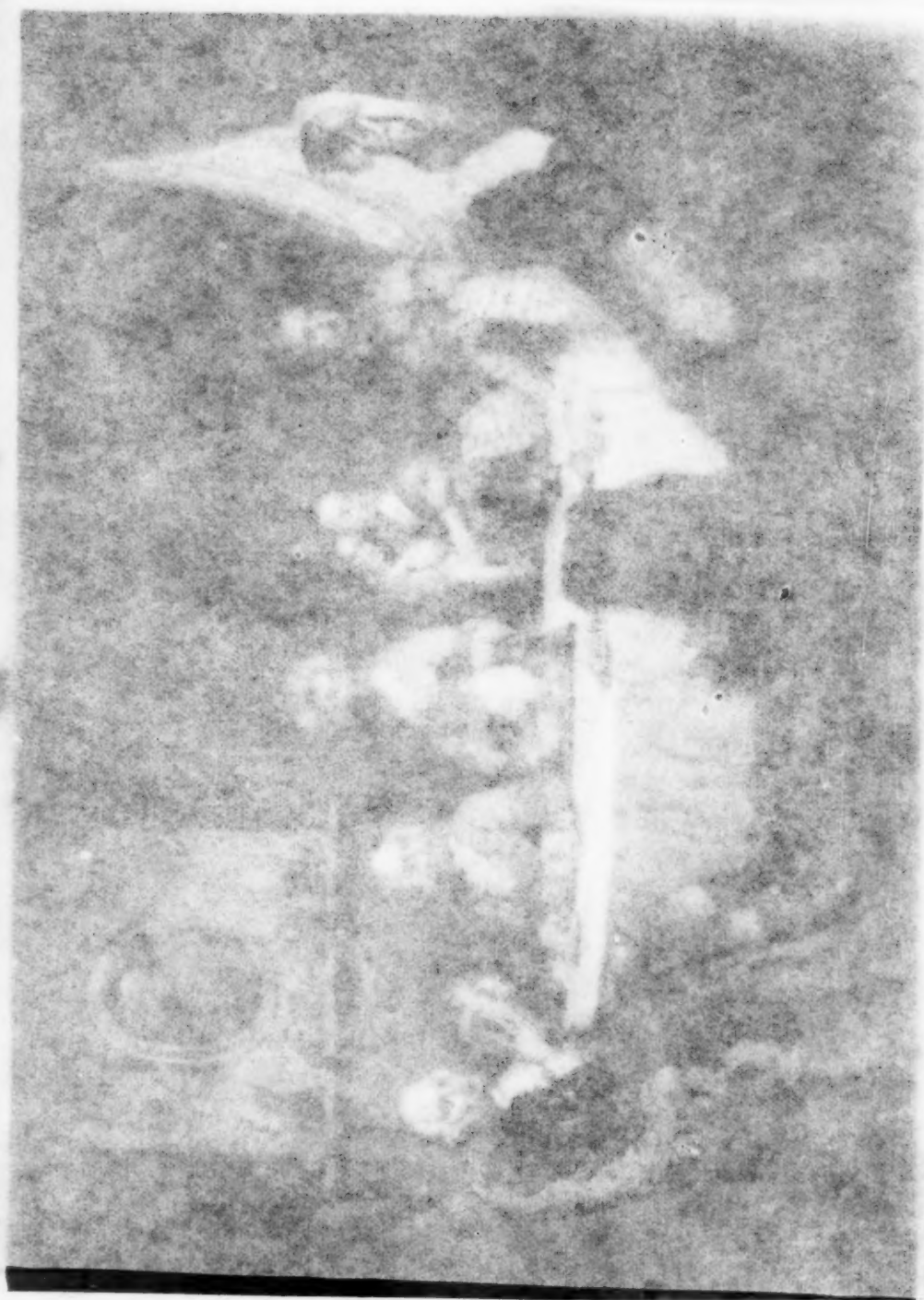
TRENTON FALLS.



TRENTON FALLS



HIGH FALLS



TRENTON FALLS.



CARMICHAEL'S POINT.



HIGH FALLS

"God is There."*

POETRY BY J. E. A. SMITH, ESQ.

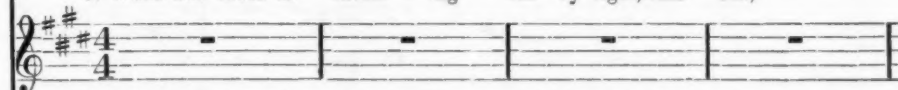
MUSIC BY J. EDGAR GOULD

WITH EXPRESSION.

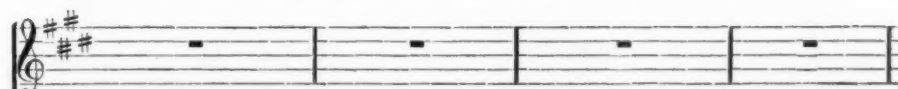
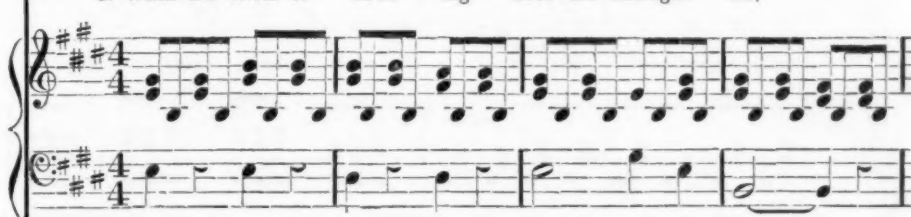
1st Voice.



1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light, and fair,



2. When the storm is howl - ing Thro' the midnight air,



Morn a - far pro - claim - eth Sweet - ly, "God is there,"



Fear - ful - ly its thun - der Tells us, "God is there,"



* Inserted by permission.

GOD IS THERE.

Sweetly, "God is there." When the spring is wreath - ing

Tells us, "God is there." All the wide world's treas - ures,

The first system of the musical score for 'God is There'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staves and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Sweetly, "God is there." When the spring is wreath - ing' and 'Tells us, "God is there." All the wide world's treas - ures,'.

Flowers, rich and rare, On each leaf is writ - ten,

Rich, or grand, or fair, In each feature bear - eth,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'Flowers, rich and rare, On each leaf is writ - ten,' and 'Rich, or grand, or fair, In each feature bear - eth,'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

"Na - ture's God is there, Nature's God is there."

Gra - ven, "God is there," Graven, "God is there."

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: '"Na - ture's God is there, Nature's God is there."' and 'Gra - ven, "God is there," Graven, "God is there."'.

OUR JULY SALUTATION.

JULY,—a midsummer month, but not an unintellectual month. Those who truly love to read at any time, read much in midsummer; and we feel that although we have not now to speak of long evenings, and the family fireside, we are to furnish a companion for the quiet hour at the shaded window, or in the vine-clad piazza,—a refreshment which shall enliven the mind, and through it the body, and so prevent the sickening languor which comes over the idler in the summer heat.

There is reality in this suggested relief. If you would pass the hot season comfortably, keep the mind pleasantly occupied. Think not to find coolness in vacant lolling and fanning. It is the very way to suffer. There is something in the excitement of interested occupation which gives us power to resist the debilitating influence of heat, or at least relieves us of the wearisome attention to our sensations which makes us wretched.

In summer and in winter, we have endeavored to afford, in this magazine, such a variety as might correspond to the varied tastes of our readers, and answer, in time, every reasonable demand. We continue this endeavor, and apply ourselves to it with increasing earnestness. Every labor has some peculiar embarrassments; and those are justly honored who rarely talk of their difficulties, and never murmur. We believe, however, that the editor is expected once in awhile to allude to the difficulty of pleasing all. So distinctly is he brought to face this perplexity, that it is regarded as but reasonable that he should now and then have the privilege of reminding the public what a formidable task he has encountered.

With us, the precise point of greatest difficulty is this—to find the golden mean between entertainment and instruction. We cannot endure to have our magazine accounted dull. We should certainly be doing injury if we sanctioned the impression, already unfortunately made on some young minds, that a religious book is necessarily a heavy and unattractive one. We may do good, by showing that all beautiful thoughts lead the ingenious mind towards the sphere of divine truth; that all the delights of elevated literature are open to him whose heart is reconciled to God through Christ. And yet, in the effort to be sprightly, there is danger of becoming frivolous.

This is, perhaps, the error of popular literature, at the present time. The issues of the press are so abundant, and the occupation of the public mind so great, that the writer or speaker who would gain attention, must seize upon it by some powerful expedient. Many are tempted to sacrifice instruction to amusement, so far as to fail of the former altogether, and even to enhance the lamentable perversion of public taste which they undertook to humor.

We wish to have the Christian Parlor Magazine welcomed joyously, month after month, to multitudes of cheerful homes. We wish to have it such that the younger members of the family especially, will seize upon it with avidity. We are ambitious to enlist their sympathies, and to visit them as an agreeable and entertaining friend. We would bring the most varied and attractive collection of literary flowers, fruits, and gems, to exhilarate and gladden the family circle.

The newspaper announces the events of the day, and adds appropriate explanations and comments. The massive quarterly takes up the great questions of politics, commerce, literature, and theology, with wide sweep of discussion. A monthly magazine like our's is designed to occupy the field of pleasant literature,—to gratify the reader with elegant sketches, biographical and historical, personal reminiscences, description of natural scenery, brilliant expansion and illustration of elevated and striking thought, graphic representations of life and manners, and the endlessly diversified beauties of eloquent sentiment, in prose and poetry. But it is not to be supposed that we purpose to retire wholly to an ideal world. We wish to live in the present. The topics of the day we do not exclude. We would vivify our pages with them. We cannot give place to controversy, nor enter at length into the investigation of weighty questions in Church or State. But we shall indulge in such "touches at the times" as may seem to be within our province, and as may render our periodical a living, acting, speaking, present reality.

And now, one word to parents. What reading comes into your house, and engages the attention of your children, may be a question of infinite consequence. Pernicious books, newspapers, and magazines are flooding the land; and before parents are aware of it, the child is often imbibing poison which is never to be eradicated.

The mischief is done silently. While the parent is "busy here and there," the destructive process goes on; the appetite for rank, unwholesome reading is formed; the imagination is stirred by wild and morbid excitements; the principles are undermined; the sober plans of life are broken; false ideal standards are set up, and the heart is alienated from the teachings and impressions which might be expected to lead it to God. To forestall such mischief, so far as one monthly visitor in the form of a Magazine may have power to do it, is our aim and ambition. We invite parental aid.

We do not expect to accomplish the work of doing good by a dry, didactic publication. "The children of this world" are too wise to attempt the propagation of evil in that way. We hope

to enlist in the service of truth and holiness the brightest and most alluring charms of literature. Is there any reason why we should not do so? Is it chimerical to hope for a measure of success so great, that the powerful influences of eloquence and poetry, tender sentiment and delicate imagination, captivating narrative and descriptive skill, impressive rhetoric, and cogent reasoning, should all be found united in gathering about the soul an atmosphere of heavenly tone, and in forming the complex instrumentality which God will render effectual for salvation? We cannot think that any one will doubt on this point. We cannot be wrong in seeking to gather the most brilliant attractions of literary achievement to grace the pages of a Christian Parlor Magazine.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. MARIA C. TRACY.

THERE is a broad, deep river;
A verdant bank it laves,
Onward it floweth ever,
Till lost in ocean waves.

THERE is a matchless flower,
Whose perfume fills the air;
It dwells in shady bower,
And veils its beauty there.

THERE is a gem whose luster
Excels the diamond's light,
In leafy crown enclustered
O'er brow serenely bright.

THERE is a whispering zephyr
Falls gently on the ear,
Breathing sweet music ever
In murmurings soft and clear.

THERE is a star whose brightness
Ne'er fades or waxes dim;
In midnight gloom its lightness
Peers darkest clouds between.

THERE is a living fountain
With gushing waters filled;

On wild, or snow-clad mountain
It knows nor draught nor chill.

THERE is a palm-grove waving
O'er desert's burning waste;
Beneath its broad leaves' shading
The wayworn pilgrims rest

THERE is a balm whose soothing
Within the anguished heart,
A blessed unction proving,
Outvies the healer's art.—

Wouldst know that flowing river?
That fragrant, beauteous flower?
That soft Eolian zephyr?
That gem of priceless dower?

Wouldst ken that starry brilliant
That sparkles through the glade?
That clear and willing springlet?
That palm-grove's cooling shade?

Wouldst prove the balm whose impress
Will care and grief remove?—
Then trust that heavenly influence,
A mother's holy love!

TRENTON FALLS.

THOSE admirable views—truly artistic they are—which we present to our readers, and that just at the season when the picture of a waterfall is refreshing, will remind many of a place which has been pronounced, by a writer of fine taste, "*the most enjoyably beautiful spot*" in the country. Why is it that cataract scenery is so fascinating, and so enduring in its power to please? Even the mill-dam is a fine feature in a romantic scene, and indeed in any scene. We once spent a summer Sabbath at Mauch Chunk, on the Lehigh—a place of wonderful *originality*, so to speak, for its bold beauties have a character uncopied and unimitated—and the great dam made music which lent an indescribable charm to the place. It was company—a calm, eloquent,

benevolent company for the stranger. It seemed to be our host—the presiding genius of the place—the personage in whose presence we were paying our visit. Such a place as Trenton Falls, wakes up thought. As you pass through that mysterious ravine, and come upon the new views which open in such astonishing variety in that long range of rapids and cataracts, you feel the mind powerfully stirred. The thoughts may not take definite form at the time—indeed they usually do not, and you find that you cannot state them—but the whole inner being feels a healthful exhilaration. The intellectual excitement and elevation are a luxury, and a positive, permanent benefit.



The shore of the ocean does not furnish that charming variety which is found at such a place as Trenton Falls. It is delightful to go out day after day as an explorer; to search out new recesses among the rocks, and new views of the cascades; to find new paths and reclining places, and to note new aspects of the landscape.

The proprietor of this favorite resort, Mr. M. Moore, has presented the public, through the agency of Mr. Putnam, with a tasteful little volume—the descriptions by N. P. Willis, and

the illustrations by several distinguished foreign artists—and has really done honor to the celebrated scene over which he presides, and to the publishing enterprise of our country, by his exceedingly beautiful book-offering. The possession of this exquisite little centre-table gem is not a trifling privilege; but to go and make a leisurely visit at the Falls, and verify these finely-executed reports of the scenes to be enjoyed there, is a privilege much greater.

The place was once called Oldenbarneveld,

from an eminent Hollander of that name; who, in the 17th century, was beheaded on account of his religious opinions. The selection of the present name was unfortunate, for the obvious reason that it had been pre-occupied. How much better to have sought a name among the appropriate stores of the aboriginal language.

The attractions of the place were first appreciated and made known to the public by John Sherman, a grandson of the distinguished Roger Sherman, who graduated at Yale College in 1793, and in 1806 became pastor of a Unitarian church at Trenton village. In 1822 he caused a house to be built at the Falls, called the "Rural Resort." This was enlarged in 1825, and still further of late by Mr. Moore, who has provided ample and inviting accommodations.

For a full historical and descriptive account, which the reader will find highly entertaining, we refer to the volume which we have mention-

ed. It is with satisfaction that we point the business-worn and the depressed away to such a noble resting-place. Earth cannot indeed heal the sorrows or reverse the afflictions of this state of trial; but it would seem as if some of its retreats were sanctuaries to which the tempted, anxious, weary sojourner may hasten, to rest a while from life's dangerous confusion, and from its burdening and exhausting toils, and to seek satisfaction and repose in looking away to the heavenly world. Perhaps in the apparent thoughtlessness of the fashionable summer resort, there are more serious, earnest aspirations than the world suspects. Among the shades, and in the rocky glens, and along the majestic chasm at Trenton Falls, how many a closet for the prayerful spirit, where He who seeth in secret may receive the petition of the contrite heart, and comfort the broken spirit.

REFLECTIONS.

BY F.

I LOVE, when the shadows of evening fall,
Enthroning the earth in their ebony pall,
When the glistening dews in sadness weep,
When the fragile flowers in silence sleep,
To sit with a sad and earnest gaze,
And bring back the scenes of departed days.

I love the calm, the holy evening hour. It seems fit for better and purer thoughts than come to us in the broad glare of busy day,—for holier aspirations than thrill our hearts when in casual intercourse with our fellows. I love—

When day with farewell beams delays
Among the opening clouds of heaven,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,

to sit in solitude and give free course to the thoughts which, all unbidden, fill my breast. It is the hour of even, "when heaven's smile comes down and rests on earth." Each snowy cloud which floats peacefully away in the blue cerulean, seems to me a scroll traced with the record of earth's sorrows and sufferings, ascending to the mercy-seat; and the bright stars

which come out quickly seem the eyes of angel watchers, keeping silent and earnest vigil over the woes of earth. 'Tis at the blest hour of evening that thoughts of the shadowy train who have gone long since to the untried realities of another and better land, ever come to me. I sometimes fancy I hear the rush of their airy wings, and the low tones of their viewless harps come to my ears laden with the sweet seraphic music of the heavenly world. This calm and quiet evening reminds me of a fair young child who left earth's sad scenes e'er a cloud had shadowed her stainless spirit, and before a knowledge of this world's sinfulness had robbed her of that trusting confidence which always makes childhood so beautiful. She was a child of unusual loveliness. Each lineament of her youthful countenance bore the impress of high and noble thought, and her impatient soul seemed at times vainly striving to free itself from its earthly prison house, and soar through the blue and boundless ether away to its home in heaven. I often trembled for her,

for I knew that it would be with her as with other of earth's gifted ones, that the refinement of spirit which gave her so vivid a perception of all things bright and beautiful, would also render her more painfully sensitive to the world's cold heartlessness. And the words of one of *our* country's gifted bards would often rise to my lips—

"God shield thee from the storm, for it must come."

While she was yet in the first bud of early childhood, the icy hand of Death took from her a kind and loving mother. The pulseless stillness of the death-chamber was very new to her young mind, and with a thousand artless inquiries she sought to penetrate its gloom. I told her as clearly as I could of the dissolution of the body, and the soul's mysterious change through faith, and flight to heaven. She seemed a long time lost in deep and earnest thought, when suddenly clasping her tiny hands, and pointing to a pure white cloud that moved slowly to the west,

"See, see, there's mamma's soul going to see its God." It was a beautiful thought in that lovely child, that her mother's soul was a snowy cloud floating quietly away in the summer heavens. And I prayed fervently that the dear child might be saved by grace, and with the angel mother would share richly in the joys of a heavenly banquet, when kindly taken from the

ills of this present life to encounter the changes of the future.

"When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too."

And a few short weeks after we laid the sod on her mother's breast, our little loved one lay pale and pining, like a crushed *lily-bell*, with the withering hand of sickness resting heavily upon her. Her soul seemed drooping for its angel-companionship, and she would sometimes say she saw her mother motioning her away, and heard sweet music in the air when all around was still. She died one calm and holy evening, and we laid her down to rest with a placid smile upon her parted lips, which even the cold finger of death could not utterly efface.

In the cold damp earth we laid her,
Where the forest cast its leaf,
And we wept that one so beautiful
Should have a life so brief.

We made her grave beside her mother's, and though our onward way looked *lone, lone*, without her beaming smile, we consoled ourselves with the blessed assurance that she rested now in that better land where there is heard no funeral knell, and each bright bud withers not in blooming. Thrice blessed was the task of the recording angel who wrote her fair and sinless soul "accepted" on "the pure evangel" of high and holy heaven.

AWAKENING.

BY ALICE CAREY.

His hair is as white as the snow,
And I am his only child—
(How the wild storm beats on my chamber low—)
When we parted last he smiled.

He smiled, and his hand was laid
Like the summer dew on my head—
(Tis a fearful night, I am half afraid,)
God bless you, my child, he said.

On the meadow the mist hung low,
The beauty of summer was o'er,

And the winds as they went to and fro,
Shook the red-rinded pears at the door.

How well I remember it all,
The brier-buds close at the pane,
And the trumpet-vine tied to the wall—
But I shall not see them again.

I must sink to the shadowy vale—
'Tis dreary alone to go,
O temper, sweet Pity, my tale,
His hair is as white as the snow.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY H.

It was Saturday afternoon, and a lovely one too, late in March, after a long and severe winter, when all nature seemed suddenly bursting into life, and the same renovating spirit was felt by the inmates of a pleasant cottage not far from New Haven. There had been an air of bustle and preparation all day in that usually quiet household, betokening the expected arrival of some loved guest.

In her bedroom, in a large easy chair, sat the mistress of the dwelling, an elderly lady, evidently long an invalid, yet with so sweet and placid an expression, that you could not look at her without feeling that she possessed the antidote to every human ill, and knew she found it in that large open Bible that lay on a little table by her side. She raised her eyes from the Bible, laid her spectacles upon it, as she greeted a little girl who had just entered with a basket of spring flowers. "Grandmama, see! what beautiful violets. Crocusses too, purple and yellow, I have gathered from my bed; they are the first; I will fix them in a vase on your table, for he is so fond of flowers, and talks so beautifully to me about God's painting them. But do you think he will come, Grandmama?" "Yes, my dear, if God does not see fit to prevent. He leaves the Seminary next week, and knows how sadly disappointed we should be not to see him once more; and he has so much of the spirit of his blessed master, that he will make any personal sacrifice, rather than cause sorrow to any one. God grant that he may long be spared to the ministry of his word! but I never see him without the impression that he is too rapidly ripening for Heaven to be long here. Another reason, my daughter, why I think he will come is,—he knows that there is little probability of our ever meeting again on earth. My heavenly Father is constantly saying to me—'Set thy house in order, for his messenger will soon call for me.' Look not so sad my child," for she saw Mary's eyes filled with tears, "I have no fear of death. For fifty years and upwards have I put my trust in God. Though I have often forgotten Him, He has never forsaken me, and I know that

my Saviour has prepared a mansion for me. And with the eye of faith, the aged saint seemed to penetrate the veil and see her blessed home. While the little girl gazed at her with wonder, though it was no new theme that she heard from those lips, and throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed, "Dear Grandmama, don't talk about dying," for who will take care of grandpa, Clara, and me!" "The Lord will provide," was her reply. "Oh that beautiful hymn, Grandmama! will our dear friend sing it for us when he comes, and will you ask him to copy it for me!" "Yea, my love, and may you never forget the precious promise it contains, amidst the toils and perplexities of life!"

That evening found a happy group assembled in the bedroom, for Mrs. H. was wholly confined there. The expected guest had come; the young servant of God sat by the invalid. By her, also, was her aged partner, who had nearly reached his fourscore years, "yet was his eye not dim," and with his white flowing locks and venerable figure, you could have imagined him a Patriarch of old. He had borne a conspicuous part in the councils of his country, and held a rank in her army, but in early youth he had enlisted under the banner of the captain of his salvation, and proved a faithful soldier. On an ottoman at her grandmama's feet sat little Mary, and near, her elder sister, just entering upon womanhood. No worldly topics were discussed there. The young minister told them of his future plans, if health was granted him. How the harvest was ripe, and he longed to thrust in the sickle and reap; and they talked of Jesus, and his kingdom, till their hearts burned within them, and they knew He was present, though they saw him not. Then would they give utterance to the voice of praise. In full rich tones, rarely equalled, did the young minister sing God's "loving kindness,"—how He was a hiding place—and little Mary's favorite, "The Lord will provide." He sang not alone; for the voice of age still sweet, though tremulous, joined, and Clara and Mary's notes could be heard. After he had read those precious chapters, 23 Ps. and

14th of John, they knelt. Then ascended the fervent prayer from the aged soldier; how it glowed with love and faith as he caught from Pisgah's top a view of the promised Land. The young disciple followed. He pleaded not only for the aged ones so near the close of their pilgrimage, but for those young orphans, yet without the fold of Christ, that they might be brought in then, in the very springtime of their existence. And who can say it was not that last prayer they ever heard from the lips of the devoted James Brainerd Taylor, that God blessed to their conversion?

A year passed—little Mary gathered again her spring flowers for her aged grandparents, but their hearts were deeply saddened, for they thought of the young servant of God who had been called before them, to his heavenly home. A mysterious providence! The young and devoted laborer, just entered upon his work had been cut down, while the invalid for years, and

her aged partner, "like shocks of corn fully ripe," had been spared.

But they were not long left to wait; a few weeks and the invalid's chair was vacant; she had fallen asleep in Jesus; a few lonely months were allotted to him who had been her companion for more than fifty years. In patience and resignation he submitted, till he, too, was called. In a few years, Clara followed, but not till she had proved herself a faithful helpmate to a minister of God. Whilst little Mary, stripped of earthly friends, was early led to seek a better friend, and gave herself in covenant to Christ. But amidst all the varying scenes of life she could never forget that Saturday evening, the prayers that were offered, the sweet hymns sung, and the loved ones who were so soon called to join the heavenly choir. And among the most precious relics of her childhood, she still preserves the Hymn copied by J. B. Taylor.

THE SORROWS OF BEREAVEMENT.

It was not at that mournful hour

When first thy spirit fled,
And life's last smile was on thy brow,
I felt that thou wert dead.

But oh! when weary days were past,
And thou away wert gone,
And I, in silent wretchedness,
Had wept and prayed alone.

When lighter friends looked coldly on,
Or faithless from me fled,
Or strove to heal, and wounded more,
I felt that thou wert dead.

And when I passed along the walks,
Where thou with me hadst been,
And stood alone where both had stood,
In every gentle scene;

And saw the glorious sun and sky,
And felt the balmy air,
And heard a thousand happy sounds
And knew thou wert not there—

Oh! then I felt that all the charm

That made it bright was fled,
I turned away in bitterness,
And wept that thou wert dead.

And when I hear the silvery sounds
We both have loved to hear,
And think that all their sweetness now
Will never reach thine ear;

Or read the books we both have loved,
Of verse, or learned lore,
And miss the eye, the voice, the smile,
That made it sweet before;

Or when, through sad and lonely hours,
I long thy face to see,
And think that all this bitter grief
Is nothing now to thee—

Oh! then I feel from earth, from me,
Forever thou art fled,
And too, too keenly then I feel
That one so loved is dead.

JUVENILE INTERVENTION.

HOW TO COAX CONGRESS.

BY E. KENNEDY.

THERE are a good many public schools in the city of Washington, and there are a great number of school children, but they wanted *school-houses* badly; and what was the worst of the matter, they had no money to build them.

What was to be done about it?

There was only one thing to be done, or that could be done, and that was to coax Congress to grant some of the public money for that purpose. Congress had the right to do so—this no one could deny—because Congress is the rightful Legislature of the District of Columbia, and consequently of the city of Washington, together with its schools, and all of its public concerns. But how were they to coax Congress? Ah, that was the difficulty. One may go to members of Congress individually, and ask them to give their votes for such and such measures; but Congressmen have so many applications made to them, and their urgent attention is demanded for so many important objects, that they are apt to grow careless and forgetful about such *smaller* matters as the building of school-houses for children. The question that arose in the minds of the school directors was, how shall we make this application of ours *striking*,—how shall the feelings of these Congressmen be touched, so as to make them sympathise with the necessities of some thousands of children?

The subject of our present sketch is, how did the people figure to coax Congress?

* * * * *

In the city of Washington there is, as all our readers know, a very magnificent building called the CAPITOL. It is where Congress meets, and where all the business of this great United States Legislature is carried on. One sees there members from all the New-England States—members from New York, and Virginia, and the Carolinas, as well as from the more distant regions of the South and North-West; from Mississippi and Louisiana, and from Iowa and Wisconsin; and there, too, he will see men from beyond the Rocky Mountains, from Oregon, and from the gold-producing California. It is, I say,

a very magnificent building. It is so large and massive, that it took a dozen years and more to build it, and the cost of it was over a million of dollars. It stands upon a hill, and is surrounded by a high iron fence; and the yard and grounds so included are very extensive—there may be twenty acres, for aught I know, in all. A great deal of pains is taken in the laying off, and beautifying of these grounds, with graveled walks, and choice shade-trees, and green grass plots; and indeed, in the summer time, a very attractive place it is for the citizens of Washington and for strangers to visit.

The Capitol, standing in the centre of these grounds, has two fronts: one looks towards the city, and the other looks towards the Navy Yard. This last named, or Eastern front, is very splendid in its architecture; having a broad portico with tall marble pillars to support it, and a marble floor, and a very superb flight of steps, of the same enduring material, leading up to it. Now these steps, you never saw anything like them, I'll engage to say; they are so high, and so broad, and so ample. I suppose fifty little girls, side by side, could walk up them with ease; and they are so lofty that these same little ladies would be very apt to be out of breath before they should reach the floor of the portico at the top of them. It is upon these steps that the President of the United States stands when he takes his inaugural oath of office. Here General Jackson stood, amongst the thousands of congregated people, and here General Taylor, too, stood, when he first assumed what men call *the reins of government*: and very ugly reins they are to hold and manage properly.

Standing upon the top of this magnificent flight of steps you look over the beautiful grounds of the Capitol: and about the centre of these grounds, lying upon the Eastern side, there you see the noble statue of Washington, which was executed in Italy by Mr. Greenough. It is of white marble, and is, I think, very grand indeed, though some people don't like it so well because it is in a sitting posture, and because all the upper

part of the body is naked. But whether we like it or not there it sits, and probably, for ages to come, will continue to sit, holding a sheathed sword in the left hand, and, with the right arm extended gracefully upwards, the finger points to heaven. In the space between this statue and the Capitol there is a lovely green sward of grass, flanked by shady elms and aspens on either side. Perhaps there may be contained in this grass-plot some two or three acres.

* * * *

Now, it was necessary to talk thus much by way of description, of the Capitol and its grounds, so as to enable a person who had never been upon the spot to form some correct idea of the *coazing* scene that took place there, according to a plan of arrangements made by the Directors of Public Schools: and those who are familiar with the localities will find such minuteness of detail all the more interesting when we come to fill up the picture.

In order that a liberal grant of money should be made, it was quite indispensable to *coax* Congress, as we have already said before. Something *striking* in the way of a show was needful to be gotten up—something that would “come home to the business and bosoms of men,” as it is expressed oftentimes—something that would appeal strongly to the flow of human sympathies, and cause “the milk of human kindness,” as the poet has it, to bubble uppermost in the feelings and affections of these much-perplexed Congressmen. And as to the number of these dignitaries—I suppose there are three hundred of them or more; and although there may be some young men among them, and some who are unmarried, yet the greater proportion by far are married men, and are men of families. It may be that their wives and little ones are far distant—some hundreds, or perhaps thousands of miles off, yet are they not forgotten; and they send forth, I have no doubt, many anxious thoughts and wishful emotions, towards that far-off home where those tender, domestic affections of man’s nature all cluster. These Congressmen, I say, are fathers, and they have fathers’ feelings; nobody knows how to love children so well as a parent does; and now, if these Congressmen could only have their sympathies aroused—their parental sympathies, why it would be an easy matter to awaken their hearts to a glowing enlargement in behalf of children in general. This was the plan, and you see it was a very good one; and it shows that these school directors

understood pretty well how to operate upon the more amiable of human infirmities.

The people of Washington city, meanwhile, had signed a *petition* to Congress, asking that the money for the building of a number of school-houses might be granted to them. I don’t know how many signers there were to this *petition*, but a good many—perhaps several thousands of the names of the citizens, for Washington has a population of nearly fifty thousand—and he would be a bad-hearted, unfeeling man who would refuse his name to such a benevolent cause. The paper on which these names were written was, when tightly rolled up, sealed very nicely, and tastefully decorated, too, with cords of narrow ribbon of various colors, with which the roll was bound. It was this *petition* that was to be presented to Congress; you know that’s the way in a republican government the people have to proceed when they ask a favor from their rulers: they draw up a *petition* and they sign their names to it, and the more names there are to a *petition*, the more authoritative it is regarded by the individuals, who, in the capacity of Legislators, sit together to make laws for us. It was this large paper roll, therefore, that was to be presented to Congress, it being a *PETITION*; and a little School Miss of ten or twelve years old was appointed to deliver the same, with her own hands, to the committee which Congress should designate to attend to the business.

* * *

It was a beautiful May day in the present year—the very sweetest day of the season as everybody said, that the boys and the girls attached to the various public schools in the city began to assemble upon the pavement and sidewalks of the street leading up to the City Hall. Perhaps they assembled first at their old school-houses, and were there arranged by their teachers, two and two, for the grand procession which they were to form in marching up to the Capitol. I think this was the case, for they were marshaled with a good deal of taste as to sizes, so that the taller ones should all be together, and that they should be in advance; and that the smaller folks should come afterwards. I wish you could have been there to have seen them, they looked so pretty! I think by far the larger number of children who “paraded” upon this interesting occasion were little girls. And of these the majority were under nine years of age. And so nicely they were dressed too—nearly all of them in white—pure white, emblem appropriate of that purity and innocence

which characterizes childhood! Oh, who does not love sweet children—clean, nice, well-behaved children—such as these were? And dressed up so tidily, too! I don't know how many pairs of new shoes I counted, but agood many. The shoe-dealers must have had a busy time of it to prepare for this celebration. And then the white dresses, and the white bonnets, and the lace pantalettes. I couldn't pretend to form any idea of how many dollars were spent to fit out these little ladies for the occasion. It was a grand affair to be sure; they were going up to be presented to Congress, and it is not every day that little folks can have so much honor bestowed upon them, and they must, of course, look as nicely as possible.

I have said that they were properly arranged into line, and so they were. Each school by itself, boys by themselves and girls by themselves, and with due regard to their size and age. And then each school "mustered" under its own banner, to use a martial phrase, and had its own distinguishing badge, which badge was a ribbon. The prevailing color was pink—a broad pink ribbon, which was worn as a sash by every scholar. Some schools were designated by a blue ribbon however, and others were green: perhaps some were yellow, but I don't remember. A white dress of unspotted clearness, and a pink ribbon, is, according to my notion, very becoming to Misses; and when such numbers of them, as we saw here, meet together in uniform, the scene becomes gay and exciting. The boys wore blue or black jackets with white trousers and straw hats. And these, too, had "marshals" of their own to pay attention to these little infantry fellows, and to keep them in order upon their march. These marshals bore their honors very meekly, and they flourished their *batons*, all gaily streaming with ribbons, as coolly, and with as much self-possession, as the Duke of Wellington himself could have done. The banners which the children carried were for the purpose of indicating the number of the school, and the district in which it was located; and besides, the girls carried small flags with the stars and the stripes floating in the breeze of the beautiful morning.

Never did I see children behave so orderly or so well. They *rendezvoused* in the neighborhood of the City Hall, as I told you, and throughout all the latter part of the forenoon were seen pouring in from all quarters, and from the various schools located in the populous, but in most respects destitute portions of Washington. Their teachers were all with their classes, and they

exhibited no small activity and interest in getting up the whole affair with becoming spirit, and in conducting it with propriety and decorum. There were bands of musicians there too, to enliven the scene with the sweet strains of music. I suppose it would hardly be esteemed a parade, in these our days, unless the soul-stirring accompaniment of the drum and the fife was present. But the drum and the fife were not the only instruments—the piercing clarionet was there, and the ear-tingling cymbal with its clanging sound, and brass horns of various shape and structure, with their deep bass throats,—all these to help to stir up the souls of men from the duller monotony of every-day life, and to serve as stimulants and excitants. Who does not love excitement? I don't mean an unnatural and unwholesome excitement, because the drunkard could make use of this argument in favor of his dram; but such excitement as any *mutual* enterprise for public good gives rise to.

Take, for instance, a beautiful day in Spring, like this we speak of:—the trees all out in their newest dress of green, and the early flowers beginning to bloom; the sun with its mild and animating warmth, and the soft and balmy breeze of the bright morning to waft its refreshing influences outwardly upon the body, and so by sympathy to convey its exhilarating influences to the inmost hearts of human kind! And then the troops of lads and lasses, all decked out in holiday attire,—sweet, innocent childhood, itself so joyous, so buoyant, so attractive! And music, too, soul-awakening music, with its "concord of sweet sounds;" and above all besides, the occasion of this vast assemblage!

The occasion, what is it?

Is it to cast offerings at the shrine of some image graven by man's device,—some poor idol that ignorance and barbarism is so fond to worship? Is it to encircle with wreaths of roses and laurel the marble brows of some Minerva or Diana, a miserable emblem of a god which we know to be a "false" one! Is it to pay tribute to any such sham deity? O, no! nothing like it! It is not even to join in the mighty procession of a Roman triumph, where thousands of captive women are led in chains to grace the return of some conquering general. O, no! we are glad indeed that it is nothing of the kind, for our very heart's blood would chill within us to gaze out upon any such a show of cruelty and wickedness,—of moral injustice and heaven-offending wrong. But such things have been, and men have loved to participate in such debasing pleasures. History tells of them, and busy memory throngs

with the recollection of them. But this land of ours is not *heathendom*, neither is it the age of what has been called "Grecian splendor," and "Roman renown." We are so happy as to live in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and in a land of civilization and Christian enterprise. It is the glorious "era of good feeling," as President Monroe once called it, and so appropriately. Now-a-days we educate children, rather than *deify* weak, worthless mortals. We build school-houses, not temples; we give expansion to our hearts in kindness and benevolence, and good will—in a word, it is the better feelings of our nature that are called in play by the rational excitement of this day's grand procession of the school-children of Washington.

To educate children!

Yes! that is what the day is about to bring forth. 'Tis to benefit the rising and budding generation—these men and women of the future—that the quiet of the morning is so pleasantly disturbed. You see the officers of the city are here;—there stands the mayor and the Directors of Public Schools, ready to join in the procession, and to take part in the heart-stirring exercises of the day. That anxious-looking old gentlemen you see there in spectacles is the Secretary of the Board; and he carries in his arm the *petition* which all these children are going to carry up to the American Congress. A petition from children! An appeal coming from the heart, and directed to the heart. They ask for help. *Please help us!* that is the language and the intent of a petition; and that is what is expressed so plainly and unmistakably in all the imposing ceremonies of this day.

To educate children! And what is it to educate! O, what a question! To educate? Why it is to carry out God's work already begun, and left purposely incomplete by Him. It is to be co-workers with Deity in the framing, and fashioning, and fitting out these young immortals, and in rendering them complete in the work whereunto they are called upon earth; and so preparing them for an eternal destiny hereafter! Look at that child—so innocent, 'tis true, but yet so helpless, so ignorant! We must do for him what nature has left undone—we must educate him; we must raise him up from the low estate of ignorant simplicity in which we find him. Here is our duty. And what a duty it is! What a responsibility is that in which parents, and guardians, and public officers are cast! To educate a child is to prepare *him* and to fit *her* for station and capability in life:—to take hold upon those plastic bands, and to seize upon the

energies of those wonder-working minds, and to direct the one and to guide the other into ways of usefulness, and into paths that lead to overflowing plenty, and the blessed rewards of heaven smiling peace! This it is to educate,—taking them up—these young innocents—from the low mire of degradation into which the tendencies of slavish ignorance is to cast them, and placing them firmly upon a sure rock,—such a rock as mental and moral culture can alone set their feet upon!

* * * * *

No wonder, then, that the people of Washington city were excited upon the morning in question, and that the windows of the houses were thrown open, and that the numerous gazers on were stimulated with an emotional excitement, or that they thronged the streets and the waysides to witness the gay scenes; or that the flags which usually float upon the top of the Capitol, to show that the two houses of Congress are in session, were hauled down, and the Congress of the United States had adjourned to allow its members to mix and mingle in the crowd, and to catch the emotion of the hour.

Towards noon the various columns "wheeled into line," (still to make use of a martial figure;) the mayor of the city, and the various public officers and Mr. Davis, the secretary, led the way—the latter bringing along in his arm that same *petition* I have spoken of. This it would hardly do to forget now, since Congress had adjourned to witness the parade, and since a committee, both from the Senate and from the house of Representatives, had been appointed to stand upon the top of those high steps, beneath the portico of the Capital, and to receive the city authorities and the school directors when they should arrive, bringing the *petition* along with them.

The music "struck up," as the word is; I forget the tune, but it was a very cheerful one, and the procession moved on, up one street and down another, until it came to Pennsylvania Avenue.

All the world that knows anything about Washington city is familiar with "*the avenue*;" but as a good portion of these my readers have never been in sight of the dome of the Capitol, it will be necessary to explain matters and things as we go along. Pennsylvania Avenue, then, is a very long and a very broad street, extending east and west from the Capitol upon one hill, to the President's house upon another, these being about a mile and a half apart. This street is the Broadway, or the Chesnut street of Washington. Here are all the principal hotels, and the most

showy shops; and here all the beauty and the fashion are gathered. It was, then, along the broad pavement of the "Avenue" that the children marched, as they ascended toward the Capitol hill; and thence winding around this beautiful walk, they refreshed themselves after the heats of the forenoon, beneath these wide-spreading shade trees. Having reached the eastern front of the grand edifice already described, the schools, with their officers and their banners, and their fine ribbons, and the long line of youthful paraders, all passed through the gateway leading into the grounds, where I told you the statue of Washington sits reposing in such dignity.

I stood by the gate until they had all passed in, for none were permitted to enter but the schools; and I suppose the time occupied in passing into the inclosure must have been nearly an hour. It may be inferred that there were a good many of them. Two by two, two by two, these children still came, and still they passed; coming like shadows, and departing as such. Pretty substantial shadows indeed they were, and not by any means like the shadows we read of in Macbeth, which were so ghost-like and unreal. The happy, smiling faces of these children were of an every-day, matter-of-fact appearance, such as a parent could regard with satisfaction.

The entire space lying between the statue of Washington and the iron railing was occupied and literally filled up. Stretching across the green grass were ranks, and divisions, and rows of bright, joyous children. As seen from the portico of the Capitol, from which they might have been one hundred yards distant, they presented a most gay and animated appearance. It was indeed a picture—a living picture, and a most beautiful one; the green grass forming the back ground, and the tall elms flanking the *tableau* upon either side; and then the host of white dresses, and gay ribbons, and parasols and sun-shades of every imaginable hue, arranged in orderly lines, without confusion, or any apparent motion whatever. As a mere picture, I say, the sight was a most charming one, and gave delight to the thousands of admiring eyes there gathered to witness the interesting scene. But brilliant as it was to the eye and to the fancy, viewed as a spectacle alone, all this was an inferior attraction in the view of those worthy men, the school directors, who would rather have the occasion regarded in its *moral aspects*. Its moral aspects—such as we have already dwelt upon—the hopes of the future—the great results of the future, those aspirations and anxieties for the future which the contemplation of these youthful

buds of human promise always creates within the breasts of the thoughtful.

Some poet has said that the heart of man is ever "gladdened by children's gladness;" and if this be true, there were many glad hearts assembled around the magnificent dome of the United States Capitol on that bright May morning. I told you that Congress had adjourned to witness the juvenile gathering. So also had the Supreme Court delayed its accustomed hour of business, and the Judges, having laid aside the silk gowns in which they usually are robed, might have been seen mixing with the crowds of lookers-on. Numerous other dignitaries were there—Senators, members of the Cabinet, Military and Naval officers, together with a very large collection of the beauty and the elegance of Washington city—wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, who, with hearts more readily attuned to such sympathy as the exercises of the day awakened, were eager to be present, and to witness the ceremonial.

Now, all this preparation, and all this great gathering of parental hearts was for the single purpose of presenting a PETITION. When a king or an emperor would have anything done, he issues his royal mandate; and that mandate is the law which must be obeyed. The people constitute the State, and the voice of the people is the voice of law. And when the people's representatives meet together to transact the people's business, they very naturally wait to hear what shall be asked of them through the medium of a public petition. If any law is to be changed, or any great public enterprise to be set on foot, the attention of Legislative Halls is called to the fact by means of Petition. This is the Republican way of doing things.

If the people constitute this free government of ours, it must be that *children* have a voice in it as well as others, and that they are entitled to be heard. Every Congressman, who has a seat in the National Legislature, represents seventy thousand people,—not *men* alone, but women and children also. True, the men have the voting to do, which elects these Congressmen; but the law, according to the spirit of it, makes Congressmen, when elected, the representatives of each of these great classes of human society, *women* and *children*, as well as *men*. Who can doubt, then, that even in view of justice alone, children have as much right to ask for school-houses, as men have to petition for light-houses and for ships of war? The children of Washington city had never yet sent up their voice in the way of a petition to Congress. Perhaps it did

not occur to them that they had any right to do so, or that their *prayer* would be heard, even if such a petition, as that for the building of school-houses, should be made. Therefore it was that they concluded to go up in a body, so that Congressmen should see them with their own eyes, and become almost necessarily tenderly interested in them. And hence all this parade—all this show of fine dresses, and gay ribbons, and lovely, smiling faces. The officers of the public schools might have petitioned in vain, had they done so merely in the abstract, with long speeches and heavy logic; such a message might have failed. But they took care to bring up the dear children along with their petition, so that when they presented it to Congress, they could offer the youthful claimants also, saying as the Roman matron said when asked for her jewels, "Behold my children!"

There are two ways, as all the world knows, of reaching men's consciences, and of gaining their good will. We may appeal to the judgment, or take the shorter and more direct method through the heart. These youthful petitioners did not claim a grant of money to build their school-houses as a right, though I cannot but think they might well have done so upon the ground of justice alone; but they adopted the *winning process*, which was one lying more in their "line of business," and one which experience in human affairs proves, in the general, to be irresistible. Certain it is that every one who witnessed the youthful petitioners, as they were gathered there upon the lawn in front of the Capitol, acknowledged that the winning was the best way.

Upon the steps of the Portico there stood the committee of Congress, appointed from both Houses, ready to receive the delegation from the schools. So, one little Miss from each division was deputed to go forward and meet these grave Congressmen, and thus present the petition.—Perhaps there were a dozen or more of them, and each one carried a flag; and, preceded by a band of music, and accompanied by the mayor of the city and the school directors, they moved upon their important errand. Meanwhile the great body of the assembled children remained stationary in their places. As they approached the steps, a way was opened for them to ascend, and amid the reverberation of music from the tall

pillars of the Capitol, the delegation of little girls, together with Mr. Davis, the secretary, and the other official gentlemen, presented themselves before the said committee of Congressmen, who stood beneath the Portico. Both parties took off their hats as a token of mutual respect, and the mayor made a short speech, expressive of the objects of the occasion. The secretary then read the petition; and then a very pretty little girl of ten years old, modestly and delicately took the roll of signers from the hand of the gentleman who carried it, and presented it into the hands of Mr. Chandler, the Congressman. Now, this Mr. Chandler was a most suitable man to be appointed for such a duty. He was once a poor Boston boy himself, and he came to Philadelphia when a young man, like Dr. Franklin before him, and came for the same purpose too, namely, to win by industry his own way to fortune. He taught school, and afterwards he edited a newspaper for a long time. His own fireside is cheered by the light of rosy countenances, and his own heart is refreshed by the music of little folks, and therefore his sympathies were readily enlisted in behalf of children, and in the cause of their improvement and welfare.

You should have heard Mr. Chandler's speech; it was eloquent. He spoke half an hour or more, and gave ample testimony by his sincerity of manner, and by his earnestness, that the children had found a friend in him—one who would not only take pleasure in presenting the claims of the petitioners, but who would urge upon Congress the importance of those claims, and the necessity of granting them.

* * * * *

The ceremony was over. Congressmen had seen the children, and the children had been presented to Congress. As had been desired, they had looked very pretty, and very attractive. They had come up to the Capitol to make an attack upon men's hearts, and most people thought that they had been successful. Soon after, the children of all the schools, having been marched to their respective districts, were dismissed, with the permission of an additional afternoon's holiday; and they were seen in groups, tripping along homewards, filled to overflowing with the pleasing excitement of the day, and of their "visit to Congress."

A DREAM ABOUT DREAMING.

BY META LANDER.

"PAUSE not to dream of the future before us.
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us :
Hark, how creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
'Till from its nourishing stem it is risen.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee !

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !

Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly ;

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;

Labor !—all labor is noble and holy ;

Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God "

MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I sat listlessly dreaming with a panorama of beautiful images floating, like fairy pictures, before me. So enchanting were those visions, that I mentally exclaimed, "Oh, that I could dwell in this fair cloud-land forever !" But hardly had this thought flitted through my mind, when the familiar tick of the clock fell upon my ear. It had been ticking all along, but it now first arrested my attention, "*Tick—tick—tick !*" As I listened in silence, its utterance was so articulate, that I could not mistake the theme of its discourse. "*Tick—tick—tick !*" Thus did it continue preaching, till every tick seemed almost like a finger of fire, pointing at me in rebuke. What a story did it tell of ceaseless vigils, and of untiring labors ! How did that faithful sentinel sound its alarms in my ear. "*Tick—tick—tick !* Pilgrim of Time ! One moment has gone—another—and another. The shadows are lengthening,—the night is at hand. In the grave, there is no more labor."

Ere the old clock had ceased its warning notes, the busy rain-drops began to speak. As they pattered against the window in rapid succession, they were so full of voices, that I almost feared to listen, for the reproaches they breathed. So eloquent a discourse did they pronounce on the mighty and beneficial results of the most humble, but diligently performed mission, that I, too, would almost have become one of those little

busy fertilizers of the earth. As I glanced upward and gazed upon hundreds of rain-drops, transmuted into gems of light, and sparkling in the resplendent bow which spanned the blue arch above, they seemed meet emblems of the ransomed spirits of earth, who, having toiled faithfully in their labor of love below, are translated to shine in the firmament of heaven.

How honorable did labor now appear in my eyes ! But while thus musing on the lessons I had received, myriads of voices were borne on to me, all uttering the same chiding, yet inspiriting words. The industrious ant, the busy bee, the singing bird, the sighing breeze, the flowing tide, the babbling brook, the rushing stream, the resistless torrent, all ceaselessly joined in chorus, and in this great orchestra of inspiring music, the great organ of the sea was ever sounding forth its mighty and majestic bass. And all in full concert, yet with distinctest utterance, summoned me to labor.

While I still lingered, a voice within me spake. "Art thou endowed with an immortal spirit, that thou only of all God's Creation mayest waste thy energies in idle, misty dreams !" I started, as poor Christian from the "pleasant Arbor," fearing that by drowsiness I too had lost my roll.

As I lifted my drooping head, another voice was stealing down upon me from the blue heavens above. "By the crown which I laid aside, and by the cross which I love, I call thee to labor. For the meanest, there is work enough to do, and the lowliest effort is exalted in mine eyes."

Then I felt that if I would not be a discordant element in the universal harmony, I too must work. And in labor, I found an inspiration—a life unknown to me before. It brought also to my weary spirit that for which, in the bowers of ease, it had long sighed in vain. The dear Angel of Peace drew nigh, and on her bosom I was stirred by the sweet inspirations of Hope.

Then I longed to lift up my voice to the sluggards in Life's vineyard. Slumberers there are in the spring-time of their existence, gifted with

mind and heart, who as yet have been aroused by none of these monitory voices. "Clouds they are without water,—trees without fruit." Like to them, is a blank, a desert, or a dream land.

To such I would say "Produce! Produce! Were it but the infinitesimal fraction of a product, *produce it*." Idleness is productive of pleasure to no one, and to nearly all is the source of more than half their positive misery. It renders life a stagnant pool, for only the rippling waters are pure and healthful.

For the want of some noble object of pursuit, which shall enlist all their powers, minds of a peculiar cast prey upon themselves. And although they may experience an occasional, transient, dreamy enjoyment, yet in the music of life is wanting its most powerful as well as its sweetest chords. There is ever a deep under-tone of sadness, so sorrowful as to seem almost like the mournful wailings of grief. It is interesting to trace one's progress from this state of self-dissatisfaction, and weariness with the world, towards that peace which is the unflinching result of well-directed, beneficent activity.

There is a tendency in those of a certain temperament to indulge in dreams which are worse than idleness. And this is sometimes the case with those of a high order of intellect, but of an imaginative, romantic turn. Such a tendency is not unfrequently aggravated by an unlimited indulgence in fictitious reading. This species of literature, whether prose or poetry, is most enervating in its effects, and by giving false views of life, fosters a diseased imagination. The mind surrendered to the magic charms of these sentimental and visionary writers, and drinking in their bewildering excitement, becomes intoxicated, and alternates between reveries of delicious rapture and of intensest misery. It paints life in the brightest colors. All is beautiful but unreal,—enchancing but visionary. The dreamer in this ideal world meets with repeated and the keenest disappointments. His soul is filled with yearnings which cannot be thus quieted. Its immortal thirstings will not be quenched at such imaginary streams. He will never be satisfied till he has found his rest in a healthful, heaven-appointed activity. Let him learn to look upon life, not as an end, but as a means,—not as a sufficient good in itself, but as a school for the disciplining of his powers to act in a more exalted sphere. Let him regard this world as a battle-field, whereon he may not dare to dream life away, but where he must be roused to heroic action. On this battle-field must be wrestled for the victor's glorious crown. Here are to be won

immortal garlands. Thus viewing life the soul will buckle its armor, and nerve itself for the contest.

Life is not an oriental tale, as we regard it in our youthful dreams, but a stern reality,—the rugged seed-field of Time, from which the reapers shall gather in their harvest for Eternity. And "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Imperative to every one, then, are the summons to labor—constant, unwearied, well-directed labor. But if the motive for cultivating this field of life, be a spirit of self-seeking, barrenness and sorrow only shall be the fruit thereof.

Not Happiness, dreamer, should be the angel to arouse and beckon thee on. "There is in man a *higher* than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." The balm for the healing of life's wounds is to be gathered from the leaves of the tree of life,—*the doing good to our fellow-man*.

" 'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,
Close to its heart the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf its bosom rich and fair
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air."

Then say to thyself, "Not my own am I, but the world's; and time flies fast, and heaven is high, and hell is deep."

Is there one whose eye may trace these lines, that is frittering away upon trifling pursuits the precious seed-time of life, or that is wasting the noble energies of the soul in the shadow-land of dreams? Cease thy idle musings—thy pleasant and thy bitter fancies. Arouse thee from thy slumbers, ere Life's day has closed, and the night of Death wraps thee in its leaden sleep. Devote thy energies to some object of pursuit, which shall be ever before thee, an invigorating presence and reality. Thy fairy pictures of life may then, it is true, pass away—thy youthful dreaming cease; but they will not go out in darkness. Life will lie spread out before thee in graver, but truer colors. Thy acute but morbid sensibilities, being exercised in their legitimate channels, will become not only healthful, but beneficent in their influence. Thy disquieted, and restless, and doubting, and often wearied, and sorrowful, and weeping spirit, will have found its motive-power, and its object, its centre and its rest. It is true thou shalt have toils and struggles, but thou shalt have victories too.

Adopt, then, as thine own, the inspiring language of one who like thyself has been a dreamer, but who is roused to the real business of life.

"I have done at length with dreaming—
Henceforth, oh thou soul of mine,

Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory !
Wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshaled,
With my weapons all undrawn.

Oh, how many a glorious record,
Had the angels of me kept ;
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept.

But begone, Regret, Bewailing !
Ye but weaken at the best—
I have tried the trusty weapons,
Rusting erst within my breast.

I have wakened to my duty,
To a knowledge strong and deep ;
That I wrecked not of aforetime,
In my long, inglorious sleep.

For to live is something awful,
And I knew it not before ;

And I dreamed not how stupendous,
Was the secret that I bore.

The great, deep, mysterious secret,
Of a life to be wrought out ;
Into warm, heroic action,
Weakened not by fear or doubt.

Never in those old romances,
Felt I half the sense of life ;
That I feel within me stirring,
Standing in this place of strife.

Oh, those olden days of dalliance,
When I wanted with my fate :
When I trifled with a knowledge,
That had well-nigh come too late !

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee !
Thou hast work to do at last ;
Let the brave toil of the present,
Over-arch the crumbled past.

Build thy great acts high and higher,
Build them on the conquered sod ;
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thy first prayer rose to God !"

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
With holy reverence bow ;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Oh ! change—Oh ! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod ;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God !

THE SAVIOUR.

WHEN nature around us so smiling,
Seems to whisper that God is our Friend,
And the promise, each sorrow beguiling,
Secures us support to the end,
Oh then, let us bless Him who sought us
When bound in the chain of despair,
And by His own agony bought us
His bliss and His glory to share.

And when safe in that rapturous heaven
Our hearts overflow with delight,
Where each sin is forever forgiven,
Where day is not followed by night,
Where the faculty never shall perish,
Where the bright eye shall never be dim,
It will double our blessings to cherish
The thought they were given by Him.

THE BURIAL PLACE.

"Oh grave, where is thy victory?"

PERHAPS NO walk is more pleasant, instructive, and salutary in its results, than that which leads to a burying-ground—to the spot where are deposited the remains of our earthly affections. What a holy feeling! What a sacred emotion is excited in the breast, while lingering around the tomb of the once loved but departed friend! Let the calmness and serenity of the humble, trusting disciple, possess us, as we tread toward this consecrated spot. Near the tall elm, or beneath the overshadowing willow, how peaceful the sleeper lies, whose hands we used to clasp in the fond embrace of friendship, and in whose joys and sorrows we most deeply participated. We will cherish serious and hopeful reflections for ourselves, and in behalf of those we loved, as we linger fondly around the silent tomb. The spring season, how appropriate to visit the burial-place—to reflect upon mortal transformations—those necessary and destined changes. This is the time for the general rejoicing of nature. It is her annual resurrection from the grave of winter. It seems to convey the most soothing images to the mind and the heart, and to give a most cheering reply to that anxious question—"If a man die, shall he live again?" The silence of the place when last I was there was hardly broken. The breezes moved languidly among the branches, as if fearful of disturbing those who slumbered beneath. When you have wept the tears of affection which gush forth so unconsciously, walk around a little in this quiet and secluded spot—you behold the graves of the rich and the noble—the old and the middle-aged—the young and the blooming. What lessons of wisdom! what sad mournful truths are inculcated, designed to benefit all.

The inscriptions prove too surely that the majority, whose memory is preserved by the marble monument, died young—died in the bright morning of life—died, as many would say, when too young to die. How many we see were cut down in their prime, amid the early joys of life, like a rose fresh gathered—

"In the time of its bloom
Plucked off, and withered."

Our thoughts will revert to former years, when the sleepers around us were animated by the hopes and expectations of a large share of life's blessings.

Oh! we will not forget that in a little moment the remains of those now around us (as well as ourselves), now flushed with hope, excited with success, will soon be borne hither to repose beside them, and another generation will take their places, to experience similar anxieties—similar joys and vicissitudes. And is this the chequered course of this mortal life—this eventful scene? Must one group come to stay so brief a period and then make way for another?

How, then, dare we trifle away these golden moments, and waste the falling sands of life, or spend its numbered hours in so unworthy and frivolous pursuits? It is a serious question, how much and to what extent shall we multiply the ties that bind us to human associations and pleasures. May we fondly entwine our affections around creatures so frail, that they perish in our embrace, since the most fervent affection, the most passionate love, the most powerful entreaty of crushed hearts, cannot for a moment arrest their flight. To weep over the grave of a friend is precious and inexplicable pleasure. The reciprocal kindness which endeared us closely while we journeyed together here—the remembrance of the last parting words—the fond embrace—the smiling look—the lingering gaze—the solemn and significant press of the hand—the gentle breathing out the last breath of life—all these give rise to emotions soothing though sad. Where rests the ashes of a friend, there we love often to visit, to call back with fresh memory the cherished virtues of the departed one, and to enjoy the mellowing influence of reflections this spot alone can excite—to mould and chasten our moral affections, and kindle up a spirit of cheerful resignation to the will of our Heavenly Father.

The whispering angels say, trust calmly in Jesus, for the hour is soon coming when every believer shall meet where there is no separation or sighing, and where every tear shall be wiped from the mourner's eye.

THE NEW SABBATH-SCHOOL LIBRARY.

BY GRACE MIDDLEBROOK.

Our Library has long been in a discouraging state. When a pile of books was brought to each class (for such is our custom of distribution), the children would glance contemptuously at the yellow leaves and loosened covers, and then turn away without taking any. All the good ones, they said, were worn out, and all the whole ones were so dull. Indeed many of the classes declined looking at them. At last our annual meeting came round, and we all hoped for a change for the better. Deacon Hudson, a young man who has not been long in office, seemed very much engaged. He had just come from New York, and he had visited a Sabbath-school, which greatly delighted him. Everything was so attractive. The order and system were perfectly wonderful. And one secret of their success, he thought, was their fine library, with its elegant book-case and systematic catalogue. He was convinced that our present library was insufficient, and he believed that with a little effort we could do much to make the school popular. His speech had evidently made an impression, when Deacon Richmond, a conservative, puritanical man, who always "keeps on the safe side," rose slowly, "to make one remark." He thought no one could be more anxious to bring our youth into the school, and there watch their progress, than himself. But he remembered that when he was a boy, all the religious books to be found in his father's house, besides the Bible and Catechism, were Pilgrim's Progress, Alleine's Alarm, and Edwards on the Affections. He read these thoroughly, and, in some measure, he believed, profited by them; but he was afraid that these "pictor-story books" would make the young people trifling and frivolous; and yet he was not prepared to say that some change in the library might not be proper and judicious. Deacon Hudson looked a little abashed, for though he did not feel convinced that Deacon Richmond was right, he knew that the children if they would read the books recommended, and profit by them, as the old man had, might become pillars in the church and society; but he felt equally sure that the children would not read Ed-

wards, nor was he quite certain that he could exactly follow the thread of the old divine's reasoning. But our minister, Mr. Hinman, ever prompt and ever interested in our plans, made a little speech that suited everybody. He gave the old books their due, and spoke of the many who would, through all eternity, thank God for the writings of such men as Doddridge and Baxter. But this is a working age, and now we expect our children to know what is going on in all parts of the world. Dr. Morse's old geography was once excellent, but we expect new ones constantly. We can afford to buy ten books where our fathers had one; and, though no one book may make so deep an impression, every book will make some impression, and thus our minds and hearts may become enlarged till we feel that our field of labor is the world. And he had just received a letter from a good minister in the northern part of New Hampshire, who is laboring to uphold a feeble church, and he spoke of the anxiety of the children to read. They had but twenty books, and some of these were paper-covered tracts. Why not send our library to these poor dwellers in the wilderness, and start anew? Deacon Richmond, who never stands long in the way of anything good, "made a motion" that we send our library to New Hampshire. Squire Bisbee seconded it, and all the men, down to half-witted Sam Blynn, said Aye. Soon it was decided that a committee of young ladies should carry subscription papers from house to house, and the two Deacons and the two young ladies who received the most valuable donations should select the books. It was very curious that when we compared our papers, it was found that Annie Lathrop and myself had been the most successful by many dollars. Annie remembered that Mrs. Pembroke paid her handsome subscription to her on the green, not waiting for Mrs. Blake to call upon her, and that Mrs. Blake would not receive the money. Annie felt even more obliged to Mrs. Blake than to Mrs. Pembroke. In a fit of desperation I went to Mr. Kemp's great machine-shop, and inquired for the owner. He is a peculiar man,

and it is reported that forty years ago he met with a disappointment which has prejudiced him against woman-kind. I do not know how that is, but he looked a little surprised to see me, and said he did not believe the children had yet read every book in the library. "Nor ever would," said I; "why don't you use tools like old Mr. Lennops instead of this nice machinery?" He said I did not know much about machinery; but he showed me his whole establishment, and when I came away, he gave me five dollars—by far our largest contribution. When the committee met, Deacon Richmond sent word that he did not know much about selecting books, but he could trust us, and Deacon Hudson stayed but a few minutes, for he did not even know what was in the old library, and he was just opening his new spring goods. So Annie and I had it our own way. We were directed to reserve a few of the old books, and these caused much discussion. "Grace, here's 'Thistle Blow,' a beautiful story." "Yes, but all is gone except the fly-leaves and covers." "Here's one, two, three Deaf Mutes to be banished, and two Parental Trainings. Sam Norris makes a face at that book, whenever he sees it, for he says he is whipped enough without having books written to encourage his father." "Here's *Life of Absalom*; don't let us have a single life of anybody mentioned in the Bible. Let *Character of Eli*, *History of Lot*, and all the rest go. In a little more than a hundred books, we found twelve such narratives. "Grace, 'Bedouin Arabs' looks fresh, and has several pictures." I argued that it would not look fresh if it had been read, but to please Annie, I reserved it.

"Here is *Pierre* and his family, worn so ragged that I fear even New-Hampshire children can make little sense out of it." "Here are two *Lives of Mrs. Judson*, and, if you can believe it, *four Only Sons*." "Why Annie, how dare you put that nice-looking 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain' in the box." "Grace, I am determined one decent-looking book shall go." "Pilgrim's Progress, let it go." "Annie, you are extravagant: what would Dr. Richmond say?" "I don't know; I say it is an old-fashioned copy, no child in the school will read it, and we will have one of those beautiful ones published by the Tract Society." "Annie, you are generally right, it shall go." "Memoir of little George. Let that go, Annie. Jim White says whenever he sees a *Memoir of a little child*, it makes him mad, for his mother is always saying what a sweet little fellow he used to be, and he presumes if those little shavers had grown up, they

would have been pretty much like other boys. Jim, I am afraid, is a little wild, though he learns his verses pretty well." "Then we may exile these six *Memoirs of children who died under the age of ten*." "Plea for the Intemperate—they don't deserve any plea, send it along." "This odd volume of *Child's Commentator* must go. Thomas Cranfield can't be spared, but we will send instead *Fryden Family* and *Widow of Plymouth*." We found at last that we had reserved a dozen, and that over a hundred were to be forwarded by Mr. Hinman to New Hampshire. As old Mrs. Franklin says, "there's a great deal of good reading in them," but the children were weary of the very names. To select the new books was a still more difficult task, but a very pleasant one. For some time our list filled rapidly. Of such books as *Miss Knight's Life of Hannah More*, *Peep of Day*, *Life in Earnest*, *Jane Hudson*, *The Week*, there was no question—we must have them. Whenever we filled a page, how anxiously we added up the column of prices, to see how our forty-five dollars was holding out. But when we took up a catalogue of one of our New York publishers, who issues secular as well as religious books, we were sorely puzzled. "Life of Howard, do let us have that, Grace." "But Annie, it may be in an uninteresting style. We can't risk a dollar without knowing more about it." "We must have 'Pastors' Sketches;' but will 'Carpenter's Daughter' be a 'Sabbath-day book,' as little Alice says? I dare not venture upon it." "Certainly we will have *Mary Lundie Duncan*, and we must have her brother *George Archibald Lundie*, though such large books use up the money fast." "We can't afford Mrs. Fry's *Listener* if we have her *Life*." Which edition of *D'Aubigne's History* was best, was a serious question, and we hesitated long before we ventured upon so expensive a book as "*India and the Hindoos*." We mourned that we could not have "*Life, Letters and Lectures of McCheyne*," but were comforted when we found we could have the *Life*, without the *Lectures and Letters*. We thought we were fully paid for the busy days we had spent over their selection and arrangement, when we saw the new books "marshaled in order due," in the little closet under the pulpit stairs. Their bright covers seemed to lighten the whole church. But our full reward was when, after a few weeks' vacation, the school came together again. There were over a hundred in the school—a larger number than ever was known before in our little village. And why cannot I have the power to describe the delight of the children which I

so vividly remember! And Mr. Hinman read such a simple but grateful letter from the superintendent of that far-away school in New-Hampshire, thanking us for our "generous present." It was easy to see that the pleasure and gratitude they felt was greater than even the joy of our scholars over their treasures. As they blessed us again and again, I felt rebuked, and I thought of the time when the poor mother rejoiced more in the crumbs which fell from the master's table, than the children who despised the offered bounty; and I prayed that the children might be wiser now. I looked over to Deacon Richmond, but his head was down, and even Deacon Hudson looked a little sober.

Sam Norris selected the "Bedouin Arabs," because one of the pictured animals looked like their colt; and he will read it if he does not find out that it is one of the old books. Jim White carried off "Little Henry and his Bearer," and Deacon Hudson who has so little time to read, had "D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation" under his arm. Deacon Richmond, who has a Bible-class, chose "Mary Lundie Duncan;" and if I am not greatly mistaken, when I called a few days ago to inquire after his wife, who is threatened with consumption, I found the Deacon reading his little grandson's book—a "pictier story book"—Robert Dawson.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY NELSON SIZER.

THE old live in the past—the young in the future. To the young, all is future, and their buoyant hope and opening life grasp for the future as their field of joyous achievement; while to the old, who are life-tenants at will, and have no future, all is in the past. Hence the veteran soldier looks not forward for joy; but his eye sparkles and his turgid blood bounds with unwonted energy as he

"Shoulders his crutch to show how fields were won."

In Nature's waking spring time, when the genial sun has just won a victory over the frost king—the drowsy earth leaps into new life—her face is radiant with smiles—every green thing seems conscious of a happy existence, and from the merry rill on the flowery hill-side to the lark as she seeks the sun, all nature seems inspired with an anthem of joy. This is a picture of youth.

The golden autumn, laden with all that spring and summer could give, shrouded in the "sere and yellow" habiliments of approaching dissolution, as she pensively bends over her tomb—is a picture of age.

Who has not a past, full of interesting remembrances? All have had a youthful spring-time, and whether they at that opening period were like a lone wild flower on some bleak, rock-

ribbed hill-side, struggling for existence, or like the care-cultured queen-flower of the sunny vale, that time is looked back to with delight when joy was innocent, outgushing and free.

Every new note that is drawn forth from the mental lyre by the gentle touches of early experience, wakes a strain that echoes onward to the latest pulsations of life. Early recollections are the soul of life, the music tone of the entire existence, like the organ-pipes which retain their full power of melody and harmony, when the worm-eaten case that contains them is shattered and trembling with age.

My early home, the home of my childhood!—What a cluster of holy recollections nestle around that sacred name! Do not I remember the tiny brook that sparkled by our door, dancing over the miniature cascades that my little feet could span; nor will I forget the little turf-dam that I erected to turn my water-wheel? I still hear the pattering music of its paddles, and seem to see the joyous little streamlet leaping onward to the "great brook," hard by, to mingle in its rushing current, as my young life has since blended with the turbid tide of worldly care. No "cotton-lord" was ever prouder of his roaring factories, with his wife to share that pride, than was I

with my wondering little sister at my side, admiring that same little mill. And then our rambles among the hillocks and majestic grey old rocks, the live-long day, drawing my little wagon with my sister's doll in it, over bridges which we had made where no bridge was really necessary—the paying of toll at imaginary gates where no toll was demanded—our mimic gardens and fields, with their little fences—all stand out illuminated with the morning light of memory as things of a glorious yesterday.

How warmly do I cherish the recollection of the Switzerland of the Old Bay State, where my youth was nurtured; its Alpine ruggedness; its grand old mountain forests; its lakes of perch and pickerel; its trout-brooks; its apple-pearings and corn-huskings; its summer-brightness; its winter cheer, with merry bells and towering snow banks bathed in moon-light; and the beaming eyes and glittering stars and all the clustering memories of young life. The same blue canopy bends lovingly over the same everlasting hills—the same fountains leap, sparkling from their rugged sides, and dance joyously onward toward the sea—the same miniature lakes still mirror their green and wooded shores by day and the starry heavens by night, as when my tiny boat skimmed their silvery surface, or my pin-hook dallied with the speckled trout, only to prick *him* and deceive *me*. But, alas, how changed are all things else! The old people whom I then revered, like leafless oaks, have one by one bowed to their native dust and disappeared; but happily, have left a group of thrifty sprouts to flourish in freshness on the spot where they stood. The stern manliness which then walked forth with confident strength, is beginning to totter under the weight of years, and the frosts of three-score winters is whitening the few locks which Time's busy and relentless fingers have left them. Laughing children have ripened into matronly dignity, and other children now sport where they and I sported.

The rich, in some instances, have become poor, and the stranger's plough-share drives through

the old orchard; the venerated household gods, the old family-clock and all its associates, have gone under the auctioneer's hammer, while new carpets and shining furniture occupy their places; and other faces glow with joy around my neighbor's old hearthstone. On the other hand, the poor have struggled up the "hill difficulty," from mere huts and precarious subsistence, to stations of wealth and power. Those whom I remember as uncombed urchins, whose "looped and windowed raggedness" still make the tear of pity start as I call them to mind, now occupy reputable and responsible positions, having been stirred by poverty to deeds of noble effort; while the fair hands and nerveless muscles of the sons of the rich, have been hardened by necessary but reluctant toil. Villages which I remember as once gay, growing and prosperous, have come to a stand-still—the houses, like the people, are becoming old—centers of thrift and fashion have become suburban outskirts, while new towns, glittering in green and white, flourish where erst the gloomy owl reigned undisturbed over unbroken solitude; and the roar of the factory, the thunder of the forge, the busy mart, and the giant tread and startling neigh of the iron horse, evince the power and progress of the nineteenth century.

These, however, are but the exterior facts of my early home. My father sleeps with the just, and all his children, having become parents, and some of them grand-parents, still cherish a mother whose locks though silvered, and whose features though furrowed by age, still rises to my memory as the beloved center of my young life. I remember her not as old or withered, but as when her fair, benevolent face shed its hopeful smiles, and her mild, blue eye beamed on her little boy as her gentle fingers dallied with his locks while she listened to the expression of his budding hopes. Such a picture does the name of mother awaken, and such shall it be when she waits in the other life to welcome me to immortal youth.

THE COURSE OF TIME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Oh! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

Our lives like lasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
The sea of death whose waves roll on,
And swallow all.

WANDERINGS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY REV. HENRY M. FIELD.

It was at the close of a beautiful day of Spring that I first came in sight of the Mediterranean. I had been riding all day through the ancient province of Languedoc. I had visited the city of Nîmes, where vast and well-preserved ruins mark the period when the mighty hand of Rome ruled in ancient Gaul. This region had too a religious interest to me, as the country of the Albigenses, whose faith it still keeps. Nîmes is to this day the centre of Protestantism in the South of France. And now, as the sun was sinking in the west, I was descending the hills at the base of which lies Marseilles. The Mediterranean was at my feet, and around me were France, Spain, Italy and Africa.

Marseilles is a thriving commercial city, and has an air of activity about it which reminded me of America. Many of the streets are broad and lined with trees, which reminded me of the New Haven elms. Yet how far back into the night of time does its origin carry us! Three hundred years before Christ this city was founded—two thousand years before the world knew that a western continent existed!

Marseilles is seated, like Genoa, in a lap of hills, fronting the sea. It is girdled by a chain of mountains, which slope gradually down to the water. On one side it is flanked by a high promontory, on which are erected signals for telegraphing ships. Here, too, is a little chapel dedicated to Notre Dame de La Garde, which is decked with votive offerings of mariners saved from shipwrecks. I honor the religious feeling which, in being rescued from danger, recognizes the interposition of a superior power; though I could wish that these offerings had been made to God instead of the Virgin Mary.

Here on this promontory we may sit and yield ourselves to the reverie which the scene inspires. We soon forget the beauty of the mountains and the waters in the associations which throng upon us. Over all this beauty streams "the light of other ages." Beneath us are the same waters which bore the legions of Caesar. Not far to the north the elephants of Hannibal crossed the Rhone. The fleets of Rome, and Carthage, and

Venice, all have glided here, and left "no furrow from the keel." The very air along these shores seems to resound with "the multitudinous tongues of nations," and the waters of the Mediterranean rippling far below us, seem like the distant ages of history rolling their murmur on the ear.

The ordinary route from the South of France to Italy is by steamer from Marseilles to Genoa. But I preferred to travel more slowly. So I took the diligence along the sea-shore, intending to stop at every place of interest.

My first ride brought me to Toulon. Here I passed a day. The town itself is small and uninviting. The streets are narrow, and the city is surrounded by rocky barren hills. But no traveler can ride through Toulon and see the flags flying in its harbor, and recall the scenes which these hills have witnessed, without feeling that it has an interest of its own. This city is memorable as the place so long besieged in the French Revolution, and as being still the first naval port of France. The first display of the military genius of Napoleon was as a lieutenant of artillery at the siege of Toulon. Out of this port he sailed a few years later with the expedition to Egypt, the same fleet which was destroyed by Nelson in the battle of the Nile.

I walked to the top of a hill which overlooks the city and harbor. On this hill stands a fortress in which at the time of my visit Abdel Kader was confined. My curiosity to see "lions" is pretty well satiated, as I seldom find they roar quite as loud as I had expected; and often looking at the face of a great man destroys the pleasant illusion with which my imagination had invested him. But I should really have liked to see this lion of the desert. The man, who at the head of a few tribes—with a few squadrons of flying cavalry, has fought upon his sands against the whole power of France, and withstood that power for seventeen years—and that, too, on a neighboring coast, where the French could, and did bring against him a hundred thousand men, must possess extraordinary powers of endurance and of command over

others. Now he resigns himself to his fate with the silent submission of a Mussulman. He and his fellow-captives are reserved and shy. As I walked around the fortifications I saw an Arab sunning himself on the top of an inner fortress. As soon as he perceived that I noticed him, he arose and walked away.

In the afternoon I visited the Arsenal and shipping; never before had I any adequate idea of the naval power of France. There are generally lying in this harbor thirty or forty ships of war. I walked under a long row of line-of-battle ships, and went on board of one four-decker, that carried a hundred and twenty guns. The yards were filled with cannon, among which I observed two mortars taken by the Prince de Joinville at the bombardment of San Juan d'Ulloa.

A painful sight to me here was the convicts, who are sentenced to work in the galleys. They are chained two and two, or if separate, are anchored by a heavy chain fastened to one leg so that they cannot escape. Still they are allowed more liberty than the convicts in our prisons. They brought us little trinkets to sell. One of them amused us with a rat which he had tamed like a squirrel, and taught to come at his whistle, to run over him, and hide in his pocket. Our conductor told me there were five or six thousand convicts in this single navy yard.

The next morning I left Toulon for Nice. The South of France in the season of spring is everywhere blossoming with the olive and the vine. We had to ride all night, but the mildness of the spring air, and the clearness of the sky, beguiled us of the sense of weariness. At midnight I was lolling in the Diligence when I observed something on the horizon which looked like a white cloud. But it remained fixed. I looked again. It was the advanced guard of the Mediterranean Alps. We were climbing slowly up the breast of a mountain, and I got out and walked to the top. The night was beautiful. Not a cloud was to be seen. The moon was at her full, and shed a soft radiance over the earth and heaven. The mountain road up which we were toiling hung over a deep valley, and I paused often to gaze bewildered on the scene, and to listen to the night wind, which was stirring the pine trees, and to the waters which were rushing down the sides of the mountain.

Morning brought the Alps and the sea. At Cannes we passed a residence of Lord Brougham.

This great man had for many years an invalid daughter. This residence I presume was built for her, as the sea air, and the mild climate of

the south of France, are considered favorable to health. A little beyond Lord Brougham's estate we came on to the beach of the little bay, or cove, on which Napoleon, on his return from Elba, landed with a thousand followers, to contend for the crown of France—an attempt which would have been ridiculous, if its results had not made it sublime. It was like Columbus landing in an open boat to take possession of the New World.

I passed a Sunday at Nice, and was glad once more to see respect paid to this day. The shops were all closed. By this I knew that I was out of France. The people too were different. The Piedmontese have not the light forms and graceful motions of the French. They are rounder and heavier. Nor have they the same sprightliness and animation. But there is about them a simplicity and sincere kindness, a German heartiness of manner, which pleases me more than the outward polish of the French.

Nice was once a flourishing commercial city. It is at present famous as a watering-place, and is occupied by a colony of English invalids. It lies between the mountains and the sea, presenting a concave of hills to the southern sun. These are covered with orange and lemon orchards, with many a villa peeping out from the dense foliage. Thus by sun and shade the air of this soft clime is wooed to bring back health to the faded, sunken cheek.

At Nice commences the pass of the Maritime Alps. This Riviera Road is one of the most famous highways in Europe. It was begun by Napoleon on the same scale as the Simplon, and with the same object, to furnish a passage into Italy for the French armies. This coast road has an advantage over all other routes, in that it is the only pass of the Alps which is never blocked up by snow.

It is also more varied in scenery than the other Alpine passes, because, "like Marathon," "it looks at once on the mountains and on the sea." From Nice all the way to Genoa the road hardly loses sight of the Mediterranean. Immediately on leaving Nice, it climbs over a spur of the Alps, and is elevated half a mile above the waves. Then it descends quite to the shore to find a footing. It clings to the side of the rock, where the headlands crowd into the water, and has in many places to be bolstered up by a wall built in the sea. Thus it presents a hundred picturesque points as it courses around the promontories, and curves into the numerous bays. At one moment the road pierces through a niche cut high up in the side of the cliff. These long galleries at a distance seem to float away like a

white ribbon stretched through the air. Again the road descends and skims along the beach. Thus, as the diligence races on, it seems alternately going up into the clouds and down into the deep.

The hills along this road are girdled with terraces to support orchards and vines. Not an inch of ground is lost. When I passed, it was the time for gathering the fruits. The trees by the roadside hung down heavy with ripe oranges, and laborers were gathering in the olives, which constitute the wealth of the country.

But what "towers" are these "along the steep?" Strange old ruins dot this whole coast, full of warlike legends as the castles on the Rhine. They were once proud fortresses, erected as defences against the Barbary Powers. A strange lesson that, which tells of a time when mighty Europe had to watch and guard against

the tide of conquest which rolled from the African coast.

In the little village of Turbia is a ruin of an earlier date, a tower erected by the Romans to commemorate the victory of Augustus over the tribes of the Ligurian Alps. It was in this village, as tradition goes, that Cesar said he had rather be the first man in that village than the second in Rome.

Alas, what has become of all the hopes and ambitions of Cesar and of Rome? Let these ruins tell. I turn from such melancholy monuments to the rude wooden crosses that are erected along these mountain passes, and on the cliffs that overhang the sea, as the symbols of an Immortal Power. These are the standards of the only government on earth which has resisted the shocks of time—the only institution over which revolutions have no power.

"GREAT IS THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS."

BY O. PERRY.

Whose was a throne of light,
And courts of sapphire beautiful as the sky,
Robes like the sun of noonday clear and bright,
And armies, angels high?

Whose was the thunder's voice,
The lightning's blasting fire, the earthquake's throes,
Stores of hot winds, and fire and hail and ice,
All dreadful plagues and woes?

Whose were all stars that shine,
Vast suns and orbs unnumbered, and all earth?
Who was the uncreated Word divine,
That spake, and all had birth?

Born in a lowly shed,
And wrapt in swaddling clothes in manger laid,
Without on earth whereon to lay his head,
Despised and betrayed.

Crowned with the platted thorns,
His limbs upon the cross with iron riven,
With felons crucified, reviled and scorned,
He died, and rose to heaven.

Shout, bound in captive chain,
Thy ransom has been paid, and thou art free;
Thy tomb's strong prison bars are burst in twain;
Thy Lord has died for thee.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

BY P. RAFFELL, A.M.

"Sweet Spring, of days and roses made."

A WHILE ago, a maid was seen
Tripping o'er the meadows green,
With laughing eye and tress unbound,
And radiant brow with roses crowned:
With ruby mouth and parting lip,
Formed celestial dews to sip;
With merry eye and mirthful mien;
Who could the lovely maid have been?
'Twas Spring, fair Queen of all the flowers
And mistress of the "rosy hours;"
The rolling year with joy confest,
The presence of its charming guest;
And Nature, smiling, bowed t' embrace
The glory of its fleeting race;
But see another maid at hand,

Followed by a shining band
Of drooping nymphs and languid graces,
Of the fawn and dryad races,
A fading wreath confines her glist'ning hair,
But ever and anon the tresses fair,
O'erleaps th' bounding and escape the snare.

And must she die, sweet-scented Spring,
Joy of every living thing?
No! O'er the forest flying,
Spring has no thought of dying,
Though now her fragrant breath denying,
She'll yet return, and fresh as at her birth,
Shall bless the grateful earth.

A DAY ON THE DANUBE.

BY REV. W. H. BIDWELL.

THE Danube is the great river of Central Europe. Fed in its very winding course by some thirty navigable streams and a vast number of inferior tributaries, it pushes its strong and rapid current of accumulated waters along its wide or narrow bed across the plains and down its rocky defiles, bordered with bold mountain scenery, and running over a distance of some 1,700 miles, from its source in the Black Forest to its entrance into the Black Sea.

Taking our seat in the cars at Munich, in early morning, the old iron horse galloped swiftly over the Bavarian plain 70 miles to Donauworth, before breakfast, in time for us to take the Austrian steamer down the Danube. The rain had fallen for some thirty hours, as if all the buckets of the skies had been turned upside down at once, or as if nature was weeping profusely over some past or impending calamity, which added volume and power to the swollen waters of the river. The dark, heavy clouds had now retired. The rain was over and gone. The morning was clear and bright. A gorgeous sun imparted fresh beauty and brilliancy to the fertile and verdant plains along which we were flying with the speed of the winds.

Donauworth, lying on the north bank of the Danube, was once a free imperial city. It is a spot memorable in history. Here was first kindled the flames of the thirty years' war. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, its inhabitants had so warmly and generally adopted the reformed doctrines, that the Catholics were obliged to content themselves with one church. Its fanatic abbot venturing, in spite of the popular prejudice, to conduct a procession of the host with flying colors, through the street, was assaulted by a mob, and barely escaped with his life. For these acts of violence the city was placed under the ban of the Empire, and its privileges confiscated, and the Duke of Bavaria, with an army of 17,000 men, ordered to carry the decree into execution. This resulted in the formation of the Protestant League and Catholic Union, which was of the highest moment in the then affairs of Europe. And thus, in a mere riot, be-

gan a bloody war, which lasted thirty years. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. We walked through this old city, which seemed as ancient and dull as if everything about it had been stereotyped a hundred years ago.

In the church of the suppressed monastery here, lies entombed the unfortunate Mary of Brabant, wife of Louis the Severe, beheaded by her husband on a groundless suspicion of her fidelity. When he ascertained the innocence of the murdered victim of his jealousy, his hair is said to have turned grey in a single night, though only at the age of 27. This region has been the theatre of bloody conflicts in past ages. On the verdant banks of the Danube near by, is the famed battle field where, in 1704, the Duke of Marlborough gained a signal victory over the French and Bavarian armies, which lost 40,000 men, 120 pieces of cannon, and 300 standards. And here, in later times, these banks have trembled under the mighty tread of the armies of Napoleon, who was at Donauworth, April 17th, 1809, with his victorious legions, which soon after swept down the valley of the Danube like an avalanche. We have only time for a brief survey. The bell rings. The steamer is off. The Danube is the swiftest river in Europe. At its source in the Alpine country, it is 2,178 feet above the level of the sea. At Donauworth, it is 1,125 feet, which forms an impetuous current, which, just now swollen by the rain, sent our steamer down the current with exciting and almost alarming velocity. The passage down was like a gorgeous and rapidly-changing panorama, constantly bringing into new view old feudal castles, with their mouldering, crumbling walls, along the banks, villages, hamlets, and the multitudinous remains of by-gone generations.

The steamer made a brief stop at the old ancient city of Ingoldstadt, with its massive fortifications, which have withstood many sieges from that of Gustavus Adolphus in ages past, to that of General Moreau, which resisted him three months, in the year 1800. Here at the University the celebrated Dr. Faustus studied. Here is

the first place in Germany where the Jesuits were allowed to establish themselves and teach their doctrines. Here the cruel Count Tilly died, in 1632, of a wound, "destined," as the Jesuits wrote, "to yield up his soul, purified by heretics' blood, although he had fortified himself against the wicked bullets of the Swedes by a consecrated wafer." An hour's swift passage brought into view the ancient Roman rampart called the Devil's Wall, of considerable height, built, by the Emperor Probus, A.D. 277, extending 200 miles from the Danube to the Rhine, over hills, valleys, rivers and morasses, forming an important barrier to protect the provinces of Europe against the barbarians. The wall and its ruined towers are objects of much historical interest. A short distance further down, the Danube forces its way through a grand and gloomy defile, a mile or more in length, between perpendicular walls of rock from 400 to 600 feet high, of most imposing aspect. The power of steam, and the strength and rapidity of the swollen current, swept us along amid this bold mountain scenery at an almost fearful velocity, making impressions on the mind not soon forgotten. The banks of the Danube are full also of historical interest and historical associations. For ages it formed the frontier line of the Roman dominions. Its deep valley was the high road, along which the barbarous hordes of Attila passed, as well as the armies of Charlemagne and the victorious legions of Napoleon. Its shores have echoed with the hymns of the pilgrims of the crusades and the cross, and with the shouts of the turbaned followers of Mohammed. Its waters have been dyed with the blood of nations. Along its banks sleep, or moulder, or bleach, the bones

of many a gallant soldier who fell in battle. Picturesque ruins of ancient castles, monasteries, palaces, splendid monuments of ecclesiastical wealth and power, are scattered along its shores, which are studded with numerous villages and hamlets, now the home of a teeming population. The shores and the waters of the Danube have a character of their own, which combine to impress the mind of the traveler with their stern dignity and aspect. So strong is the current of its waters, and so rapid the motion of the steamer, that three pair of eyes are needful to inspect the numerous objects of historical interest which crowd into the field of vision in rapid succession.

Before reaching Ratisbon, the Danube makes a great bend or curvature to the north, of many miles, more than doubling the distance, seemingly to check the strong and powerful current of its waters against the rocky barriers along its shores. Within the sweep of this great bend and the Isar, are the battle-fields of Napoleon, on which he maneuvered his legions, April, 1809, so as to shut up the grand army of Austria, 100,000 strong, to defeat or conquer it. But the thunders of battle have died away, and those contending legions are silent and motionless—laid low by the great common conqueror of all. Those fertile fields wave with the ripening harvest, instead of the bristling bayonets.

A rapid run down the swift current of this famed river whose shores are enriched with a thousand historical associations, brought us to the old city of Ratisbon, where we landed from the steamer at 6 o'clock, after a day of exciting interest.

DYING WORDS OF WILBERFORCE.

"Come, and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce to a friend a few minutes before his death. Afterward, putting his arms around that friend, he said: "God bless you my dear." He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said, "I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall walk no further through this world together; but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear —, do not weep; for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses, I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any

other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He afterwards spoke of the regret of parting with friends. "Nothing," said he, "convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret; yet I do not love you less, but God more."

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PLATE.—That strong featured man who stands by the table, holding the shawl in his hands, is a shrewd pedlar, who has come in upon the family circle just after tea, and in the midst of his display of goods, has turned to tell what he has learned of the war movements. His wandering life has given him opportunities to observe, and the penetrating mind which gleams so fearfully from his countenance, has watched keenly the course of events. He is revealing that which evidently arrests, and though veiled in mystery excites a mingled curiosity and alarm. The picture is a meaning one.

THE SCHOOLS.—If we are not afraid of "waking up the wrong passenger," and bringing upon ourselves a deluge of tedious, hum-drum communications, or laudations for the furtherance of private interest, we would say to our correspondents—send us some fine articles on the schools. We wish to keep them fully in view. The school operation is a vast one, and it has never commanded a hundredth part of the attention it merits. Who talks of the schools? The courts, the auctions, the manufactories, the concerts, the hotels, the churches, are talked of abundantly; but who inquires about the schools?

Who visits the schools? Does the stranger, when he enumerates the institutions which he must visit, place *the school* on the list? Does the gentleman of leisure visit the school? Does the fashionable lady visit the school? There is a more serious question—Does the parent visit the place where the destiny of his child is, in an important sense, determined? We have known many a mother to keep her daughter out of school, and go with her to the dress-maker, paying the most solicitous attention to every fold and every ribbon, who never thought of going to the school, to see how the formation of intellect was advancing. Parents do not speak of the school with interest, at home. Some witty uncle, or aunt, or visitor, will say to the child at tea, perhaps—"well, do they make you study pretty hard there?"—or—"is your master pretty savage?" And such is the most respectful, and probably the only notice the child hears, while a faithful instructor is laboring to create enthusiasm for study, and a high estimate of the school opportunities.

The child goes away to school in the morning, and returns in the evening; the parents and friends treat the matter as a necessary part of life's system, which must be submitted to for a certain period. They presume that the educating work goes on; but they never show any interest in its progress; and the child feels that the *school doings* of the day are the most uninteresting to the family, and even finds them despised. This is not exaggeration. It is a representation drawn from extended personal observation. A few families form beautiful exceptions. The dentist, the dress-maker, the confectioner, receive a degree of attention and assistance in their offices, which is denied to the man or woman who conducts the education of the spiritual being—the forming of all that makes the individual what he is, in personal character. This state of things may be observed in families where one would expect great solicitude about education, and where such solicitude is professed, but not practically manifested. It is not to be denied that there are thousands of families, accounted cultivated and Christian, where the constant impression is actually made upon the children, that to sell cases of boots and shoes, or bags of cotton, or hogsheads of tobacco, or to ship flour and beef for California, is a vastly more honorable work than to guide the intellect and form the habits of reasoning and feeling, and thus decide the condition and *qualities* of an intelligent being. Why is it so? A difficult question. How long will it be so?—this is the important question.

SUMMER GLEANINGS.—This is the attractive title of a very attractive new book, in which we have the "Sketches and Incidents of a Pastor's Vacation, by John Todd, D.D., collected and arranged by his daughter." It is not necessary to say that the volume is spicy and readable. The author's manner of writing is well known. The fair editor, in her Dedicatory Epistle to a near relative, says:—

"You know when father goes away on his summer vacations, how we mourn—how we dread those long weeks when we can hear no tidings from the wilderness, and how we fear lest he will be lost in those primeval forests. But when, strengthened and invigorated, he is led back by the kind hand of God, who watches and guides his children in the solitude of those wild mountains, as well as in the

crowded city, we rejoice in his safety, and enjoy with him the remembrance of these excursions."

We cannot but think that many of the professional men who repair to the crowded fashionable resorts, and only aggravate their dyspeptic maladies by the indulgence of appetite at luxurious tables, would do well to follow Dr. Todd's example, and strike out into the woods. This volume will give them some insight into that kind of recreation; and we must quote a little on this point. Here we have the mode of acquiring an appetite, and of keeping it, in the Maine forests.

"We took our tent, blankets, overcoats, rifles, provisions, &c., amounting to heavy loads for the back. In going into the woods, you should always calculate for one and a quarter pounds of provision daily, for each one; for although you may not want so much, others will want more. We, calculating for a week, had, or ought to have had, forty-four pounds of provision. It was intensely hot, and as we staggered along under a burning sun, in Indian file, were fighting the flies, and now looking out for trees that were marked, the miles seemed very long indeed. The trees were tall, and all the forest looked so much alike, that nothing marked our progress. * * Onward we plodded, now swallowed up in the great forest, and now out on the banks of the wild, roaring, but beautiful Owasatiquik. On its banks our tent would sometimes be pitched, our tea-kettle hung on the pole, over the camp fire, while the hard sailor's bread was toasting, and the small piece of pork was frying. This was our food three times a day, and it became very wearisome. Sometimes, indeed, our guides would make what they call "dunderfunk," made in this wise: the sea-bread soaked in water, crumbled fine, fried in pork fat, and then sweetened with molasses, or sugar, if you can't get molasses. They seemed to like it; but our taste was too unsophisticated to admire it. We had a little flour, but that we kept for some special occasions."

When a special occasion came, it appears that they suffered a disappointment. One Saturday night, when they had been a week absent from their canoes, they found their provisions almost gone, but yet resolved to have one good supper of biscuit. Alas—

"When Nicholas had gotten his huge birch bark in which to knead them, it was found that the rain had spoiled our *soda*, and we had nothing to do but see him wet up the flour with water from the brook, open the ashes, and bake it in the embers, and then take off his stocking, which he had worn a fortnight, and wipe off the ashes. We made no complaint, knowing that we might shortly be glad of such food as that."

Perhaps such extracts as these will frighten the delicate reader; but there is a high pleasure in the excitement of adventure; and who would not prefer hardship with health, to luxury with suffering and dyspeptic gloom? We must give a few more touches of summer excursion life.

"We told our guides to pitch our tent in the best spot they could find, for there we should spend the Sabbath. So

we boiled our tea in a large open pail—(the tea-kettle was a companion of another excursion)—took out our scanty store of meat, our large supply of what we procured in Montreal under the name of shipcrackers,—(abominable stuff, and well named *crackers*, for every mouthful threatened to crack your jaws and teeth)—and made our first meal in the wilderness. It was a magnificent Canada forest, untouched by man. As our camp-fire burned up, and sent up its stream of light among the tall trees, it seemed as if the trees were so many pillars, and their tops so many canopies of silver. When the camp-fire is first lighted in the forest, you always feel as if you must shout."

But some of our readers will wish to know a little about the use of the rifles above mentioned. This is the crowning reward of all the toil and privation. Around the head waters of the Penobscot, Dr. Todd and his companions found rare game, as will be seen in the following account of hunting the moose by night:—

"You take your seat in the bow of the canoe; the Indian sits at the other end with his paddle, which he moves noiselessly, without ever taking it out of the water. The mosquitoes, the gnats, and the midges now come down upon you with a vengeance and a power that are unspeakable. You may brush, and rub, and turn, but there they are, myriads and myriads.

"Presently you hear a moose thrash like a huge ox, and then he blows like a whale; that is, he goes into the river, where the water is perhaps seven or eight feet deep, and thrusting his head down to the bottom of the river, he eats the long grass that grows there, and when his mouth is full, or when he must breathe, he raises his head up out of the water, and blows and snorts. When you first hear him, he is perhaps two miles off. Silently the Indian shoots the canoe towards him. As you come near him, you begin to tremble, and to forget the biting of the insects, and think only of the great game before you. Slowly now the canoe goes towards him, keeping near the bank of the river, and in the deep shade of the trees. As you approach the moose, you see a huge black something, without shape or form, only it is the blackest thing to be seen. Which way he stands, or where his head is, you cannot guess. You raise your rifle and guess as well as you can; the fire leaps from the weapon of death, and the moose will probably be found within twenty rods of the spot the next morning.

"The meat is very lean, juicy and tender. We found it best fried in our short-handled frying-pan; but the Indians preferred it roasted on sticks over a hot fire. The Indians roast the shanks and legs, and get out the large marrow; and eat it with great avidity. It is the only butter or oil they can get; and the civilized man can hardly imagine how the human system craves oil, especially in a cold climate. But "the moose's upper lip"—that is considered the *ne plus ultra* of all eating, by those who are great judges in such matters. I have never heard any food—not even the beaver's tail—so highly commended as this. It is unlike anything I ever tasted. But whether it was because I was unwell, or because my taste needed cultivation, I do not know; but though we had the *upper lip* many times, I never tasted it but once."

We cannot lay aside the book without making an extract from Dr. Todd's account of the ascent of Mt. Katahdin, in Maine.

"At length, after hours of almost breathless labor, we

were on the first eminence or peak. And now what sensations! This then is Katahdin, and we are on it. It seems like dreaming. The mountain is a thick crust of granite, heaved up by some awful and mysterious agency, in the midst of the plain between the two branches of the Penobscot. It is over five thousand feet high—nearly as lofty as the highest of the White Mountains, but it stands alone—solitary, naked, and awful. And our desire and ambition was to reach the highest summit. To go to it, you must descend two hundred feet almost perpendicularly, and then rise again over a chimney two hundred and fifty feet high. Then you go along on a narrow ridge, like the ridge of a house, except when you come to these chimneys, about a dozen of which you must climb over. The ridge is in no place probably over a yard wide, and in one place but five inches! On either side it is so steep that you might toss a biscuit, and have it fall two thousand or twenty-five hundred feet before it struck anything. Our Indian declared that it was impossible to pass over these chimneys and this ridge. But I set out alone, determined to try. My companion and the Indian followed. At the first chimney I had to lift myself up perpendicularly five feet; but up, up you climb over chimney and ridge, for at least a mile and a half. Sometimes you pause and roll down a stone or two, and are amazed at the length of time it takes to reach the bottom, bounding hundreds of feet, and echoing at every leap, till it rests in the chasm.

And now onward. You become so excited that you forget the danger and the deaths which you can almost see looking up on each side. At one point you may creep out and hold in your hand a line, and it will hang one thousand feet perpendicularly. At length you reach the apex, and find a square spot on which to pause, it may be a yard square. You now find you have not to boast that you are the first who has trodden that dangerous and giddy ridge. Now look about you. You breathe easy, and feel every nerve strung up to a high state of tension. But in looking back on the ridge, it seems utterly impossible that you can ever return. The heart sinks at the very thought of the task.

But forget all this, and what is the great impression? Your first feeling is, you want to be, and must be alone, I did not want to see or hear anything human. I did not want any one to ask—what means the tear in your eye?

But we must not indulge in further quotation. The volume contains some twenty chapters, differing very much in their subjects and structure. Many of them are vivid fictitious sketches. All of them enchain the attention. We commend the volume to all who would secure a readable, and at the same time useful book—for Dr. Todd has not forgotten to improve every suitable opportunity to make an impression in favor of the great interests which, as a minister of the gospel, he has always and chiefly in view.

PURITY OF MOTIVE.—It is altogether probable that Rev. Edward Bickersteth had maligners who charged him with seeking money and honor, and ease. But in opening his biography, we find that when he was weighing the question of leaving the profession of law, in which he had become established, for the ministry, he wrote a paper, for the guidance of his own mind, which was found after his decease, and which affect-

ingly discloses the sincerity of his heart. He says—

"I should be content to live on bread and water, in the poorest parish in England, so that I might spend my time in the work of religion. If a corrupt heart influenced me, I should act from a love of ease and riches; but I am far more likely to enjoy ease and riches in the station where I now am. I give up ease and pleasure. No worldly or secular motive (after the best search I can make) seems to influence me; but 'the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?' Lord, thou knowest it; discover to me the bottom of my heart."

RECOVERY FROM SKEPTICISM.—Dr. Ashbel Green, of Philadelphia, has recorded, in his account of his early life, that when a young man, he fell under irreligious influences among officers of the army, and at length became a skeptic. But his mind was not at rest. He read the leading works on the evidences of Christianity, and found that he could not withstand the argument, but even his intellect seemed to need something further. He says—

"To the Bible itself I determined to make a final appeal. My Christian education had already rendered me in a degree familiar with a large portion of its contents; but on this I resolved to place no dependence. I took up the New Testament as if I had never opened it before; and with the single object of looking out for the signatures of Divinely-inspired truth; and I prayed, as well as half an infidel could pray, that God, in whose existence and attributes I believed, would help me to form a just opinion of the truth or fallacy of that book. Proceeding in this way, I had not gone through the four Evangelists, till all my skepticism left me, and to this hour it has never returned. My mind, indeed, has sometimes been harassed with almost every species of infidel, and even atheistic suggestions; but I have, at the very time of their occurrence, been thoroughly convinced that they were false and groundless. * * And this, let me say, is in my opinion the best way of bringing to a satisfactory issue this question of unavoidable and infinite importance."

FIRE.—It is a disgrace to our country that so much property should be destroyed by fires. The growth of the country is thus in no trifling measure nullified. Such destruction is certainly needless. Fire follows fixed laws, and we can conform to those laws. We can construct buildings so that furnaces and flues will be safe. We can watch our fires and lamps. The thing needed is that the public mind should be strongly turned to the subject.

DANGER OF SPECULATION.—An amiable writer says—"We have faith in the integrity and competency of the mind to live through its own errors. The dangers that beset philosophical studies are precisely those which lie across the path to manhood in any direction. Now and then a boy is extinguished in some crisis of thought, senti-

ment, or action, on the dividing line between youth and middle age; but we hardly suppose that the world has much need of one who cannot double this cape successfully."

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.—A writer in the Presbyterian Herald has recently given some striking reminiscences of this eccentric and extraordinary man. One day as Mr. Randolph was riding on his estate with his friend Col. Woods, he was taken with one of his fainting fits. Col. Woods and the servants assisted him from his horse, and made a seat for him in the corner of a fence. As soon as Mr. R. began to recover his strength, he made a motion to Col. Woods to take a seat by his side, and immediately began to speak. "You have heard, sir," said he, "of atheists. There are no such persons in the world. I had a pious mother, sir, and she taught me, God bless her, to pray; but in the family of my father-in-law, Judge Tucker, I imbibed infidel sentiments at a very early age. Before I was twenty years of age, I had read every infidel book in the English and French languages. The result was that I became a confirmed infidel. I even attempted to make myself an atheist, but could not succeed in the effort. The marks of the Divine wisdom and the Divine goodness, were too deeply and too manifestly impressed on the works of creation around me, to admit of my indulging, for a single moment, in the supposition that there was no God. It is impossible, sir, for any man to be an atheist. I was, however, sir, a confirmed infidel, and continued to be so until I heard Dr. Hoge, on a certain occasion, preach a sermon on the evidences of the Christian Religion. His cogent reasoning put to flight all my unbelieving doubts; and since that time, I have been fully convinced of the truth of the Bible." Col. Woods was sorry that he did not bring down his religious history to a later period; but did not like to take upon himself to inquire, what influence Christianity had exerted upon his subsequent life.

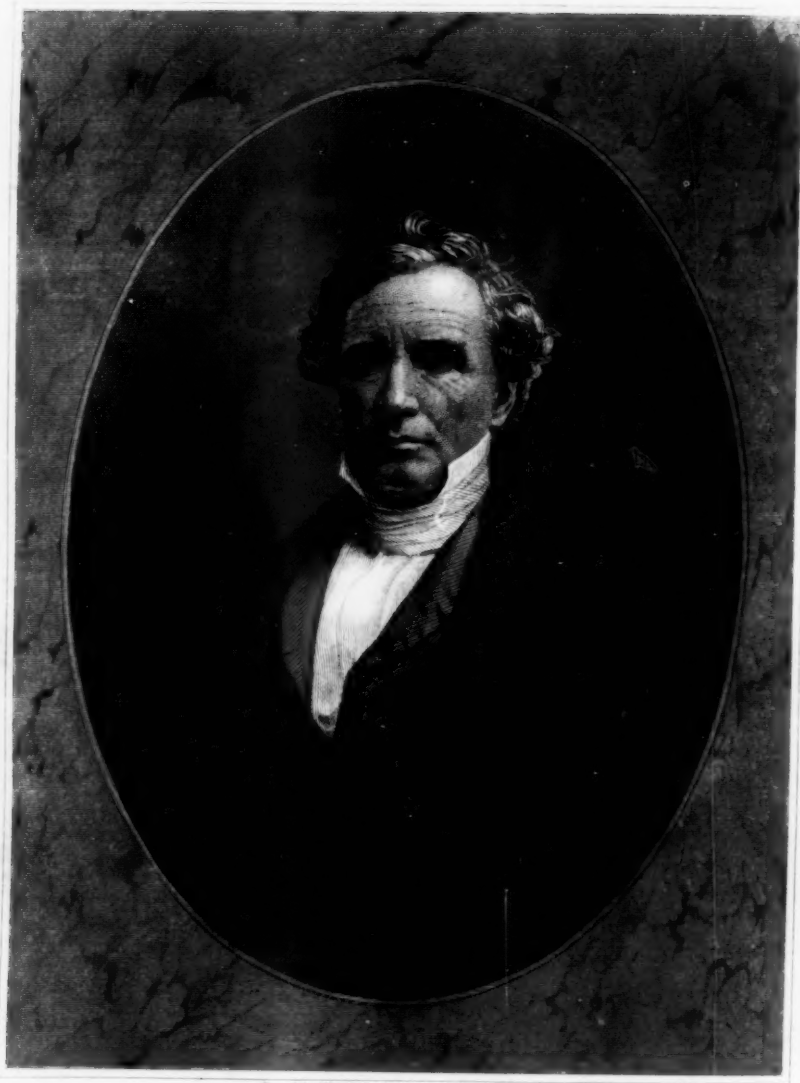
A NOTICEABLE FEATURE OF THE TIMES it surely is, that many are as anxious to defend the Black Art, as they are to get away from the Bible. This is a remarkable manifestation. There is meaning in it. Why does not the eagerness for supernatural communication from the unseen world, lead to an earnest study of the teachings of Him of whom martyrs testified—"This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses!"

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN may remind the Christian, of a glorious passage of Scripture—"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we are incorruptible."

JAPAN.—The empire of Japan consists of three large and thirty small islands, the whole territory being about 90,000 square miles. The population is about thirty millions. The capital, Jeddo, has a million and a half of people, and the city next in rank, Meaco, half a million. The seaboard is longer than the Atlantic coast of the United States. Should the U. S. squadron open the direct trade, the route will be by steamships from New York to Aspinwall (Navy Bay), by railroad to Panama, and thence by steamers, via the Gallipagos and Marquesas Islands.

DISCOVERY OF YET ANOTHER PLANET.—Only a few days ago it was announced that M. Gasparis, at Naples, had discovered a new Asteroid, the fifth-first seen by him, but the name of which we have not as yet heard. By the last steamer information was received that Mr. Luther, at the Observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, had recently found yet another, with a right ascension of about 12 hours, and a north declination of about 8 degrees, which, we believe, is the seventeenth planet now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter, all of which were unknown fifty-two years ago.

THE NEW FOUND LAKE.—The statement recently published, of a newly-discovered lake of considerable size, within fifteen or twenty miles of the Falls of St. Anthony, is not to be discredited, says a Minnesota paper. "Calvin A. Tuttle and John H. Stevens, two of the oldest and most reliable settlers in Minnesota, together with several others, including the writer hereof, some two weeks since, spent three days in the exploration of this lake. They found it to be from thirty to forty miles in length, and full fifteen miles in width, containing an area of four-hundred and fifty miles. They also found numerous islands in this lake, many of which they visited, and one in particular, that will be found on survey to measure full three thousands aerea. The explorers, furthermore, found the lake to contain an innumerable multitude of fish, and to be the resort of myriads of wild fowl, countless as the sands of the seashore. They found its scenery indescribably beautiful. They found, moreover, a splendid belt of timber skirting the borders of the lake, to the width of from three to five miles, rich in every variety of hard wood."



Engr'd by R. L. Crandall from a Daguer

I am very truly yours
Albert Barnes.



ROCKY BRIDGE IN VIRGINIA.



I am very truly yours
Albert S. Warner



ROCKY BRIDGE, IN VIRGINIA.

The Blind Girl.

WORDS SELECTED.

MUSIC BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

1. I hear thee speak of the set - ting sun, How he

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics '1. I hear thee speak of the set - ting sun, How he'.

sinks in the west when the day is done, And that clouds of gold and
I hear of those g'lo - rious

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'sinks in the west when the day is done, And that clouds of gold and' and 'I hear of those g'lo - rious'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

az - ure float, In gor - geous rich - ness round the spot.
things from thee, But their ra - diant beau - ties I can - not see.

Fine.

Fine.

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'az - ure float, In gor - geous rich - ness round the spot.' and 'things from thee, But their ra - diant beau - ties I can - not see.'. The system ends with a double bar line and the word 'Fine.' written above the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line and the word 'Fine.' written below the bass staff.

THE BLIND GIRL.

I hear of those glo - rious

things from thee, But their ra - diant beau - ties I can - not see.

D. C.

D. C.

2. I hear thee talk of the stately trees,
And of meadows that wave in the summer breeze,
And of birds that fly through the garden bowers,
And of sparkling streams and glowing flowers;
And :|| I love to hear of those things from thee,
Though earth and its treasures are hid from me.:||
3. I hear thee tell of the mighty sea,
An emblem, 'tis said, of eternity;
And how proudly its awful billows roll,
And yield to none but God's control;
And :|| I think what a blessed thing 'twould be
If those varied wonders my eyes could see.:||
4. But shrouded to me is that world of light,
No ray can illumine unvarying night;
And vainly to me the sun may rise,
For he sheds no beam on these darkened eyes;
But :|| forbid it, my God, that ever from me
One murmuring thought should ascend to thee.:||
5. For to me a glorious hope has risen,
When my soul shall escape this earthly prison,
And soar to her mansions prepared in the skies,
That the veil shall remove from my sightless eyes;
And :|| those words shall break upon my raptured ear,
"Look up, and behold thy Saviour here!" :||

ISADORE AND THE ANGEL-VISITANT.

A FRAGMENT.

BY METALANDER.

***** Heavily gathered the clouds about her path. The past lay behind her like a dark, forbidding back-ground. It was full of bitter regrets for energy exhausted, and for time wasted upon trifles; time, every moment of which was a pearl, that, carefully gathered up, might have garlanded life with beauty and gladness. The present hung about her as an oppressive garment, weighing her down to earth, and her footsteps dragged wearily onward. The weird future was spread out mistily before her like solemn Night, wrapping in its bosom untold and dreaded revelations.

There was, it is true, another side to this sombre picture. Sunny spots there were in the far-off land of childhood, and strains of its clear music still echoed in her ear. Sweet oases were scattered along the past, and on them her tearful eye at times rested, and grew bright. Voices of gratitude were whispering in her heart of unnumbered voices from the hand of her great Father. She cherished the hope that she was one of his covenant people, and she had seasons of sweet communion with heaven. Thus the present was not *always* a burden.

Nor was the future perpetually shrouded in darkness. Out of the gloom, stars sometimes looked kindly down, inviting her onward. Rays of celestial light gleamed athwart the face of the sky, yet they were broken and scattered. And why was it thus with the lovely Isadore? Gifted with intellect, and with a heart overflowing with tender sympathies, why was life in its very bloom a weary tale to her? Cherishing a hope in Christ, why did she still struggle on with hesitancy and fear? Why, with a failing heart, did she look down into the valley of the shadow of death? She trusted in Christ as the Saviour, as *her* Saviour perhaps, yet she had not that fulness of appropriating faith which enabled her to give up all concern for herself, and to rest quietly in his will. The hidden evils of her own heart affrighted her, and having often failed in her struggles, she shrank despairingly from the

conflict. The dark spirit of skepticism would steal into her bosom with his perplexing, and at times maddening suggestions. Thence did she fall into the Slough of Despond, or was held captive in Doubting Castle. And when other doubts were kept in abeyance, she still had frequent misgivings as to her own acceptance with the Beloved. Through the one great mystery of being with the gigantic shadow of death deepening it into a fearful problem painfully startling to her brooding mind, she did not look up perpetually into the face of her reconciled Father. Thus was she often launched upon a sea of miserable doubts, and perplexed and rent with her own harrowing conflicts. And these conflicts were aggravated by her habit of morbid introspection. Nor was this to be wondered at, for who ever found the remedy for a disease in the infected atmosphere, which it had engendered? Isadore had not attained the higher sphere of Faith. If a Christian rests outside its hallowed circle, or is content in its lower walks, it is not strange that he wanders in comparative darkness. And his eye being partially cleared, the spectral forms enfolded in the bosom of Night are more easily discerned, than if his spiritual vision were wholly benighted. Thus Isadore wrestled on in ceaseless conflict with herself, while those around knew little of what was passing within. She concealed from them her inward struggles, her restlessness and self-dissatisfaction. Or if some tokens of the agitations of the deep waters were at times visible upon their usually placid surface, their hidden source was not always traced. The disturbances were not occasioned by a sickly sentimentalism, which in a weak mind causes disgust with every thing which does not correspond with its own vitiated tastes. They were the workings of a truthful and lofty spirit, earnestly struggling through doubt and darkness for the pure celestial light which shines only upon the path of duty,—for that sweet repose which attends the consciousness of having done the will of our great Father above. They were the

struggles of a child under the disciplining Hand of wisdom and love, drawing it from the misery and waywardness of self-seeking to the blessedness of self-consecration. But she knew not for what her Father was preparing her.

At the close of a bright autumnal day, she wandered forth, and gazed with tearful eyes upon the glorious picture unrolled to her view. A dense patch of forest was before her, draped in the gold and crimson of autumn, and bathed in the radiance of the setting sun; yet there was a peculiar sadness in the contemplation of this scene, for she knew that these brilliant hues were but a hectic flush, betokening decay and death. A sweet analogy, however, struck her mind most soothingly. As the delicate leaf assumes a richer and more dazzling beauty in the hour of its decay, so, through loving eyes, a brighter, a deeper, a tenderer light looks out from the soul in the dying hour. And as the fair world of vegetation dies only to live again in a fresher, lovelier form, even thus is it with this house of our earthly tabernacle. This lighting up of the spirit within, in the moment of dissolution, is surely prophetic of immortality. And as upon the clear background of the autumnal sky, every branch and bough and leaf is drawn in most delicate, yet distinctest tracery, so vividly are the last accents and looks of love.

But now Isadore's attention was attracted to a still brighter scene. A mass of clouds lay on the western sky, like piles of celestial light. So gorgeous and sublime were they, glowing with the magic touch of the passing luminary, that as she gazed they seemed to her excited fancy like the golden gates of heaven. She felt that with the artless child, she could almost resolve to wander towards the setting sun, till she reached those gates of bliss.

"And the child looked out on the far, far west,
And it saw a golden door,
Where the evening sun had gone to rest,
But a little while before.

There was one bright streak on the cloud's dark face,
As if it had been riven;
Said the child, "I will go to that very place,
For it must be the gate of heaven."

Isadore painfully contrasted the harmony which breathed from nature with the discords of her own spirit. Her heart longed for a closer union with Him whose hand had fashioned all this wondrous beauty. Yet, mingled with these aspirations, were bitter questionings which shrouded the face of her Father in clouds and darkness. Her love of nature was intense. But she saw that

"The trail of the serpent is over it all."

"Oh! why," she passionately exclaimed, "why was sin permitted to enter so beautiful a world, and mar its loveliness? Why must it deface the pure temple of the living God,—the glowing, throbbing heart?"

While thus communing with her own spirit, the still air around her seemed stirred as if by the gentle motion of an angel's wing. Ambrosial odors were wafted towards her. The dear angel of Faith drew nigh, and in a voice sweeter than the breath of summer, whispered softly to her heart: "Art thou sincere in desiring a closer union with thy great Father in heaven? Hast thou laid thine own will irrevocably upon his altar? Thy lips utter the petition, 'Thy kingdom come!' But hast thou not sought thine own ease, and shrank from toil, and endurance, and self-sacrifice? Art thou ready to follow in the footsteps of those who have forsaken all of earthly good to bear the tidings of a Saviour's love to those who sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death?" Then did the angel speak pleadingly to her of the love of Christ, who wore a crown of thorns to win for her a crown of glory; who bore the heavy cross, that she might bear the palm of victory. Why should she hedge up her own way, and make so difficult what God had made so easy? Why, in her weakness, should she attempt the battle, when, if she would but place her hand within her Saviour's, he would fight and conquer for her? Beautiful was the face of the angel as he thus pleaded. A ray of celestial light stole in upon her desponding heart. A way seemed opened by which she might yet be secure of victory. Her soul, wearied with its vain struggles, and despairing of help in itself, was at length enabled to cease from all efforts in its own strength. In that silent temple of nature,—in the still depths of her heart,—she surrendered herself as a weary child into the hands of her kind and almighty Father. Earnestly, and in the most solemn manner, did she consecrate herself for time and for eternity, without reserve and without limitation. Strong in the might of this full consecration, she now felt that she could look cheerfully forward to a life of toil and privation,—that she could forsake all for Christ, and still possess all in Him.

Then did the angel of Faith draw yet nearer. He blessed her with the sweet assurance that her consecration was accepted. He placed upon her finger the charmed ring of the promises, to be no more removed till she had passed into a state of full and eternal fruition. He entered into a covenant that he would never desert her. He would be near her, on her right hand and

on her left. Through him, she had now a clearer and more glorious view of the Saviour. The array of doubts, so long marshalled against her peace, was scattered by his presence as a light mist of the morning. God's omnipotence had been to her a fearful attribute; and God himself, to her doubting heart, had seemed at times a consuming fire, drinking up her spirit. She now beheld God in Christ Jesus,—the glories of the divinity softly attempered by the sweetness of a perfect humanity. The angel had placed in her hand a golden key; and by it, from the seemingly confused and discordant elements, was evolved a system of divinest harmony. Her tired spirit had laid itself in the arms of the infinite and unchanging Father, and she felt it encircled with strength. Through the Mediator, the created had come into union with the great Creator, and its endless eddies of restlessness had subsided into the tranquil waters of perfect peace. Her agitated soul had found its centre, and it was henceforth at rest. Nothing could separate it from the love of Christ. *All things* worked to-

gether for its good. To her trusting spirit, there was now a providence in the minutest event. It might suffer wrong from the hand of man, but its serenity could not long be disturbed. Its refuge in God was unfailing, and its peace was like a river. * * * As Isadore caught the last glimpse of her native land, she lifted her streaming eyes to heaven, exclaiming through her tears, "*My home is there! my home is there!*"

Sustained by the sweet ministrations of Faith, she entered upon her missionary work with an ardor and trustfulness which no discouragements could abate. Long and faithfully she labored, assured that, in his own time, God would cause the seed to spring up and yield a precious harvest. And when the Master called for her, the angel of Faith attended at her bedside, and made her dying hour tranquil as the set of sun. With her hand clasped in his, she walked calmly down the dark river's side. Its waters did not overflow her; and on its heavenly shore, shining ones in waiting led her up the golden way.

HOME REVISITED.

BY W. L. MOORE.

AND this was once my own dear home,
In childhood's sunny day,
But other children cluster now,
And round the hearth-stone play.
Here my fond father's chair did stand,
And there his cane did lean—
They speak in their still vacancy—
My heart, what can it mean?

Here my gay brother hung his cap,
And here his top did hum—
I call, but yet he cometh not,
Alas! he cannot come;
He sleepeth countless fathoms down,
Within old ocean's breast,
He lies upon a pearly bed,
The billows rock his rest.

'Twas here my Mother's table stood,
Her thimble rested here—
Another table fills its place,
To me it is not dear.
My Mother! thou art gone from earth,
To rest above the sky:
I am so very, very sad,
To thee I fain would fly.

Here did my little sister dear,
Play with her dolls and toys;
Alas, our childhood's home is filled
With strange girls and boys;

Each laugh, each shout they joyous give,
But mocks my bitter moan,
It seems to my poor aching heart
They echo forth my own.

I wander through each dear loved room,
Each nail to me is dear—
The diamond's trace upon the pane,
Soft melts me to a tear;
It was my sister traced that name,
Upon my bridal morn—
My Parents, Brother, Sister, dear—
All, all are from me torn.

My father's Bible rested here,
And at the close of day,
We gathered all, as he did read
Its sacred page, and pray.
Here is the spot I oft have knelt,
Once more I'll bow me there,
And here within my early home
I'll lift my voice in prayer.

I'll ask of Him who to the lamb
Doth temper e'en the wind,
To cheer me in my loneliness,
My broken heart to bind.
I little dreamed where I came,
How many thoughts would rise,
Of those so loved, who now have gained
Their better home—the skies.

A DAY AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

It was an early summer morning when a little party of us set out on an excursion to "the Bridge." With all Virginians, this magnificent span—this matchless specimen of Nature's own architecture, is, *par excellence*, "the Bridge;" and one rarely hears the epithet "Natural" prefixed. Indeed, for definiteness of specification to a native of the "Old Dominion," this would be about as unnecessary as to talk of the Alps *mountains* to a Switzer.

We were to spend the day in ruralizing; and consequently, we were not by any means loth to find room in our somewhat crowded carriage for a basket of edibles, for which we expected our appetites to be pretty sharply whetted, after our early breakfast and our long drive. The white mists were rolling up their graceful drapery from the faces of the "Blue Ridge" on one side of the valley through which our course lay, and the peaked and broken Alleghanies, on the other, in blond-like folds, which the newly risen sun was making golden. The full, fresh foliage—something less than "three Junes deep"—waved around and above us with a luxuriance, which, to the Northern friends who accompanied us, and who had but recently come from the region of unbudding boughs and paler skies, seemed almost tropical.

"Hill over hill, and Alps o'er Alps arise!"

exclaimed one of them, as his vision swept over the shifting panorama of vale, and upland, and mountain, that seemed rolling past us as we pursued our way; and indeed for the variety of the shape, size, and swell of the unnumbered forest-crowned spurs, and the ever changing undulations of the blue-girdled horizon, the valley of Virginia is unrivalled. We did not wonder that another of our number, to whom even a rounded knoll was somewhat of a novelty, should, in the enthusiasm of the moment, stretch out her arms, and long for the power to catch up one of the least of the beautiful hills scattered about in such lavish profusion, and carry it away to her ocean-bordered home. Unaccustomed as they were to the peculiarities of Southern scenes, the handsome residence, succeeded in the next quar-

ter of a mile, or it may be in a few rods, by a log-cabin with its stick chimney and clap-board roof, suggestive only of the back-woods of Iowa or Michigan, rather than the oldest of the sisterhood of States, struck them oddly. The little, half-nude negroes too, that gambolled as free of care and as happy as kittens about the doors, were an unfailing object of curiosity and amusement.

We had not put more than half our distance behind us, when the sky, which had been so full of promise in the early morning—like how many another sky as cloudless and fair!—began to darken above us, and by-and-by, to our great dismay, pattering drops slowly and sullenly fell. A heavy shower, we knew, would interfere very materially with our enjoyment, and perhaps set aside our gipsy arrangements. We appealed to "Uncle Young," (our Jehu,) as to the probabilities for the rest of the day; but he, with a knowing shake of the head, gave us to understand we might expect "*right smart*" of rain—a term which, in negro parlance, is susceptible of almost any rendering you may choose to put upon it.

We, to whom the bridge was no novelty, expected keenly to enjoy the delight that should sparkle in the eyes about to rest on it for the first time; and accordingly directions had been given that the carriage should be driven across it without any intimation that we were in its immediate vicinity. This is a trick that is continually practised on visitors, and one, which the thick hedges of *arbor vitæ* and cedar growing on either side, and almost concealing the ravine over which the bridge is thrown, render perfectly easy.

"And now, Julia! you are just above the key-stone of the arch!"—exclaimed one of the party, as our driver drew up his horses to a halt, on the centre of the Bridge.

The incredulous girl leaned from the carriage window with all her soul in her eyes:—"The Bridge! Why, I don't see it; where is it?"

"No—you are immediately over it; but turn your head a little to one side, that you may catch a glimpse down through that break in the cedars: there—do you see the chasm?"

The eager gazer did as she was directed, and she raised her hands in mute astonishment as her sight lost itself in attempting to travel down the deep abyss which our position did not allow it to fathom. But the falling rain forbade our alighting there, and we were compelled to take refuge in the little inn near by, until it should cease.

"How provoking that it should rain, just when, of all other times, we want sunshine!"

"Provoking! Ah, yes—if we did not remember who sends it."

We needed such a reminder to help us to bear our temporary disappointment in a spirit of patience. However, in a little while, the clouds began to lift—the drops to fall more lightly and brightly, and the aspect of things to change to something more in accordance with our wishes. We proceeded first, to "the cedar-stump," so familiar to all visitors, which stands firmly rooted on the very outmost verge of the tremendous gorge, and from which the most imposing downward view is to be obtained. Never can any one who has stood there for the first time, and gazed shudderingly down the awful gulf, walled up on either side by perpendicular and jagged rocks, to the height (in some places) of two hundred and fifty feet, forget the impression of sublimity and terror that made the brain swim—the eyes grow bewildered, and the blood stand momentarily still!

—"How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles—'I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

Never, except when lying with my head over the edge of Table Rock, at Niagara, and looking with a thrill of fear, yet of intense fascination, into the boiling waters beneath, have I felt such an overpowering sensation of grandeur.

Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," says:—"Few men have the resolution to walk to the edge and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and knees—creep to the parapet, and look over it. Looking down from this height about a minute, gave me a violent headache." Yet none of us experienced this want of resolution; indeed the desire with all is, to get as near as possible; and although there is danger in standing unsupported on the verge—especially if one's nerves be not the strongest, yet there is a sort of irresistible fascination in the yawning depth, which even fear is not able to overcome. I have even heard of a gay, thoughtless girl, who so far forgot herself in the fearlessness

of the moment, as to tempt Providence, by mounting the perilous "stump," and pirouetting upon it, with nothing to support her, but a gentleman's hand holding her own.

J— had conducted us, one by one, to the brink, and we had stood leaning against "the stump," till we could gaze no longer for dizziness, and turned away with a reeling brain,—when an exclamation of terror made us look round, half fearfully. J— had not seen enough to satisfy himself, and so had climbed to a more jutting point of rock; and there he was, crouching over the terrific chasm, with nerves that did not seem to quiver, and an eye that did not swim. His position, to us who were standing back and looking on, appeared fearful and perilous in the extreme; and we did not wonder at the cry that escaped Julia's lips, or the tears that were starting from her eyes: and then, too, *Julia was a bride.*

We wended our way downward, by means of a winding path, to the bottom of the immense fissure. The little "Cedar Creek" that flows through it, is in amazing disproportion to the vastness of the arch; and it goes gurgling on as placidly as though it were lapsing through a woodland dell, instead of being frowned upon by the most gigantic of nature's battlements. As we made a sudden turn in the path—still rapidly descending—the arch, in all the majesty of its faultless proportions, reared itself before our sight. How light! How lofty! How beautiful! Words are inadequate to express the emotions it awakens, on first beholding it. Wonder keeps the tongue silent, and the eyes grow moist with the thought of *His* greatness who clave these everlasting rocks asunder, and then so peerlessly spanned them over, with one word of his power.

It would be profitless to attempt to describe the sensations with which point after point was gained, positions shifted, the borders of the creek traversed above and below, so that every modification of form which this stupendous piece of nature's architecture is susceptible, might be apprehended to its fullest possible extent.

It is astonishing how airy and graceful-looking the immense arch appears, when, standing immediately under its centre, you look up two hundred and ten feet above you, and take in its breadth of sixty feet, and its span of ninety. It assists one to take in, in some degree, its vastness, to notice that the two large forest trees that grow on the border of the creek, just under the edge of the bridge, do not reach more than

one-third of the way up the towering walls against which they lean.

We searched in vain among the unnumbered names cut on the rocky buttresses, for Washington's, which tradition says he carved here, at a point above that attained by any climber since. We traced out "*the eagle*," on the ceiling of the arch, formed by the discoloration of the rock, and very perceptible after it has once been shown you, except that, as I heard a sprightly French lady, who was a visitor at the Bridge last summer, say "*he have no tail!*" and then, after long attempts to "satisfy the eye with seeing," we began to think (forgive the desecration, ye presiding divinities of the spot!) of dinner.

"Uncle Young" accordingly produced our capacious basket, and we proceeded to make preparations with an appetizing zest that promised full justice to the eatables. Our napkins were spread upon the flattest rock we could find, by way of table-cloth; sandwiches, tarts, and biscuits, and all the usual *et ceteras* of such an expedition, soon covered it. The business of lemonade and sangaree making, went on briskly; we gathered round our stone table on stone chairs; our glasses were filled, and we drank to each other's health and happiness in long yet harmless potations. We congratulated ourselves on having a loftier *salle à manger* than any royal palace could boast—its walls hung round with a more gorgeous arras of trailing vines and clinging shrubbery than any Gobelin loom could produce, and an orchestral accompaniment of distant, rumbling thunder, grander in its impressiveness, than the music drawn from any instruments of human devising.

We lingered as long as we might in our princely dining apartment, unwilling to dispel the charm of our unique meal. We had only one slight drawback to the perfect enjoyment of the scene; and that was, that the coveted sunshine would not pour its flood through the gorge, and show it up with the added glory of strong light

and shadow. But as one of the party declared that clouds and thunder were in much finer harmony with the sublimity about us, than the most golden sunshine could be; and as the heavy masses of verdure that draped the Titanic rocks were fresher and richer in their depth of green, for the shower that had fallen, we were fain to persuade ourselves that the rain had been an addition to our day's schedule of pleasures, which we had not reckoned upon.

We ascended, with many backward and lingering looks, and came out again upon the top of the Bridge. There we entered a little wooden building, stuck like a bird's nest against the edge of the parapet, and extending a dozen feet or more out over it. It contains a windlass, and a sort of strong cage, in which visitors can, if they choose, (for the consideration of a dollar) be let down, and dangling midway betwixt heaven and earth, have such a view, as it makes one shiver to think of. Not many have the hardihood to try the effect of such a novel position, and we were not among the number of the inquisitive ones. As we looked down through the opening in the floor made for the cage, we saw a man walking on the edge of the creek beneath. How diminutive he seemed!—"no bigger than his head;" and the birds flying back and forth through the chasm, were like butterflies, so reduced did they appear to our reversed sight, against a sky of green.

But we had a long drive before us, and must needs break away from the scene of enchantment, which only grew more and more upon us, the longer we gazed. So after searching about for a little *arbor vite* bush, which one of our number was bent on procuring and carrying away to her distant home, as a memento of her visit, and after another "longing, lingering look behind," we were once more packed in our carriage, and rolling, with gratified hearts, homeward.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

ONCE more complete the yearly round,
I reach the quick-returning bound
From which I ran;
Swift as the winged arrow speeds,
Behind me far the way recedes,
A wasting span!
I pause to count the perished years,
And weep with unavailing tears.

How wild their rushing haste!
Like shipwrecks scattered on the strand,
Half-buried in the sand,
They lie a fearful waste:
O thou, whose Spirit only gives
The life my spirit lives,
Mould every purpose to thine own,
And let me give to thee alone.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

WE would not voluntarily impose upon ourselves the task of settling that much vexed question, whether there was or was not a tenth muse; yet we feel no hesitancy in asserting that there is a sixth sense, though we readily admit that in the majority of mankind it either lies wholly dormant or is but feebly and imperfectly exercised. Indeed we are often utterly unconscious that such a noble faculty lies folded up within, for this delicate sense is internal. It has no outer organ, no bodily manifestation of any kind. It is wholly the gift of nature. If we possess it, it must be ours by birthright, yet, like every other natural faculty, it needs to be developed and perfected by culture.

As each of the external bodily senses furnishes the mind with a peculiar class of ideas, so this inner sense of the soul conveys impressions equally peculiar and appropriate to itself, but more delicate and refined than any indications of the outward senses. The precise character of these ideas will be shown more clearly when we have designated the sense itself. What then is it? What shall we name it, and with what class of ideas does it furnish the mind? Perhaps we cannot better express our idea of its proper function than by calling it the faculty of a *seeing soul*. It is that power within which gives us a quick and lively appreciation of all the varied beauties which lie outspread on the face of the visible creation around us, or which have been produced by the cunning labors of art. This inner eye of the soul does not, like the outer eye of the body, take cognizance of form, and color, and expansion merely. It does not, like the ear, receive impressions of mere sound. It is not excited by flavors and odors; neither is it impressible by mere contact, like the nerves of touch. It is not any one of these various qualities of matter, nor yet all of them, that it perceives. It rather sees and judges of their combined effect—of all the varied beauties, sublimities and harmonies of nature. In the many-folded hidings of that reddening bud just bursting into bloom, it discerns a cradled beauty sleeping away her infancy. It looks again when the budling has felt the genial influence of shower and sunshine, and it sees the perfect goddess bursting forth, Minerva-like, all glorious and rayonant in the bloom. It does not seed the rose simply,

but the beauty of the rose; not the heavens above, but their bespangled glory; not the earth, but the spirit of life and loveliness with which its dullest clod is instinct when gazed on by a penetrative soul. Where other eyes behold only a temple or a tower, it discerns the handiwork of human genius, moulding dead matter to the soul's ideal. In its apprehension architecture is not a mere craft; it is not carpentry; it is thought, uttered in stone. In poetry it perceives not rhyme and metre solely, but a divine breathing—a holy aspiration of the human soul after beauty, and holiness, and truth. It is the possession of this noble internal sense, and not the mere faculty of reason, which justifies the poet, who has said of man—"In apprehension how like a God."

We hope the too wise critic will have patience with us and suspend his judgment till we have more fully developed our idea, for we are as sensible as any one can possibly be, how very open these remarks are to learned criticism. We are perfectly aware that what we have been pleased to call a sixth sense, the acute metaphysician, who insists upon a rigorous analysis of our mental states and operations, will denominate "good taste" or "cultivated judgment." He will tell us it is not a distinct internal sense, but may be easily resolved into the combined operation of all our intellectual faculties, perceiving, arranging, and judging of beauty, fitness and propriety in the relations of external objects; and this view we bore in mind even while asserting the existence of a sixth sense, and were willing to make a metaphysical blunder, since we write not on metaphysics, but desire simply to pursue an old idea in a new light, in order to render its impression on the mind more vivid.

Having thus, as we hope, disarmed criticism, we again affirm the existence of this precious sense, which reveals to man the glory and the grandeur of the universe in the midst of which he dwells, and the latent beauty which lies hid in every thing. Can it be doubted that there is in nature a beauty which all eyes do not see, a music which all ears cannot hear, a poetry which some hearts fail to feel? See! there grows a flower by the dry and dusty roadside. Well, what is it but a mere flower, a dandelion, a daisy or a violet, just the most commonplace and every-

day thing in the world? To the ordinary observer, who sees only through the outer eye, it has really no beauty, no moral significance; but the seeing soul not only perceives a beauty, but it actually feels a sanctity encircling like a halo that humble and neglected wild-flower. This is not fancy; it is fact. It is not mere poetry; it is not even the allowable exaggeration of poetic hyperbole; it is literal truth—a thing familiar to our own experiences, and we dare appeal confidently to the experiences of others also, to all who think, to all who feel within them the pulse-beats of moral and spiritual life, to all whose internal senses are opened to the perception of what is grand, and beautiful, and true in nature and in art. Do not such read in this simple floweret the wonders of creative wisdom? Do they not see in this prodigality of beauty, thrown out upon the lap of nature, the overflowings of divine beneficence, the yearnings of that infinite heart of love which seeks to bless its human children, to adorn and beautify their temporary home upon this round green earth, and to cheer them on in their life-journey by the reflected smile of His paternal love?

Let us look farther, and we shall find this doubleness of aspect every where. Every thing we behold has two faces, two attitudes, two expressions. The one consists of natural and physical qualities, and is discerned by the outer eye; the other, of moral and spiritual attributes, which can only be perceived by the eye of the soul. At first view the heavens present simply a vast expanse profusely dotted over with scattered shining points, but let the eye of the devout soul be lifted upward, and what mystery—what grandeur and glory it sees above! It stands mute and awe-struck, watching the movements of a mighty, but to other eyes invisible hand, stretched out in the far-up heavens, marshalling there those hosts of worlds on worlds unnumbered, and propelling them with undeviating order and regularity in their eternal courses through the vast solitudes of space. It beholds the same almighty hand guiding Arcturus with his sons, bringing forth Nazareth in his season, and binding the sweet influences of the Pleiades. To such an observer "the firmament showeth God's handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth knowledge." Again, the verdure of the earth, to a common eye, is but grass and leaves. But is it so? Is it not rather a glorious mantle, which infinite beauty and love has thrown over the bosom of nature to enhance her loveliness by half concealing it? How temptingly the flowers blush beneath this shade of liv-

ing green! Like eyes, bright and beautiful, yet mild and meek, how lovingly, nay how bewitchingly, they look out upon us through their modest veil of many-tinted green! Now we will stand on the shore of the ocean, and what do we see but a wide expanse of turbulent and brackish waters? But the poet, standing where we stand, and having exactly the same point of observation, looks into a "magic mirror, where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempesta." The eternal roar of that great world of waters sounds in the common ear like any other noise; but when the rapt poet listens to its mighty minstrelsy, he hears "the wild, profound, eternal bass in nature's anthem, which made music such as pleas'd the ear of God." Again we look up, but that is not a rainbow only in the sky. It is the omnipotence of God bending itself, and stooping down to human apprehension. See yonder too, that is not a butterfly simply which flutters there. It is a beauty-spot projected on the face of the invisible air, revealing to us an unseen presence—an infinite spirit of beauty hidden in the soul of things, but working outward, in form and motion graceful as the sweep of angel's wings, and colorings gorgeous as the hues of heaven. Neither was that dew, which at sunrise glittered on every verdant blade. Those silent drops were gems, let fall from heaven, to symbolize on earth its purity, and show to us earth-dwellers, expectants of the skies, something of the celestial glory and magnificence of that eternal city, whose foundations are twelve manner of precious stones, whose architect is God.

But it is not nature alone which presents itself to us under these diverse aspects. All circumstances and conditions of being, all the social and moral relations which bind society, have a like diversity, according as they are contemplated by a careless or by an attentive and philosophic mind. For instance, what is childhood to many but a thing to be petted, and fondled, and played with till spoiled? And we do know some, the "morale" of whose nature is so perverse that they are uniformly more pestered than pleased by the presence of children. They are annoyed and disgusted with what seems to them like constant restlessness, unmeaning folly and noisy merriment. They do not perceive in the spontaneous activity and simple-hearted gladness of a guileless child, that innocence which the Creator constituted the chief moral lineament of our unfallen nature, when He said, "Let us make man in our own image and after our own likeness." They can enjoy with true poetic fervor the picture which Milton's genius has drawn of the innocence of Eden, but the Paradise of childhood

seems to them a Paradise of fools—a sort of “limbo” wherein are played all kinds of odd fantastic tricks. Little sympathy have such with the poet, who heightens his description of the beauty of a rural scene by introducing into the picture “gabbling geese and noisy children just let loose from school.” Yes, the gabbling of a goose is really poetical—it is musical. Nay, start not, refined reader, at the vulgarity of our taste. Do pray let us explain ourselves, for we speak advisedly, and can fortify our opinion by quoting no less an authority than the erudite and sagacious Dr. Paley, who says that although a “sensible person would not put a goose in a cage and hang it up in the parlor for its music, still a goose upon a common, or in a farm-yard, is no mean performer.” Every body knows that the cackling of geese saved Rome, and had not Rome been saved the world have wanted a mistress, and children their first and most entertaining lesson in history. The “Niobe of nations, the lone mother of dead empires,” had neither borne nor wept her children but for the cackle of Juno’s sacred geese. But apart from the importance which has been given to this insignificant creature by the use which Divine Providence has been pleased to make of it, in fulfilling the destinies of nations, it has, like any other living thing, even the meanest, an intrinsic excellence and importance exclusively its own. We know not what fine harmonies would be destroyed, nor what harsh discords would result in the great symphony of nature, if in the vast chain of being even this insignificant link were stricken out. One who has studied deeply the constitution and dependencies of things assures us that the ten thousandth link is as needful as the tenth to the strength and entireness of that “great chain of being which from God began, and lessens down to dreary nothing—desolate abyss.”

But to return: if childhood be beautiful, so too is babyhood, its younger sister. That voice which comes to us from yonder nestling home of infancy is not the fret of a crysome child. It is the shrill wail of the newly-born, chiming in harmoniously with the “low sad music of humanity.” “A mother’s heart is nature’s masterpiece,” yet there are those who can look unmoved upon the budding of such heavenly love in human breasts; to whom the first rosy blush which faintly tinges the paleness of young maternity wears not a heavenly hue. To the mere political philosopher who writes on economics, the mother is but a nurse, and the child another human mouth which must be fed. There are even those to whom that sweetness and holiest of all mysteries, the virgin heart of Mary yearning toward the

divine infant which is the offspring of no human love, is but an eastern myth. But our hearts burn within us when we read the divine story. What inimitable pathos! what meek submissiveness of soul to the overshadowings of the Infinite, does her reply to the angel-messenger disclose! What sublime and calm self-retention when she, that most blessed among women, kept all these things and pondered them in her heart, wondering at the mystery of their meaning!

Death, too, is an awful spectacle to the eye which sees only the outward, which mistakes the earthly shell for the vital kernel of our humanity—a sight on which it always gazes panic-stricken and aghast; yet there is a sense which can perceive a beauty even on the face of the newly dead, for in that awful repose it reads not the extinction of the conscious, thinking life, but only that placid sleep which cools the brow and soothes the aching brain after “life’s fitful fever.”

The grave, too, has a beauty more hallowed than that which the eye beholds in the cunning chisellings of its monumental marble, in the willow verdure which shadows it, or the pale melancholy flowers which bloom over it; for in its silent depths sleep the holy dead, the calm and happy dead. They sleep on now, and they take their rest; but they sleep not ever. Why should the grave be dark when angels have sat in the sepulchre, and said to the tearful mourner, “He is not here—he is risen!” Why should the awful silence of the death-realm appal us, when the resonance of a divine voice hath been heard, reverberating through its cavernous depths, saying, “Lazarus, come forth!”

But this same unperceived moral beauty is not only outspread on the face of the visible creation, inwoven into all our social and domestic relations, but it pervades every page of the history of man upon this earth, every record which the past has bequeathed to us of the thinkings, and doings, and strugglings of the greatly good and gifted of our race. Let us open and read a page of its history, and we shall see if this be so. We will take the inspired penmen, because there are those to whom the Bible is a dry book; to whom the Jewish scriptures especially seem a mere collection of myths and legends, as destitute of truth as beauty. We will search here, then, for an example of the morally sublime and beautiful in history. Turn we then an eye backward to the Genesis of men and nations, to the Exodus of the Hebrews from thick, felt darkness to the strange light which shot forth from Sinai, and see! there stands, looming up from the dim perspective of by-gone ages, a mighty colossus hold-

ing up aloft, with the strength of a giant's arm, two stony tablets, so high that all the nations of the world may read Heaven's code to man. Who reared this mighty one as a vanguard to the great army of humanity as it encamps and journeys through this wilderness? The brazen Apollo of Rhodes has been shaken to fragments by the tread of an earthquake, but this moral colossus still stands, a spectacle to all the ages. What is the secret of its miraculous strength? How was it reared? Look here, and see. See the babe Moses, born of a despised slave caste, hid from the red hands of murder, low moaning in the ark beneath the bulrushes. See Moses the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, skilled in Egypt's learning; Moses the Midianitish shepherd, with whom God talked from out the unconsuming fire; Moses in the presence of the Pharaoh, clothed with more than mortal majesty; Moses cleaving a dry path through the deep Red Sea; Moses at Horeb and on Sinai, amid the thunders and lightnings of Omnipotence; Moses on Pisgah and on Nebo, where all that was mortal of this most favored of earth's children, this best beloved of Heaven, was by Jehovah veiled from human sight, and hid away forever from human worshippers. Needs it the "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" to perceive the elements of the sublimely beautiful, running like threads of shining gold through this. Heaven-inspired and Heaven-recorded drama?

Though we have attempted by various illustrations, drawn from the most familiar objects, to show that all the works of nature contain a secret charm, a felt attractiveness, an occult beauty, discernible and relished only by an occult sense, still we are conscious of having failed to embody our thoughts in words which convey the idea as it lies in our own mind, distinct, and clear, and well defined. We were, perhaps, infelicitous in our choice of expressions when we denominated this internal sense the soul's "seeing faculty," for it is *insight* rather than *sight*—a faculty of interpenetration, through which we seem to reach almost the very soul and essence of things; by which we learn something of "being's ends and uses," and through this perception become able to participate in the ecstasy of the sons of God when they shouted together for joy over the birth-day of creation. This faculty, thus exercised, has something of the divine in it, for it is akin to that sight which the Creator exercised when, in the grandeur and sublime impassiveness of His infinite nature, He rested from the labor of creation, and gazing with infinite calmness and complacency on the finis universe,

He called it good. Oh, how unlike the exaggerated and flurried admiration with which ignorant and half-blind human souls gaze on the outside of creation—the mere surfaces of things—through their poor, earth-born eyes, aided and eked out by optic glasses!

Perhaps there is no natural endowment in which individuals differ so widely as in the vigor, acuteness, and delicacy of this inner sense of the soul. But it is an error of the mere technical critic to suppose that the exercise of this noblest faculty of our nature depends entirely on æsthetic culture, and that such minds only as have been highly refined by the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition can feel that glow of wonder and admiration, which is the natural and instinctive emotion of the finite mind, when it looks abroad into space and sees the Infinite stooping to our limited power of apprehension, revealing itself in symbols and forthshadowings, in parts and parcels; launching here a word and there a word; projecting here systems of worlds, and balancing them there by other systems of worlds; then embracing them all in its infinite infoldings; informing them with its own vital spirit, till they become instinct with life; and sea, and land, and beast, and bird, and fish, and insect, spring out from the teeming bosoms of these tenantless globes; and last the rational soul of man, a director breathing of Almightiness, crowns the finished work, and fills the universe with wondering worshippers.

This propensity to wonder, worship, and admire, is instinctive in man, and it is a vulgar mistake to suppose that the philosophic mind is most touched and transported by what is truly grand and beautiful, for it is to the development of the feeling rather than the thinking faculty that the human soul owes that nice perceptive power, and hence we often find the perfectly unlettered, and even the half-formed mind of childhood, if nature has quickened this faculty within, more acutely alive to such impressions than the profoundly and rigorously scientific.

This is not a tame and homely world in which we dwell. It is not a mere farm for laborious diggers, neither is it a great workshop for divers cunning craftsmen, nor yet a thriving marketplace, thronged with multitudinous buyers and sellers; but it is a beautiful and gorgeous palace, fitted up as a meet residence for the children of a heavenly king. The spirit of love and beauty pervades and hallows every thing in it, even the commonest and most familiar objects, be they the productions either of nature or of art, and it bursts upon us when we search not for it, even when we least expect its coming. There is not

only a present beauty which fills all places and all things, but it actually overflows, and fills all seasons and all times. Summer is beautiful, for its welcome coming brings a wavy beauty to the fields, and a verdant beauty to the woods. Winter is beautiful, for it scatters a daz-

zling beauty in the snow, and a glittering beauty in the frost. There is a silent beauty in the night, a glowing beauty in the day, a beauty in the evening and the morn.

"Lo! beauty is here, and see it is there,
For the thought of God is every where."

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY I. H. JULIAN.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest!"
Thus sings a heaven-inspired bard,
Of patriot valor's great reward.
Yet should a nation's love not bloom
Around the sleeping patriot's tomb,
A visible symbol to reveal,
The reverence she claims to feel?

But view, forsaken and alone,
The sacred tomb of WASHINGTON—
The roof which housed his honored head,
And echoed to the hero's tread—
The scenes his care and presence graced,
Profaned by coarse barbaric taste;
While blank Oblivion spreads her pall
Of waste and ruin over all!

O Father of our patriot band
Forgotten in the "silent land!"
A recreant people shouts thy praise,
Yet leaves thy ashes in disgrace—
Invokes thy name and memory
To screen its very infamy—
Bows adoration weak and vain—
While thus those hallowed scenes remain!

"How sleeps the brave"—ay, glorious sleeps!
Yet o'er his rest his country keeps
No watch—the unfrequented spot—
Fair Freedom's shrine—*by her forgot!*
O vile reproach! O burning shame!
Columbia, rise! redeem thy fame,
And take thy patriot hero's dust
Into thine own enduring trust!

THE ROCKY BRIDGE, IN VIRGINIA.

IN the space of eternity the path of man vanishes without leaving a trace, like that of the traveller through a sandy desert, which a nimble breeze blows away: his most gorgeous works—his most celebrated operations of mind, last at the longest but a few thousand years, which are to eternity as but one drop of water to the ocean; all that originates with man—the grandest as well as the most trifling—shares a little sooner or later the common fate of either oblivion or dissolution. But the great works, which nature creates in its mysterious laboratories, last infinitely longer.

The natural bridge in Virginia (in the county called from it Rockbridge) is one of those stupendous works which we look at with astonishment—the origin of which, however, we cannot understand: imagine a bridge over an abyss of almost 300 feet in depth and 90 feet in width, of one arch by one single rock—100 feet broad, and about its middle 40 feet thick, and you have an outline for forming an idea of this miraculous work of nature. "Although," says a late British

traveller, "the Almighty—whose fiat created this bridge over the precipice not otherwise passable—provided it also, and precisely at its most dangerous places, with breast-works of rocky blocks; yet but few of those who set foot upon it dare look down over its parapets into the frightful deep, through which a powerful torrent gushes, its waters foaming and roaring; but, though a stupefying giddiness seizes upon him who gazes down, yet an inexpressible sensation takes hold of the traveller who from under the bridge looks upward: a roaring tempestuous hurricane—a Laocoon—the torments of hell might here find utterance, but to describe the sensations, by which the soul is shaken at this majestically awful aspect, is utterly impossible." Neither shall we try to imagine the feelings of the visitor, nor undertake to finish the description of the grand object any further, and these few words may thus suffice to accompany the extremely well-executed picture we have inserted for our second plate, the credit of which is due to our friend the artist, J. W. Orr.

RATISBON—ITS ANTIQUITIES AND DUNGEONS.

BY REV. W. H. BIDWELL.

THE golden beams of a midsummer evening sun were gilding the ancient towers and battlements of Ratisbon, when our descending steamer shot round a graceful curve in the Danube, and suddenly brought the city into view. It is a veteran city. Fierce and bloody conflicts have been waged around its walls, and along its narrow and ancient streets. It seemed like an old warrior who has survived the carnage of a hundred battles, covered with scars, resting on his laurels in the evening of life, just as his sun is about to go down forever. The annals of the city record seventeen sieges which it has endured since the tenth century, and as many bombardments, the last of which occurred in 1809, when the place was stormed by the army of Napoleon, who destroyed some hundreds of houses, and burned the whole suburb to the ground. While walking in the streets, and gazing on the castle-like edifices, we seemed to breathe the air of antiquity, and to be carried back some half a dozen centuries, among the scenes of by-gone generations. We looked with almost a melancholy interest on the old Abbey walls of St. Emmeran, which was 1,200 years old at the time of its dissolution, and thought of the scenes, gay, grave, or gorgeous, which had there been enacted by a multitude of those whose throbbing hearts once beat with all the strong emotions and passions which fire the bosoms of our common humanity, but now, and ages ago, are silent and motionless forever.

For many centuries Ratisbon flourished among the wealthiest and most important of the free Imperial cities. It had factories in distant countries. The commerce of Europe passed through it. The boatmen of Ratisbon were famed in the time of the Crusades. They conveyed pious pilgrims and warriors down the Danube, on their way to the Holy Land. Here was once the seat of the Imperial Diets, sixty-two of which were held within its walls. Its massive walled mansions were once the homes of the ambassadors and the ministers of the ruling States of Europe. We ascended the lofty tower of our hotel, the Golden Cross, in whose strong walls were loop-

holes for defence, and which could be turned into a fortress in an hour, in former ages of violence and blood, of tyranny and oppression. We spent an hour in its splendid cathedral—one of the finest Gothic churches in Germany, begun 600 years ago, and not yet completed, and doubtless never will be—admiring the grandeur of its proportions, the simple elegance of its clustered columns, and the richness of its painted glass, of the most brilliant coloring which the modern art of Munich has produced. The high altar is of solid silver, most beautifully chased. A vast and lavish expenditure of rich and gorgeous decoration has been made on the noble edifice, while the mind of the common people has been suffered to remain in ignorance of all that is needful to adorn it here on earth, or render its immortality happy hereafter. But such is the genius of Romanism, and such the blighting influence which it leaves on the souls of men, wherever it holds sway.

With very different impressions we went to the old Rath-Haus near by, a gloomy and irregular building. We descended to its fearful dungeons, and to its chamber of torture, where so many innocent as well as guilty human beings have endured indescribable agonies, ages gone by. The building is historically interesting, because the Diets of the Empire were held in it for a hundred and fifty years. In the great room of state we sat down in the arm-chair on the Imperial throne, where haughty despots once sat, without the slightest feeling of sympathy for them or their fate, just to imagine how that same room would appear when filled with an assemblage of cruel and tyrannical wretches who once sat there in solemn conclave, within hearing of the bitter cries and moans of agony of the helpless sufferer in the chamber of torture beneath, and felt no pity. If any one is a disbeliever in human depravity, let him visit such a scene, and be cured of his infidelity about native human goodness without grace. We had read, long ago, Dillon's Narrative of the Inquisition at Goa, and other narratives of other Inquisitions, in which the tender mercies of Romish priests have been

exercised in curing heretics of their attachment to the truth, by instruments of cruelty which might make demons of darkness blush for shame. But we have never seen them. We had felt that such relics of more than savage cruelty no longer existed to disgrace our common humanity. But here was a public building, in a nominally Christian city, with its dungeons still remaining—its chambers of torture and its awful machinery of cruelty and death still preserved, and still in the same dark and horrid chambers as they were the day when last used to tear soul and body asunder in the most terrible agonies. We entered these dungeons, six feet by eight, surrounded by massive walls. The ceiling was too low to stand upright. Daylight could never enter this horrid prison. In the ceiling was a square hole connected with a pipe, through which everything the prisoner said could be overheard. Here Count S— was confined before his execution. Near by this is another dungeon, a sort of well, about twelve feet deep, the entrance to which was through a trap door, fastened with bolts and chains. We dropped some burning torches down into this living tomb, in order to light up this pit of darkness. There are some twenty-four of both kinds, the very sight of which is sufficiently horrible, without being confined there. Passing hence through several strong iron doors, we entered the chamber of torture. It is a lofty apartment, with ample space for the exercise of the apparatus of cruelty. Near by is the bench where the victim was allowed to sit awhile in full view of the instruments of torture, to make up his mind whether he would make a confession or not. One instrument of torture was a horizontal rack like a long bedstead, upon which the criminal was laid, his feet attached to one end, and his arms fastened to a rope, which passed round a windlass at the other, so as to stretch out his limbs to the utmost extent that agony would allow, without causing death. It exhibits a refinement of cruelty, having a roller, armed with spikes, rounded off, over which the body of the sufferer was drawn backwards and forwards. Another similar instrument was for inflicting vertically, by raising the unhappy victim by a rope attached to his arms, bound behind his back, to the roof, and then letting him fall, by loosing the rope, to within a few inches of the ground. Two heavy stones were attached to the feet, so that the sudden jerk would strain every joint out of its socket. Another mode of torture was by fastening the feet to rings in the floor, and then hoisting him up till the crack was heard of the arm-

bones being pulled out at the shoulders. Another instrument of torture was by hauling the victim up an inclined ladder, over angular prisms turning on their axes, and then left to descend rapidly, the friction grazing every vertebra in his naked back. Behind a screen sat the judges at the desk, seeing and hearing all that passed, but unseen themselves, took down the confessions extorted from the victims in their agonies. In one of the instruments of torture, when the arms of the victim were drawn up by the rope attached to the windlass, two burning torches were held under the armpits if he was to be treated mildly; but if severely, then one torch was held alternately under each arm-pit. The triangle of wood to which the arms of the victim were then extended, was still there, fastened to the rope as when the last unhappy sufferer was tortured.

We gazed on these horrid instruments with feelings which made us shudder. Another instrument was a very high armed chair, having, instead of a cushion, a seat stuck full of small sharp spikes of wood, about two inches high, upon which the prisoner is made to sit with weights on his lap, and others hanging to his feet. Bad as human nature sometimes becomes by a long course of abandoned wickedness, it is difficult to believe that men having any alliance to our common humanity could be reduced to such demoniac depravity as not only thus to torture fellow-beings, but even to call these instruments by facetious and endearing names, so that the judges and examiners were merry and humorous over their victims. The armed chair was called by two names, "the Maiden's Lap," and "the Confessional." Another was called the wooden horse, or "Spanish ass," on the sharp edge of which the criminal was made to ride, and several other instruments equally horrible; the invention of which is a disgrace to human nature in its worst estate. And yet, strange as it may seem, these men who inflicted these tortures, affected to be religious men. On a frame-work in the form of a cross, were suspended two lights, which were alone allowed, on which was hung a crucifix, to afford consolation to the victim, in this dark dungeon of torture and death. Near by is a seat for the surgeon to watch the pulse of the prisoner, lest if he were tortured too far, he should escape examination by death. Under the intense feeling of pity and compassion for the wretched victims who had here suffered, we ventured to apply several of these instruments of torture to our own physical sensibilities, to feel a little of their power to inflict suffering, and to fasten on our own mind

the impression of sympathy which such an experiment was well suited to produce.

This machinery surpasses in iniquity, it is said, what survives of the far-famed dungeons of Venice; and is the only example in Europe of such an apparatus perfectly preserved. On this account we have ventured a brief description of it, to show by most affecting contrast, how much of grateful praise we owe to God, and to the benign doctrines and influence of Protestantism, that such engines of torture are not now in operation to cure heretics of their attachment to the word of God, as would be the fact if the same anti-Christian power dared to do now as it did then. But enough! We retired from these dark dungeons, and from this chamber of torture, almost fancying we could hear the shrieks and the groans of unutterable agony dying away in the distance, as soul and body were thus torn asunder, in this suburb of hell. We felt a grateful relief on emerging to the light of day, into the beams of a genial sun. We thought of the manly forms—of the matronly dignity and grace—of the maidenly beauty and gentleness, which, for some imaginary fault, have gone down into these dark dungeons, in ages that are past, to come up no more, but, bereft of help, hope and affection, made their escape from life through these terrible iron gates of agony. Could these old massive walls speak out and tell the history of these transactions, what volumes of heart-rending agony would they reveal! It re-

quires an actual sight and a touch of such terrible instruments to believe fully in their preserved existence, in a Christian country, in this age of the world. But so it is.

It was a relief from the impression of such scenes and associations, to ascend a lofty tower, which commanded a view of the magnificent amphitheatre of hills which environ Ratisbon on three sides. In April, 1809, these high grounds were covered with the victorious legions of Napoleon, who here finished up four days of combat, killing or capturing 30,000 Austrians, and losing 20,000 of his own troops. On the fourth day, Ratisbon, its streets, its walls and ramparts, was the scene of tremendous conflicts of blood, carnage and death. The battle grounds are in full view, and the spot where Napoleon was wounded by a musket-ball, when 15,000 of his troops broke from their ranks, regardless of the storm of cannon-balls which was raining around, and hurried to the spot, in anxiety for the safety and life of the Emperor. It was a memorable day in the history of Ratisbon. The Austrian army, 80,000 strong, were driven across the Danube into the mountains of Bohemia, losing 100 pieces of cannon, and 600 ammunition wagons, and a vast quantity of baggage. But the conqueror and the conquered have passed away. The thunders of battle have ceased. Yet the facts and the associations impart a magic interest to the scenery around. But we have filled our space, and must lay down our pen.

ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE.

The moonbeams on the billowy deep,
The blue waves rippling on the strand,
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The cloud that dims the bending sky,
The bow that on its bosom glows,
The sun that ligats the vault on high,
The stars at midnight's calm repose;
These praise the power that arched the sky,
And robed the earth in beauty's dye.

The melody of Nature's choir,
The deep-toned anthems of the sea,
The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pinions free,
The thunder with its thrilling notes,
That peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats,
Or sinks in dying cadence there;
These all to Thee their voices raise,
A fervent voice of gushing praise.

The day-star herald of the dawn,
As the dark shadows flit away;
The tint upon the cheek of morn,
The dew drop gleaming on the spray;
From wild birds in their wanderings,
From streamlet leaping to the sea,
From all earth's fair and lovely things,
Doth living praise ascend to Thee:
These with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of Thy name.

Father! Thy hand hath formed the flower,
And flung it on the verdant lea;
Thou had'st it open at summer hour;
Its hues of beauty speak of Thee:
Thy works all praise Thee; shall not man
Alike attune the graceful hymn?
Shall he not join the lofty strain,
Echoed from the heart of seraphim?
We tune to Thee our humble lays,
Thy mercy, goodness, love we praise.

OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

In a sense that is not merely constructive and figurative, we think that the God of our fathers summons the people of the present generation to take possession of this land for the cause of evangelical religion; and that great as is the labor of doing this, and formidable as are the obstacles in the undertaking, he commands us neither to fear nor be discouraged.

Instead of directing the attention to that great field in general, embracing such a vast extent of territory, and such a variety in the degrees of civilization, refinement, and religion, I shall endeavor to bring before you a single portion of this territory, and confine your attention to that. I refer now to what has been familiarly known as the Great West; if *that* is secured, our country is safe; if that is lost, our liberties and our religion are at an end. I shall, therefore, confine my remarks in the main to that great Western Valley whose waters find their way to the "Father of Rivers." When speaking of this as the field of our labors, we naturally speak of the country itself, and of the character of the population.

Any number of men having resided in that country, or having, though in the most cursory manner, traveled over it, would be likely, in describing it, to bring up a different report in regard to it. Men look at objects from different points of view. They have different powers of observation, and different qualifications for judging accurately. Of so vast a land they would see different portions, and those with different degrees of advantage. Their conclusions would be determined much by their tastes, by their professions, by their education,—by their purpose in residing there, or traveling there.

The reports which men bring up from the West to influence the Eastern mind, are as various as the points of view from which they contemplate it; as their own professions and callings; as their own temperaments—sanguine, choleric, melancholy, or phlegmatic; as the portions which they have traversed; as the time during which they have resided there: perhaps as the season of the year in which they were there, or

as the state of their bodies, whether bilious or well. All agree, indeed, that it is a vast land, and a land of surpassing fertility. But one is struck only with the countless numbers of emigrants there from the old world, transplanting the institutions of foreign lands, corrupting and diluting the principles of liberty, and constituting elements for the demagogue or the military chieftain. Another, amidst many things to excite solicitude, sees safe and salutary influences silently operating in all the discordant elements there, and reports that it will be easy to secure all that land for the cause of liberty, learning and religion.

The "growth of the West," indeed, has become a familiar topic. "The West begins, in the apprehension of Eastern people, to represent a complex idea, embracing not one State or territory, but many States and territories. Eleven great States now enter into that idea, and without including an acre of Minnesota, of the Missouri, Nebraska and Indian territories, of Oregon and California, it covers more ground, and is capable of sustaining a larger population, than England, Scotland, Ireland, Denmark, Belgium, France, Holland, and Portugal, united. Embraced within these limits are now six or eight millions of people, urging on the various forms of activity—ploughing, reaping, building, mining, forging—vexing the earth and water with incessant motion, under the most powerful stimulus, and with unprecedented success." Within those same limits, will soon be twenty millions, then fifty, then a hundred, then three hundred—and within a period not remote, according to the present law of progress, that land will contain a population larger than China has now:—and a population with all the advantages for effecting changes, and drawing forth the fertility of the richest soil in the world, and navigating the noblest rivers, and establishing churches and schools, and communicating with the rest of the world, which the press, and the power of steam, and the telegraph, and the best systems of education, can furnish. The arm which is to control this nation is to be there; the power which is to

determine the question, whether this land is to enjoy the blessings of liberty, civilization and Christianity, is indubitably now developing itself beyond the mountains. "Every paper that comes to us tells us of the mighty energies of the West. 'A few years since,' said a gentleman at a public meeting, 'I was paddled in a birchen canoe all along the shores of Wisconsin, from Chicago to Green Bay, a distance of several hundred miles, seeing scarcely a white man.' Now, overlooking those waters stand the goodly towns of Sheboygan, Milwaukee, Southport, and Racine—the market outlets of a hundred and fifty thousand people, lying at convenient distances behind them. On those upper lakes, the first steamboat was launched in 1818; now more than a hundred of the largest class are fully occupied with a commerce estimated at one hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum. On those Western lakes and rivers, the number of steamboats, as reported to the 'River and Harbor Convention' at Chicago in 1847, was no less than twelve hundred, employing seventeen thousand persons in their navigation, besides four thousand keel and flat boats with their crews. And it was stated on the same occasion, that the total value of the commerce afloat on those inland waters, was \$439,000,000; being double the amount of the whole *foreign* commerce of the nation."

Of the *extent* of the West, or of those portions of our country on which the effort is to be particularly made to spread evangelical religion, we may perhaps form the most just idea by procuring a map, and cutting out one of the oldest States, and seeing how often we can lay it down on some of the new States or territories. Let Massachusetts, for example, a State among the most influential in the Union, be such a divider. "Ohio and Kentucky could each be divided into *five* such States. Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, are each equal in territory to *seven* such States. Missouri could be divided into *nine*. Texas alone could be divided into *forty-four* such States. The territory ceded by the late treaty with Mexico, exclusive of that which is claimed by Texas, would make *seventy-two* States of the same dimensions. Our whole country could be apportioned into *four hundred and forty-eight* such States as Massachusetts." What a country! What a field for Christian enterprise!

No one from the East gets any just idea of the vastness of the West, from any mere description. No figures give any adequate conception of it. And even when one from the East has visited

the West, and has passed along the ordinary lines of travel, or has struck out new and unfrequented paths for himself, while he feels that he had before no proper conception of the magnitude and resources of that land, he will also have this feeling, that he seems to himself to know less of it than he supposed he did before; that the older portions of his country dwindled into comparative insignificance; and that no one is in danger of over-estimating the importance of the efforts put forth to plant schools and colleges there, and to bring to bear upon it all the appliances of evangelical Christianity.

I visited the falls of St. Anthony. I know not how other men feel when standing there, nor how men will feel a century hence when standing there—then not in the *West*, but almost in the centre of our great nation. But when I stood there, and reflected on the distance between that and the place of my birth and my home; on the prairies over which I had passed, and the stream—the "Father of Rivers"—up which I had sailed some five hundred miles into a new and unsettled land—where the children of the forest still live and roam—I had views of the greatness of my country such as I have never had in the crowded capitals, and the smiling villages of the East. Far in the distance did they then seem to be, and there came over the soul the idea of greatness, and vastness, which no figures, no description, had ever conveyed to my mind. To an inexperienced traveler, too, how strange is the appearance of all that land! Those boundless prairies seem as if they had been cleared by the patient labor of another race of men—removing all the forests, and roots, and stumps, and brambles, and smoothing them down as if with mighty rollers, and sowing them with grass and flowers—a race which then passed away, having built no houses of their own, and made no fences, and set out no trees, and established no landmarks, to lay the foundation of any future-claim. The mounds which you here and there see, look, indeed, as if a portion of them had died, and had been buried there; but those mounds, and those boundless fields had been forsaken together. You ascend the Mississippi amidst scenery unsurpassed in beauty, probably, in the world. You see the waters making their way along an interval of from two to four miles in width—between bluffs of from a hundred to five hundred feet in height. Now the river makes its way along the eastern range of bluffs, and now the western, and now in the centre, and now it divides itself into numerous channels, forming thousands of beautiful islands—covered with

long grass, ready for the scythe of the mower. Those bluffs, rounded with taste and skill such as could be imitated by no art of man, and set out with trees here and there gracefully arranged like orchards, seem to have been sown with grain to the summit, and are clothed with beautiful green. You look out instinctively for the house and barn; for flocks and herds; for men, and women, and children—but they are not there. A race that is gone seems to have cultivated those fields, and then to have silently disappeared—leaving them for the first man that should come from the older parts of our own country, or from foreign lands, to take possession of them. It is only by a process of reflection, that you are convinced that it is not so. But it is not the work of man. It is God who has done it, when there was no man there—save the wandering savage, alike ignorant and unconcerned as to the design of the great processes in the land where he roamed; God who did all this, that he might prepare it for the abode of a civilized and Christian people.

The population that is spreading over that Western world, is as remarkable in its character as are the natural features of the land. That that country has been reserved and prepared for some mighty development in the purposes of divine Providence, is too plain to need any proof; and the people whom he is summoning there from all parts of the world are a people, who, if right influences are brought to bear upon them, will make it hereafter as eminent in moral beauty as it is now in the richness of its scenery, and the fertility of its soil. God prepared the Pilgrims to make New England what it now is; he has put it in the power of this generation to make the West what it ever onward should be.

The Western mind is, in its elements, capable of great energy and power. It is a strange and mighty intermingling of minds of great power, under different propensities and views—constituting such a population as the world has never before seen on the settlement of a new land. The colonies that went out from Penicia, and that laid the foundations of empire on the shores of the Mediterranean, had a homogeneousness of character, and transferred the principles and feelings of the mother country at once to the new lands where they took up their abode. The colonies that went out from Greece to occupy the maritime regions of Asia Minor, carried with them the love of the arts, of literature, and of liberty, which distinguished Corinth and Athens; and Ionia became merely a reflected image of what Attica, and Achaia, and Argolis

had been. The colonies which landed on Plymouth rock, at Salem, and at Boston, were the same people, with no intermingling of foreign elements contemplated or permitted. Substantially so it was in Pennsylvania, in Virginia and in Maryland. We see at first in each of them homogeneousness of character; sameness of views in religion, in literature, and in the principles of government; and these views and principles were allowed to develop themselves long before there was any foreign ingredient that could tinge or modify.

When we turn our eyes, however, to the Great West, we discern an entirely different state of things. There is no homogeneousness of character, of origin, of language. There are elements already struggling for the mastery, any one of which, if alone, would have vital and expansive power enough to diffuse itself all over that great valley.

There is a large infusion of the Puritan mind, as modified by the institutions of New England. That mind at the West, as elsewhere, is one of great energy, perseverance, determination, ability to conquer difficulties, and to make all circumstances bend to the promotion of its own objects. It is a mind strongly imbued with the love of civil and religious liberty; with hatred of oppression and wrong; with the value of the simplest and purest forms of the Protestant religion; and with a desire to promote the cause of sound learning. Of that mind, however, it should be said that it appears at the West, mainly in one of its modifications, and that perhaps not in all respects its most desirable and best one. It is rather the *active* than the *contemplative* form of that mind that is there; rather the portion of the Puritan mind that would be represented by Pym, and Cromwell, and Hampden, than that which would be represented by Selden, and Owen, and Milton. It is not always the best educated, or the most religious, or the most literary in its tendencies, but that which is most bold and enterprising. The roving and the unsettled migrate there.

Intermingled with these, there is a large infusion of a *foreign* mind, with little homogeneousness of character and views, except in the single reason which has precipitated it on our western shores. It is the foreign mind which in its own country most feels the weight of oppression; which has the greatest desire of liberty; which possesses in the highest degree the spirit of adventure; which is most ready to brave difficulties; which is most imbued with the desire of rapid gains. There are different languages, dif-

ferent manners and customs, different modes of faith and worship. It is, however, alike in this—that it is a mind mostly bred up under monarchical forms of government; little acquainted with our republican institutions; restrained at home less by an intelligent public sentiment than by the bayonet; tenacious of the forms of religion in which it was trained; and, to a large extent, having little sympathy with the principles of the Protestant faith.

In that vast valley in which we seek to establish and maintain the influence of evangelical Christianity, there are representatives from nearly all the nations of Europe, and all the older portions of our own country. Ireland and France, and England and Germany, and Holland and Norway—all the States of New England, and all the South, have their representatives there; and they appear there, not yet as amalgamated, but, to a great extent, as still embodying the sentiments which they cherished in the lands where they were born. "The shrewd New Englander, the luxurious Southerner, the positive Englishman, the metaphysical Scotchman, the jovial Irishman, the excitable Frenchman, the passionate Spaniard, the voluptuous Italian, the plodding German, the debased African"—the Polisher, the Norwegian, the Hollander, and the Dane, are all there, flung into this "mighty crucible," each with his own language, his own plans, his own prejudices, his own religion. The antagonist elements are in contact, but refuse to unite; and, as yet, no agent has been found sufficiently potent to reduce them to unity. "The iron is mixed with miry clay," and so repellant are the elements of society there, that they "cannot cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay." As yet no common sympathy binds them together; no great heart sends its generous blood throughout the system, to impart to each member a healthful and a generous vitality."

As a consequence of this, the permanent character of the Western mind is as yet undermined. Society is there, as far as it can be, a resolution into its original elements; and as, in ancient chaos, there was a struggling and commingling of the various elements before beauty and order appeared, so it is there. It is, to a great extent, broken off from old fixtures and associations, and new affinities and attachments are not yet formed. In the settled and fixed opinions of an old country—as, for example, in the older portions of our own land; amidst the permanent influences derived from early associations, and an established public sentiment, it is comparatively easy

to adhere to the lessons of virtue; comparatively easy to preserve the ascendancy of religion. For here is the sanctuary, where we have been accustomed to worship from childhood. Here is the Sabbath-bell, reminding us of the return of the day of holy rest. Here are our fathers' sepulchres, faithful though silent mementos of the value of the principles which they held, and of the worth of religion in life and in death. Here is the school-house, a reminder of the lessons learned in early years. Here is a well-formed, vigorous, decided public sentiment, from which it is always difficult and perilous for a man to break away. But, in a new country, the power of these things is, of course, as yet unknown. There is no ancient sanctuary, or Sabbath-bell, or sepulchre of the dead, or school-house, or established public sentiment on which we can rely, or whose aid may be invoked in the cause of virtue and religion. The power of virtue as derived from association, and from reminiscences of the past, was broken the moment the emigrant turned his face towards the setting sun; and when he crosses the mountains he is in a new world, and is dissociated from the old things which bound him to fixed principles and opinions, and open to any new influences that may meet him there. Tens of thousands of minds thus detached from all that was fixed and settled in their native lands, are thus thrown together without order, in interminable forests, or on boundless prairies, with commingled and unsettled views, prepared for any new influences that may meet them there.

This condition of things, however, has its advantages, as a relief to what might be otherwise too dark a picture.

One of those advantages is, that while there may be much that is perilous in breaking away from associations whose tendency is favorable to virtue, there is much that is desirable in breaking away from those that are evil. It is true that the emigrant from the older States of this Union goes away from the school-house, and from the sanctuary, and from his fathers' sepulchres, and from a thousand things that bound him to virtue and religion; but it is *also* true that the emigrant from the old world, by the fact of his crossing the deep, and making the new world his home, has broken away from a thousand influences in favor of a false religion, and bad principles of government, in his own land. All the influence under which he grew up adapted to foster error and superstition—in the moss-grown cathedral, the consecrated relics of the saints, the pompous ceremonial, the imposing procession, the

trappings of royalty—is unseen, and will be soon forgotten, by himself or his children, when a man makes a western prairie his home. If these ever exist there, they are to be reproduced, and it will be with diminished venerableness and splendor, and only after a lapse of years, and when his own mind, and the minds of his children, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, shall have been open to the better influence of our Protestant and Republican institutions.

And another benefit is, that, if in these things there is much in regard to a forming mind that is undesirable, there is much also that, from the same circumstances, has a tendency to produce that which is manly and noble. The boy that leaves his home and becomes a seaman, is exposed, indeed, to numerous bad influences; but there will be developed in his mind, when he becomes a sailor, some of the noblest qualities of human nature. He will be open, frank, liberal, generous, forgiving, and ever ready to do you good. So the emigrant of the West. You naturally look there, for what you are sure to find, noble and magnanimous feeling; large and liberal hospitality; a readiness to aid those who are in distress and want; a purpose to take part with the oppressed, the wronged, and the defenceless; the absence of a penurious spirit, and a courtesy, often expressed, indeed, with roughness, that yields the tribute of respect to those who are in any way entitled to it. A minister of the gospel may be certain that he may travel there any where without being insulted; or, if he is insulted by *one*, there will be a *dozen* who will defend him, simply because he is a minister—though possibly it might be with many modes of expression that would not fall mellifluously on the ear; and an unprotected female in the West, in public conveyances, may be sure of a defence from insult which could not have been enjoyed in the best days of chivalry. No wayfaring man will want a home for a night; no one who is sick will lack those who, without fee or reward, will watch the live-long night at his bedside; no one will suffer for bread, while the humble stores of the log-cabin will furnish it.

Another thing that is to be said of the western mind, is, that it will be developed. There are none of the causes operating there to produce imbecility and inaction which exist in many of the older portions of the world. There is all that can exist in the purposes for which the emigrant seeks a new home; all that there was in his native character and habits which led him to break away from the ties of kindred, and to brave the toils and perils of a new land; all that

there is in the fact that others are intensely active, in the enjoyment of the most ample freedom, in the prospects of rapid and vast gains, in the hope of rising to honor and office, or in the possibility of swaying by eloquence the popular mind, to develop whatever slumbering vigor may exist in the soul. And there is all that there can be in a society composed of such elements, to produce intellectual strife, earnest conflict in debate, impassioned eloquence, the struggle of mind with mind: for, if you place "a New Englander, proud to stand as the representative of some stern Puritan ancestor, in contact with an Irish Jesuit; or a positive English monarchist, with as positive an American republican; or a reckless Italian, with a conscientious, law-abiding Scotchman;" or an apologist for slavery—all his life long trained to think that the best institution—with one who in the depths of his soul abhors the whole system, and let the questions arise which *will* arise when such minds come in collision, there will be fierce intellectual conflicts, and if mind has any hidden resources, they will be developed. And there is all in the natural scenery, too, which is fitted to develop mind. It is on a scale so vast and grand; the majestic rivers, the boundless prairies, the deep forests, the immensity of the rich domain spread out there, cannot but make man vast in his schemes, gigantic in his purposes, large in his aspirations, boundless in his ambition.

Such are some of the characteristics of the western mind.

The first thing that is to be said as to the religious tendencies of that mind is, that the West may now be regarded as the great battlefield of the world—the place where, probably, more than anywhere else, the destinies of the world are to be decided. The struggle which is going on there for the mastery is to be more important in its issue than that of any battle ever fought in the plain of Esdraelon—more important than the result of the strife at Marathon, at Cannæ, at Bunker Hill, at Waterloo. More individuals are now, and are to be, engaged in the struggle; more interests are at stake; more powerful minds will be engaged; more talent will be developed; and more momentous results will follow. The eye of the world is, and should be, fixed with a more intense interest on that struggle than any which has ever occurred on the earth, for the ultimate issue will be more far-reaching and mighty. The centre of power in this nation has already gone from Plymouth, from New York, from Philadelphia, from Washington, over the Alleghanies, and is moving with

fearful rapidity to the centre of that Great Valley—perhaps soon will have passed Cincinnati, and reached St. Louis. If this nation is to be free, the population of that valley is to preserve and perpetuate our freedom; if it is to be enslaved, the chains that are to fetter us are to be forged beyond the mountains. When Fisher Ames wished to raise the note of alarm at what he deemed a measure of most dangerous policy, he said that, if he had the power, he would lift his voice so that it would reach every log-house beyond the mountains. He who now seeks to rouse his country to a sense of her danger, must seek so to speak that his voice may be heard in

all the cities, towns, and villages of the East—in those places where the battles for freedom have been fought, and where there is still power to send out an influence that shall determine the scale of victory in the great conflicts of the West. The struggle there is for the rule. It is to determine what shall be the governing mind of that vast land. Shall it be barbarism? Shall it be infidelity? Shall it be the Roman Catholic system? Shall it be evangelical religion? Never were there so many passions and powers contending in any other conflict; never was a field so large; never was the prospective crown of victory so dazzling.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

BY REV. GEORGE T. DAY.

She lay upon her pillow; gentle hands
Were placed upon her forehead soothingly,
And lips, all tremulous with rising grief,
Whispered the fears they would not own aloud.
Matrons stole to the bedside noiselessly,
And turned away as if all hope were dead;
Then stood like statues, gazing on the face
From which the flush of life was soon to flee.

The door swung on its hinges silently,
And o'er the couch there bent a manly form,
Pressing a prattling boy close to his heart.
And as the sleeper's bosom rose and fell,
Amid the life-tide's rapid ebb and flow,—
Uttering the solemn prophecies of death,
That strong firm frame grew tremulous, and tears
Dropped thick and fast from eyes unused to weep;
While o'er that childlike heart a wonder stole,
At the deep sorrow which it could not feel.

It was not strange that tenderness should flow—
That sorrow should walk down the shadowy vale,
And keep companionship, while yet it might,
With the departing spirit; for its life
Had been a blessed ministry of love.

While yet the morning of her life was bright,
And its fair dew-drops hung around her path,
The yearning heart had turned itself to heaven,
And sought the guidance of its Saviour God.
Her lips distilled the grace her heart enshrined,—
Joy born of heaven lighted her glowing eye,—
Good deeds dropped bounteous from her willing hands;
And as she trod the pathway of the just,
Her life of faith perpetually proclaimed,
"Behold the way to happiness and God!"

So had her years departed, each, in turn,
Shedding new lustre on her path and life,
And of a richer lustre giving pledge.

She stood before the altar in her faith,
And blushed and trembled at her bridal vows,
And craved God's help to keep them. Years wore on,—
Years of deep quiet joy mellowed by grief,

For infant arms had clasped her gleefully,
And untrained lips lisped "Mother" in her ear,
And then angelic messengers had come,
And borne the buds of being to the skies,
As beckoning angels calling her above.

And so her trust grew strong; the dimming veil
Grew thinner as she gazed, while her rapt ear
Seemed ever catching a still voice, which said,
"Be faithful, for life's work is quickly done."

And now the call had reached her. On her ear,—
Closed to the voice of friendship and of grief,
Fell slow and clear, tones from the "better land."
The watchers, gathered round her as she slept,
Saw shadows flitting o'er the quiet brow,
And her parched lips moved fitfully,
As if in converse with the messenger.
A quick faint sigh, and her brief sleep was o'er,
And she was still below, tortured with pain;
Still left to speak her tender calm adieu.
Her words were benedictions. On the hearts
That caught them did they fall like Herman's dews.

"For me shed no sad tears. Rising to heaven
My vigils shall be kept o'er your crushed hearts,
Till angels herald your approach to God,—
Then shall we meet and speak farewell no more."
Her task was ended; shorter grew the breath,
Till stillness settled on the prostrate form,
And the free'd spirit rested with its God.
O! 'tis not meet to grieve o'er such a scene;
'Tis fitter to swell out a triumph-song,
They grasp the victory sought so long with fears,
They drop the weakness of the mortal frame,—
Throw off the load of sorrow from the heart;
And as they burst into the life of Heaven,
They prophecy *our* triumph o'er the tomb,
And to our view bring near the "better land."

Rest sainted one! within the glorious home
Which thou so long hast sought. Enter with joy,
The mansions fashioned by the Saviour's hands;
Take up thy waiting harp and swell the song
Whose first faint notes were syllable'd on earth.

A LEGEND OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

An angel walked, one day, on the broad battlements of Heaven. With folded pinions, he gazed wistfully at a bright star, which glittered in the far-off depths of that boundless ether, which enfolds *all* worlds, and wraps them up in one vast sisterhood. Then he turned faceward to the Dial plate of that mysterious "Urim and Thummim," which reveals in mystic hieroglyphs, the Will of the Supreme; and watched its face, until it answered to his askings. "I may go," he said, "if I will heal a broken heart;" then poised his wing, and sped away on mercy's errand. Good Angel!—God guide thee on thy trackless way! He breathed into thy seraph's soul the wish to go on Earthly missions; He nerves thy wing, and makes thy sinless soul *strong*, with the fixed resolve of holy purpose.

It was night, when the angel's foot touched, for the first time, after its heavenly outvoyagings, on our Terra Firma. *Here*, conscious life had stopped, and laid itself to sleep; yet the living pulses of tired Humanity kept beating on through those long hours of Night and Silence; gaining strength to do the bidding of to-morrow's waking will. The Angel wondered, at the sight of "Death's twin brother—*Sleep*," for they sleep not in Heaven; and there is no *night* there; but when the Angels will, they go beneath the shadowy foldings of a twilight curtain, and repose abstractedly—lost in holy reverie, and quiet musings; not unvisited by dreams more glorious than human fancy, in the most curious chambers of her imagery, hath ever fashioned.

The Angel visited that night at many a hearth-stone, and waved his hand in silent blessing over sleeping families, though the soft rustle of his pinions stirred not a breath of quiet household air. He smiled but *once*; and that was while he gazed upon an infant, sleeping on its mother's breast, for *there* he recognized a face, such as child-angels wear in Heaven. But to that bright and happy visitant, our dark and sleeping Earth was cheerless; and toward Heaven he would have turned him back again, but for his unaccomplished errand; yet *where*, in all those unconscious sleeping breasts, was he to find the

Bleeding Heart! They fluttered *not*, encased in genial flesh and sense. How should *he* know the sufferer! "But God makes no mistakes—sends forth no Angel on fruitless ministries," he said, and *waited*. The Moon rose pale and clear; and when the Angel looked, he saw she shed her melancholy light, Oh, horror! on a naked, beating Human Heart—disembodied—without lips and wordless—yet, in its visible throb, *agony* became articulate and audible. The Angel gazed with silent, wondering pity, and his eye, earth-dimmed, dropped for the first time a *tear*. It fell like heavenly rain upon that wretched Heart; for it had never drank before the dew of holy love and sympathy, which seemed to soothe it now; for it beat more calmly, and the Angel's ear, although it listened, could no longer catch its mournful plaint. Bending kindly over it, he softly whispered—"Poor Heart, I pity thee; and I will help thee—but thou must struggle—struggle till thou becomest mightier than thy woe and conquerest it. Hast thou not heard on Earth the story of that good pilgrim, who struggled *on*, even through '*Despond*,' and how he reached the Heavenly City, and now dwells with us, in the Celestial Brotherhood. Struggle *on*, thou wounded Heart, and Heaven shall be thy home."

And the Heart beat quicker when it said, "I *have* struggled and been at war with *circumstance*, but that strife is ended; and I now drift hopeless on an ocean of Despair, and know it fathomless and shoreless." And then the Angel said, "Heart—thou *seest* not—thou only *feelest*, beneath the pale, reflected light of the cold Moon; but the warm Sun will rise to-morrow, and bring healing on his wings. "Yes," throbbed the sad Heart faintly, "I *do* feel—I feel the blackness of Darkness; I am sunk in rayless, starless night, without a hope of morning."

"But I will take thee in my breast, and bear thee forth, out of this dark eclipse, and find thee place in Heaven," said that sweet Comforter; but it brought no comfort to the aching Heart; for it throbbed out "Alas! Alas!—that I am chained to this Promethean rock, and Passion

urging, and Conscience holding, are the vultures which gnaw *ever*, but consume me *never*."

Then the good Angel was perplexed, and turned him away heavenward, to watch the telegraphic signal in the sky, which Heaven should send to guide him in his ministry of love and healing. But while the Watcher waited, the faithless human Heart believed itself again forsaken, and uncared for, and it leaped and bounded in its agony, till it fell senseless, on the cold unheeding Earth; and the new-sprung hope, born of the Angel's smile, died out of it. With *Hope* died *Reason*; and when the Heart revived it raved—"Oh night! Oh Dark! Oh Tempest!—Oh Dungeon damp!—Vulture gray!—Image bright!—I whirl!—I sink!—I perish! Help, Oh! God, or my Immortal dies—sinks back to nothing from whence Thou call'st it. I consume, Phoenix-like, but no fire smoulders in the ashes; for surging agony, like a flood of waters, has quenched the spark, where thou hast hid the *vital*." Sad Heart! why does it suffer so! and writhe in more than mortal agony? For *this*—that it may cast itself on God—then rest forevermore. And it *did* throw itself upon the Mighty and the Merciful; for it prayed and said, "Oh Word, who was with God, and who art God with the Human—help my Humanity by thy Divinity. Oh, Cross of Christ, where Death brought Life—help me by thy mystery! Water, from Life's Eternal Well, lave me! Bread of Eternal Life, feed me—Blood which maketh Sin wool-white, cleanse me. Spirit which broodeth dove-like, hover over me. Angel of Death, whose eye pierceeth Egypt's darkness, and discerneth betwixt Pharaoh's and Israel's children, see me—pass by, and save me. Oh Breath, whose divine afflatus inspired human clay with conscious soul—Oh Wind, whose quick breath in the valley of dead bones, brought bone to kindred bone, breathe on me. Oh Star, which guided wise men

to the Infant Wisdom, gleam on me. Oh Voice, which stilleth by promise the martyr souls beneath the altar, hush within me the voice of my complaining. Victim Lamb, who goeth dumb to slaughter, and openeth no mouth to reproach the slayer, make me *mute*, even as that God-sufferer, whose voice spake thunder and shot lightning on Sinai, yet answered not on Calvary to man-revilings. Oh Sword of flaming Cherubim, which turneth every way, to guard the Paradise of God, flame inward, till I pass that dread portal in the Eternal wall which divides this world-wildness from that God-planted garden, where groweth the Tree, and runneth the River of Eternal Life."

And this prayer of the crushed Heart reached to the ear of God; and the waiting Angel saw His tender mercies telegraphed upon the skies; and on the face of Heaven he read "Bring it up hither." How gladly did he turn, as with a yearning, loving breast, he took the lonely Heart to his embrace. And how it stilled and warmed, and vitalized itself, and gained new hope and strength, and heavenly love, while it imbibed celestial ichor from the Angel's veins; and when he laid it on Heaven's pavement, it sprang up—a form, how heavenly!—and that face, the mirror of the heart, on Earth so anguished; told *now*, a happiness so calm and saintly.

Then the glad Angel took the newly Heaven-born by the hand; and pointing to the Dial, taught those wondering eyes to read, in flaming characters of light, a future destiny, more glorious than I may tell; for Earth cannot translate the language of the skies.

Then lowly reverent, the saved Immortal turned worshipful before the great White Throne of the Invisible, and entered on the Eternal Sabbath rest of Heaven.

FAITH.

Ye who think the Truth ye sow
Lost beneath the winter snow;
Doubt not, Time's unerring law
Yet shall bring the genial thaw.
God in Nature ye can trust;
Is the God of mind less just?

Reap we not the mighty thought
Once by ancient sages taught!
Though it withered in the blight
Of the mediæval night.
Now the harvest we behold,
See! it bears a thousand fold.

Workers on the barren soil,
Yours may seem a thankless toil;
Sick at heart with hope deferred,
Listen to the cheering word;
Now the faithful sower grieves,
Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves.

If Great Wisdom have decreed
Man may labor, yet the seed
Never in this life shall grow,
Shall the sower cease to sow?
The fairest fruit may yet be borne
On the resurrection morn!

THE GARRET REVISITED.

A SELECTED FRAGMENT.

SARCASTIC people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, send them up aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and "among folks," and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them, to the grand receptacle of dilapidated "has beens" and despised "used to be's," the old Garret.

The garret is to the other apartments of the homestead, what the Adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing—every thing they do not know how to dispose of, is consigned to list of Adverbs. And it is for this precise reason that we love garrets, because they *do* contain the relics of the old and the past—souvenirs of other and happier and simpler times.

They have come to build houses now-a-days, without garrets. Impious innovation!

You man of bronze and "bearded like the pard," who would make people believe, if you could, that you never was "a wee toddlin' thing," that you never wore "a rifle dress," or jingled a rattle-box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore mob-caps and spectacles, and may be, took snuff; go home once more, after all these years of absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up the stairs together—in that old-fashioned spacious garret that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow oval windows, with a spider-web of a sash, through which steals "a dim religious light," upon a museum of things unnameable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of these modern times.

The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—don't they?—when beneath your little pattering feet, they clattered and clattered aforement, when of a rainy day, mother, wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the "let us go up garret and play." And play? Desperately little of play have you had since, we'll warrant, with your looks of dignity and your dreamings of ambition.

Here we are now, in the midst of the garret. That old barrel—shall we rummage it? Old

files of newspapers—dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the "*Columbian Star*,"—How familiar the type looks. How it reminds you of old times, when you look over the edge of the counter with the "letters or papers for father?" and those same *Stars*, just damp from the press, were carried one by one from the fire-side, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. Stars? Damp! Ah! many a star has set since then, and many a new-turfed heap grown dewy and damp with rain that fell not from the clouds.

Dive deeper into the barrel! There! A bundle—up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old Almanacs, by all that is memorable!—Almanacs, thin-leaved ledgers of time, going back to—let us see how far—184-, 183-, 182-,—before our time—180-,—when our mothers were children. And the day book—how blotted and blurred with many records and many tears.

There you have hit your head against that "plate." Time was, when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it, now, by more than "the altitude of a copine."—That plate is filled with forgotten papers of seeds for next year's sowing—a distaff with some few shreds of flax remaining, is thrust in a crevice of the rafters overhead, and tucked away close under the eaves is "the little wheel," that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet, low song has ceased, and perhaps she that drew these flaxen threads—but never mind—you remember the line, don't you?

"Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more."

Well, let that pass. Do you see that little craft careened in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only casket in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red Cradle, for all the world! And you occupied it once—aye, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld, bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you rocked in that little barque of love, on the hither shore of time, fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

And there attached to two rafters are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember

it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there? 'Twas "the children's swing." You are here indeed, but where are Nelly and Charley? There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting on his cherub brow, and her robes are spotless in the better land.

But we must not tarry longer now, but will return some other day, for that old Garret is more nearly like a human heart, full of gentle

and tearful memories, than aught else on earth but human hearts themselves. God keep that Garret with all its treasures safe, though fame may prove a vision, fortune an idle dream, and the aspirations of men fruitless.

Let the reflections upon the past be tempered with a spirit of humility and submission to a Divine hand, for the relics of nature as well as artistic skill must be laid aside to waste by the corroding touches of the finger of time.

THE TWO VOICES.

BY META LANDER.

"Rest! rest! rest! there is no other Elysium for a heart like mine!"

Oh, could I lay my weary head
Down with the lowliest of the dead,
And rest from all life's cares and woes,
How welcome were that deep repose!

Then would emotion, thought be crushed,
These fierce, unquiet passions hushed,
That now my soul with anguish thrill,
And Life's fair cup with poison fill.

Peace dwells not here below. I've sought
Full far and wide, but found her not.
This heart can never cease to ache,
Till on Death's bosom cold, it break.

Time was when Life enchanting seemed:
I dream no more as then I dreamed.
The dearest friendship, holiest love,
But fairy, flitting shadows prove.

The blooms and flowers of life lie dead;
The angel Peace far hence has fled,
Yearning for the low spirit's home,
Forever restless, on I roam.

Thee now I woo, Oh beauteous Death!
To thee I yield this bounding breath.
Dismal and dark the grave may be,
'Twill prove a paradise to me.

Ah! proudly, thoughtlessly I rave
Of a dear refuge in the grave;
For though I lay my weary head
In slumber on that dreamless bed,

And quenched shall be my mortal fears,
And wiped away my burning tears,
'Yet then unbound, my soul may be
Launched trembling on eternity.

Oh, fearful is the spirit's doom;
Drear that illimitable gloom.
Worn with the soul's eternal blight,
How long will be that endless night!

Talk not of islands bright and fair
Within the deep, cerulean air;
Of all who leave this mortal shore,
Their star is set—their history o'er.

Where then is the lone spirit's home?
Must it in endless darkness roam?
Peace! Peace! angelic, holy Peace!
Oh, bid this restless anguish cease!

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Pilgrim o'er Life's desert dreary,
Heavy laden and oppressed;
Way-worn, sorrowful and weary,
Ever yearning after rest.

Are thine aching eyes and tearful,
Dim with looking for the light?
Lo! a star of radiant lustre
Sparkles on the brow of night.

'Tis the star of Peace celestial,
Guiding to eternal rest,
Winning sorrow-stricken pilgrims,
To repose upon my breast.

On that star but fix thy vision;
O'er thee shall glad morning burst;
Stilled shall be thy restless yearnings,
Quenched thy soul's immortal thirst.

Weep not then, in hopeless sorrow,
Through this dark, bewildering night.
Let thy tired, aching spirit
Rest upon the Infinite.

In this sweet and heavenly union
Thou serenely shalt abide,
All thy sins and sorrows hiding
In my wounded, bleeding side.

Resting in my faithful bosom,
Let thy fears and doubtings cease.
Soon shall come the white-winged angel,
Bear thee to the land of peace.

There is felt no parting anguish,
Passion shall disturb no more.
Ne'er a wave of sorrow breaketh
On that sunlit, tranquil shore.

EXTINCTION OF SUNS.

SELECTED.

THE progress of astronomy is bringing, in unexpected ways, confirmation to the Scriptures. No one would have expected, considering the impressions that have prevailed, touching "the immutability of the starry spheres"—no one would have expected, to hear of such events as those of new suns coming forth with sudden brilliancy in the skies, and of other suns long observed, fading away—of others robbed of half their radiance within the period of a few weeks—of others growing gradually to five-fold brightness, then bursting forth into surpassing lustre, and then gradually fading away, as in a dying conflagration. And being informed of such events, we should not, at the first glance, see that the facts were applicable to elucidate and confirm the Scriptures.

But let us look at the facts. What the Greek astronomer Hipparchus recorded, as the birth of a new star of extraordinary brilliancy, though doubtless true, and the like events recorded by the Chinese might have been regarded as fabulous, were it not that modern science has occasion for like records. Tycho Brahe describes the one which he saw, as follows:—

"Leaving my laboratory in the evening, and raising my eyes as usual to the well-known vault of heaven, I observed with indescribable astonishment, near the zenith, a radiant fixed star of a magnitude never before seen. In my amazement, I doubted the evidence of my senses. However, to convince myself that it was no illusion, and to have the testimony of others, I summoned my assistants from my laboratory, and inquired of them, and all the country people that passed by, if they also observed the star that had suddenly burst forth. I afterwards heard, that in Germany, wagoners and other common people had first called the attention of astronomers to it. This star, I found to be perfectly like all other fixed stars, except that it scintillated more strongly." This is characteristic of new stars. He further said, that the light of it was so strong, as to be seen in the day time, and often to be seen through clouds that obscured the other stars. It was also immovable and fixed. Then its brillian-

cy began to diminish, and continued to diminish, till it came down to a star of the sixth magnitude, and till it entirely disappeared. It had shone seventeen months, when it could no longer be seen by the naked eye.

Sir John Herschel also describes the appearance of temporary stars, which have blazed forth in the heavens, and then died away and left no trace. And he adds to the description of this one, the fact, that the people were found by Tycho Brahe gazing at a star that *did not exist half an hour before*. Humboldt enumerates twenty-one of these new stars which have been observed and recorded within two thousand years. Besides these new stars, there are others long familiar to astronomers, which have disappeared. Of such cases, Herschel says:—"It is certain, that there is no mistake in the observation or entry; and that the star has been really observed, and has disappeared from the heavens." There is also a list of thirty-six variable stars, observed within the last two hundred and fifty years. The alternations of brightness in the star Eta Argus are surprising. Now it is a star of the fourth magnitude, now of the second, again of the fourth, and again of the second, and afterwards of the first; and afterwards it suddenly increased so as to surpass in brilliance all the stars. Then again it diminished, and afterwards, two years ago, it increased so as to nearly equal Sirius in splendor. While these additions of splendor were made to one star, another, the star Alpha, lost nearly half its light in six weeks.

From these and other phenomena, Humboldt infers, that the luminous atmospheres of the fixed stars, that is, the suns of other systems, are generally subject to changes, which most often, but not always, occur in immensely long periods. And that what we no longer see is not annihilated. It is merely the transmission of matter into new forms. And dark bodies may, by a new process, become luminous. And La Place says:—"Those stars, that have become invisible, after having surpassed the brilliancy of Jupiter, have not changed their place during the time of their being invisible."

That the fixed stars, that is the suns, do thus change, and suspend their light, or pass to and from a luminous condition, is not a matter of mere theory or guesses. It is a fact palpable to the senses—a fact acknowledged by the highest authorities, such as La Place, Herschel, Humboldt and Arago. And this fact being settled, removes what has been the greatest difficulty in bringing the conclusions of Geology into harmony with the Scriptures. Geology makes it clear, that the sun had shone upon the earth, myriads of ages before creation week. Then it is asked, How could the earth, after this, have been under darkness, and have had need of a new supply of light? We answer, the light of the sun was extinguished, or removed from the earth for the time. And here we seem to lay an insupportable tax on incredulity. *To put out the sun for*

the sake of bringing Scripture and Geology into harmony seems to be a work of great violence. We seem to be asking too much.

But when we come to know, that the extinction and rekindling of suns, is but a common occurrence, and when by familiarity with the changes passing in the starry heavens, the mind can follow the hand of the Creator, lighting and putting out suns, as we would tapers, all difficulty vanishes. And we can see, that nothing was more probable, than that our sun passed for a while from its luminous condition, and left its family of dependent worlds, to darkness. And as other suns at different times shine with varying intensity, so our sun in former periods, might have sent forth more light and heat, answering to the warmer conditions of the earth in its former periods.

THE INDIAN WEAVER.

'Twas in the moon of falling leaves,
Beneath a mango tree,
Where ever flowed unceasingly
A river to the sea,
An Indian weaver plied his loom,
Fast with the flying hours,
As in the slender woof he wreathed
The beautiful bright flowers.

Over the hills of Arracan
Gleamed many a turret blue,
That shadowed in the restless sea
Their own eternal hue,
Till in the flood of amber light,
That crowned the dying day,
The Ghorka's blazoned palace gleamed,
Wreathed in each burning ray.

Yet wearily the weaver wove,
With drooping eyelids dim,
And never through the tangled grove
An echo startled him,
And never through the leafy boughs
In aisles of branching green,
One faintest glimpse of sunlight caught
From all the enchanted scene.

His dreams were of a far off land—
A dark and shadowy shore,
Where rolled the waves upon the strand,
In loud tempestuous roar.
In waving shrouds, with fleshless arms,
The Krakufs seemed to stand—
The demon Krakufs, stony-eyed,
To guard the sea and land.

From out the dreamy past arose
The visions of lost years,
The days of early youth, bedimmed
With heavy clouds and fears,

The hideous Sacra o'er his soul
A fearful shadow threw,
And whispered, beckoning to his home,
The Mountain of Meru.

Then rose from out the weaver's heart
A wild and mournful cry,
"Oh, King of the Immortals!
Whose throne is built on high,
Encircled by celestial gods,
Beyond the realms of air,
Take thou my soul to dwell with thee,
In Indra's garden fair.

Or send throughout the glowing sky
A loud and solemn strain,
To smite upon these silver chords
And break each bond in twain,
Outpouring all the heaviest woe
Thy fiery wrath can give,
Ere in the form of bird or beast
This soul of mine shall live."

The little boats sailed silently
Upon the morning tide,
Adown the water's murmuring flow
Soft happy voices glide:
No echoes through the weaver's heart
In lingering sweetness play,
Cold in the light of early dawn
His lifeless body lay.

The Indian girls entwined his brow
With wreaths of roses fair,
Rending their blackened garments,
With shrieks of wild despair—
Two angels, from their golden thrones,
Whispered "of sins forgiven,"
And opened for a wandering soul
The crystal gates of heaven.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

JOHN RANDOLPH.—Some statesmen of great intellectual endowment and all-grasping genius, manifest profound attachment to the Christian Religion.

The evidences that pure Christianity has had a vitalizing power upon the moral affections of such spirits, is a matter of rejoicing to the Christian.

God has raised up some among the profligate statesmen and orators of our country, who bear marked testimony to the efficiency and excellency of the Christian system.

Among honored names of this class, are Washington, Adams, Jackson, Randolph, Harrison, Polk, Taylor and Clay, to omit many others as great, and as good.

The sarcastic, the brilliant, the persuasive, the soul-stirring orator, John Randolph, was favored with what too few politicians enjoy, a praying mother. In the son's reclamation from the power of worldly prosperity and vague skepticism, we see the evidences of the power of prayer.

When French Infidelity overspread the land as a sort of fashionable opiate for the restless writhings of a chafed conscience, Randolph was too much a patron, too much an admirer. The strong popular current of frigid Deism, too long bore him onward, a willing victim, down its dangerous windings. But sober second considerations interposed their kindly offices. The Divine Spirit revealed to him the depravity of his fallen nature, and led him evidently to the cross.

It is a matter of rejoicing to every Christian heart, that on the archives of history is recorded the fact, that this man of genius, of letters, of high position, the coruscations of whose intellectual fire, dashed forth with such brilliancy upon the astonished visions of men, was a humble disciple of Christ. This his ultimate, if not early position, was at the foot of the cross.

The Christian Faith had an advocate in Washington, who, though exalted in power and influence among men, lived for his country and his God. Jackson, a man profane and reckless, was, before the setting sun of life, a Christian disciple. Adams acknowledged and seemed to feel the power of Christian Faith. We have confidence in the heartiness and sincerity of the religion of Harrison and Polk. Taylor and Clay, in their death, bear testimony to the excellency and power of religion. But we tremble when we re-

member "Not many mighty, not many noble are called;" and we must distrust in a measure, the professions of men who, advancing towards the close of a life of ungodly ambition—perhaps of sensuality—come to acknowledge the power of a religion they have long and successfully resisted.

In that most valued historic reminiscence, "Garland's Life of Randolph," published by the enterprising Appletons, we find facts concerning the moral and religious character of this remarkable statesman, which astonish and refresh us. His private letters to his friends, furnish ample evidence of the thoroughness of his spiritual renovation, and the simplicity and fervor of his religious affections.

His humility and confidence, his thirst for living waters, and hunger for the true bread were honest and unmistakable.

Let his biographer speak for him.

"In childhood and early youth, he was trained by a devoted and pious mother, in the doctrines and the practices of the Christian church. The impressions of those early lessons, though a long time disregarded, were never entirely effaced from his memory; and the hallowed associations that clustered around the name of his adored and sainted mother, the fond remembrances of childhood and innocence, never failed to awaken the deepest emotions in his affectionate and sympathetic heart. Yet he lived for many years in open derision and mockery of that religion whose holy and divine precepts he could not efface from his mind. Coming into life at an epoch when French philosophy had not only overturned the monarchies of Europe, but had undermined and destroyed the foundation of all morals and religion, his ardent soul, like thousands of the best spirits of the age, caught the contagion of its influence, threw off all religious restraint, as the highest proof of freedom, and became, if not a mocker, at least a cold despiiser of the religion of humility and self-sacrifice. But the despotism under which France had been made to groan, in consequence of her atheistic madness; the desolation that had swept over Europe; the deep calamities brought on his own country by war and restrictions; the many misfortunes and afflictions that in thick succession had befallen himself and his ill-fated family; his entire separation from all political associations and party excitements, and the profound solitude, for the most part, in which he lived, all conspired to bring back his mind to its early associations. As 'the stricken deer,' to which he likened himself, faint, and panting in the hot chase, seeks the fresh fountains and cooling shades of its native valley, so he, faint and heart-stricken at the desolations of an irreligious age, and athirst for the pure waters of life, sought consolation in that religion which his mother, on bended knee, with his little hands in hers uplifted to heaven, had taught him in his infancy.

He read the Old and New Testament, with the aid of good commentators, with care and diligence. The best authors were at his command—'old standard authors'—con-

stituted his daily food, though sometimes in humility, he would complain that they were 'too solid for his weak stomach.' Being a man of the highest order of poetic genius himself, he sought only the society of kindred spirits. Milton and Cowper, and the old English divines, now obsolete and forgotten, were his daily and nightly companions. He was also most fortunate in his living associates. No man had better or more faithful friends. His country or age can furnish no nobler specimens of a high Christian virtue than the *three friends* with whom Mr. Randolph alone conversed on "free-will, fate and philosophy," and to whose opinions he bowed with the profoundest respect and reverence. The first to whom we allude is the present Bishop Meade, of Virginia, a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. The second person was the late Dr. Moses Hogue, president of Hampden Sydney College. Francis Scott Key, Esq., late of Washington City, is the other person to whom we have made allusion. He was a pure spirit; the friend that knew him best and valued him most, thus speaks of him: 'He perseveres in pressing on toward the goal, and his whole life is spent in endeavors to do good for his unhappy fellow-men. The result is that he enjoys a tranquillity of mind, a sunshine of the soul, that all the Alexanders of the earth can neither confer nor take away.'

"Dr. Brockenbrough had hitherto, for the most part, been in the same category with himself, somewhat skeptical; hence, in their relations, Randolph rather assumed the province of a teacher than scholar, on the subject of morals and religion. Writing to that gentleman from Buckingham Court House, the 29th May, 1815, Randolph says:

"I never feel so free from uneasiness as when I am reading the Testament, or hearing some able preacher. This great concern presses me by day and by night, almost to the engrossing of my thoughts. It is first in my mind when I wake, and the last when I go to sleep. I think it becomes daily more clear to me. All other things are as nothing when put in comparison with it."

The following extracts from his letters to intimate friends, show his religious sentiments—his hearty love of truth and true religion.

"Writing to Mr. Key himself, from the same place, two days after the above, he says:

"I cannot refrain from unburthening some of my thoughts to you. I carry your last letter (of the 11th) constantly in my pocket, reading it frequently, and praying God that your charitable anticipations respecting me may be realized. After all, is there not selfishness at the bottom of that yearning of my heart to believe? Can that faith, setting aside its imperfection, be acceptable in the sight of God, to which the unhappy sinner is first moved by the sense of self-preservation?"

"For a long time the thoughts that now occupy me, came and went out of my mind. Sometimes they were banished by business; at others, by pleasure. But heavy afflictions fell upon me. They came more frequently, and staid longer—pressing upon me, until, at last, I never went asleep nor awake but they were last and first in my recollection. Offentimes have they awakened me, until, at length, I cannot, if I would, detach myself from them. Mixing in the business of the world I find highly injurious to me. I cannot repress the feelings which the conduct of our fellow-men too often excites; yet I hate nobody, and I have endeavored to forgive all who have done me an injury, as I have asked forgiveness of those whom I may have wronged, in thought or deed. If I could have my way, I would retire to some retreat, far from the strife of the world, and pass the remnant of my days in meditation and prayer; and yet this would be a life of ignoble security. But, my good friend, I am not qualified (as yet, at least,) to bear the heat of the battle. I seek for rest—for peace. I have read much of the New Testament lately. Some of the texts are full of consolation; others inspire dread. The Epistles of Paul I cannot, for the most part, comprehend; with the assistance of Mr. Locke's paraphrase, I hope to accomplish it. My good friend, you will bear with this egotism; for I seek from you instruction on a subject, in comparison with which all others sink into insignificance. I have had a strong desire to go to the Lord's Sup-

per; but I was deterred by a sense of my unworthiness; and, only yesterday, reading the denunciation against those who received unworthily, I thought it would never be in my power to present myself at the altar. I was present when Mr. Hogue invited to the table, and I would have given all I was worth to have been able to approach it. There is no minister of our church in these parts. I therefore go to the Presbyterians, who are the most learned and regular; but having been born in the Church of England, I do not mean to renounce it. On the contrary, I feel a comfort in repeating the Liturgy, that I would not be deprived of for worlds.

"Implicitly, will I throw myself upon his mercy; 'Not my will, but thine be done.' Lord be merciful to me a sinner.' 'Help Lord, or I perish.' And now, my friend, if, after these glimpses of the light, I should shut mine eyes and harden my heart, which now is as melted wax; if I should be enticed back to the 'herd,' and lose all recollection of my wounds, how much deeper my guilt than his whose heart has never been touched by the sense of his perishing, undone condition. This has rushed upon my mind when I have thought of partaking of the Lord's supper. After binding myself by that sacred rite, should passion overcome me, should I be induced to forget in some unhappy hour that holy obligation, I shudder to think of it."

"Writing to Dr. Brockenbrough, from Roanoke, the 4th of July 1815, he says:

"It was to me a subject of deep regret that I was obliged to leave town before Mr. Meade's arrival. I promised myself much comfort and improvement from his conversation. My dear sir, there is, or there is not, another and a better world. If there is, as we all believe, what is it but madness to be absorbed in the cares of a clay-built hovel, held at will, unmindful of the rich inheritance of an imperishable palace, of which we are immortal heirs? We acknowledge these things with our lips, but not with our hearts; we lack faith.

"We would serve God provided we may serve mammon at the same time. For my part, could I be brought to believe that this life must be the end of my being, I should be disposed to get rid of it as an incumbrance. If what is to come be anything like what is passed, it would be wise to abandon the hulk to the underwriters, the worms. I am more and more convinced that, with a few exceptions, this world of ours is a vast mad-house. The only men I ever knew well, ever approached closely, whom I did not discover to be unhappy, are sincere believers of the Gospel, and conform their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts. There are only *three* of them." [Meade, Hogue, Key?] "And yet, ambition, and avarice, and pleasure, as it is called, have their temples crowded with votaries, whose own experience has proved to them the insufficiency and emptiness of their pursuits, and who obstinately turn away from the only waters that can slake their dying thirst and heal their diseases.

"One word on the subject of your own state of mind. I am well acquainted with it—too well. Like you, I have not reached that lively faith which some more favored persons enjoy. But I am persuaded that it can and will be attained by all who are conscious of the depravity of our nature, of their own manifold departures from the laws of God, and sins against their own conscience; and who are sincerely desirous to accept of pardon on the terms held out in the Gospel. Without puzzling ourselves, therefore, with subtle disquisitions, let us ask, are we conscious of the necessity of pardon? are we willing to submit to the terms offered to us—to consider "Christianity as a scheme imperfectly understood, planned by Infinite Wisdom, and canvassed by finite comprehensions"—to ask of our Heavenly Father that faith and that strength which by our own unassisted efforts we can never attain? To me it would be a stronger objection to Christianity did it contain nothing which baffled my comprehension, than its most difficult doctrines. What professor ever delivered a lecture that his scholars were not at a loss to comprehend some parts of it? But that is no objection to the doctrine. But the teacher here is God! I may deceive myself, but I hope that I have made some progress. I feel the necessity of a changed nature; of a new life; of an altered heart. I feel my stubborn and rebellious nature to be softened, and that it is essential to my comfort here, as well as to my future welfare, to cultivate and cherish feelings of good will towards all mankind: to strive against envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. I think I have succeeded in forgiving all my enemies. There is not a human being that I would hurt if it were in my power; not even Bonaparte."

ALBERT BARNES.—The friends of Mr. Barnes need not be informed for whom our first plate

is designed, which, at considerable expense, we had engraved expressly for this Magazine. While he is voyaging for health, and visiting the shores of the Old Word to resuscitate his wearied constitution, or to give strength of endurance to his optical vision, they will enjoy many pleasurable emotions in looking upon his bland and noble features, as daguerreotypes and engraved by the artist.

It will be especially pleasing to the dear flock he has left behind him, in his outward pilgrimage. We are gratified that his first sitting for this purpose is attended with such excellent success, that this life-like engraving can be presented to the Christian public as a true and perfect delineation of the external characteristics and noble bearing of this profound divine and clear-minded commentator. A fair exhibit of his eloquence and power of delineation is given in the article on another page of our Magazine, which, if familiar to any eye, cannot fail to create renewed interest.

ENLARGEMENT OF OUR MAGAZINE.—Our patrons will see that the present proprietors of the *Christian Parlor Magazine* have increased the number of its pages, without increasing the price of subscription. This we do with the earnest hope that our efforts for the advancement of a pure and religious literature will be sustained by a Christian people. We believe that efficiency and enterprise, on the part of the conductors, will place this *two dollar* magazine on a basis of prosperity unparalleled in its history.

The field we occupy is of an interest that concerns all the friends of virtue and pure morality—a field in magazine literature not chosen or hazarded by the fancy periodicals, which go with keener relish for money than for duty. Among too many professed Christians is there a morbid appetite for light and vapory reading, for *fanciful, unreal, untruthful* sketches. What will please, amuse, not what will profit, is too much the anxious inquiry of the day.

The moral corruption of man's nature seeks, naturally enough, corrupt associations. What we want, and what we need, are broadly distinct. We need and we should have a sanctified literature, such a tone of that conveyed through the press to the vast reading population of our country, as shall lead to a suitable culture of the moral faculties to train man's moral, but fallen nature, to a love of purity, and to nourish in the soul aspirations that are praiseworthy, and aims that are elevated. While the finer feelings of our nature may be deeply awakened by a sub-

ject, Truth, in its sanctifying influence, should be distilled upon the affections, and a current of devout feeling turned towards heaven.

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HOW THEY TRAVEL IN NUBIA.—In a recent letter from Southern Nubia, published in the *Tribune*, Bayard Taylor thus writes about the delights and peculiarities of dromedary-riding:

"I found dromedary-riding not at all difficult. One sits on a very lofty seat, with his feet crossed over the animal's shoulders or resting on his neck. The body is obliged to rock backward and forward, on account of the long swinging gait; and as there is no stay or fulcrum, except a blunt pommel, around which the legs are crossed, some little power of equilibrium is necessary. My dromedary was a strong, stately beast, of a light cream color, and so even a gait that it would bear the Arab test—that is, one might drink a cup of coffee, while going on a full trot, without spilling a drop. I found a great advantage in the use of the Turkish costume. My trousers, which contain eighteen yards of muslin, though they only reach to the knees, allow the leg perfect freedom of motion, and I have already learned so many different modes of crossing those members that no day is sufficient to exhaust them. The rising and kneeling of the animal is hazardous at first, as his long legs double together like a carpenter's rule, and you are thrown backward, and then forward, and then backward again; but the trick of it is soon learned. The soreness and fatigue of which many travellers complain, I have not experienced. I ride from eight to ten hours a day, read and even dream in the saddle, and am as fresh and unwearied as when I began the journey."

Such rides, in a suitable climate, must recruit the invalid, and scatter the gloom of the hypochondriac. We would, if allowed, recommend them as far superior to railroad or steamboat transportation, for the searcher of health or pleasure.

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EXPULSION OF DR. J. KING FROM ATHENS.—A painful sensation is produced throughout this and other Christian countries, that the Greeks should thus outrage all decency, justice, and religion, by driving an American—a religious teacher—an aged divine—a truly self-sacrificing benefactor, from their midst.

Gratitude to the man for his unrequited labor—gratitude to the American people, who effectually sympathized in their sufferings and toils—especially thankfulness to a kind Providence that gave them freedom, should inspire them with respect for the freedom of one who has taught them the spirit and practical utility of religious and political freedom. Says one of our political writers—

In her desperate struggle against Turkish oppression twenty-five years ago, Greece appealed to the American people for help. We gave her money, arms, food, and the whole weight of our moral approbation and encouragement; and when her revolution was consummated, were the very first to acknowledge her independence. No cause ever more moved the popular heart; none ever inspired sublimer strains of sea-

atorial eloquence. In no single quality that gives true worth and dignity to national character, have the Greeks gained by their independence. In fact, we believe they have positively deteriorated; they have exchanged all the martial virtue^s they once had for nothing but the sordid vices of an uninspiring peace. No longer Turkish vassals, they have a constitution termed liberal, and a government called responsible; yet these exist but in name. No actual freedom is possessed worth naming, for chicanery has only taken the place of dictation, and corruption of force. Not one reformatory plan has been carried out, nor one regenerative principle been successfully planted; and for the simple reason that there is no public or private virtue to sustain them. For years has the strange anomaly been witnessed of Greeks abandoning their own country for that from which they once revolted as an insufferable tyranny, and, what is stranger still, they have done it to their manifest advantage. Every observant Eastern traveller can testify to the superiority of the Greeks of the Ottoman Empire, in earnestness and strength of character, over those of the subjects of King Otho. Is it not a singular fact too that an American missionary is now driven away from Greece, and flies for refuge to the very same power against whom Americans, in sympathy for Greece, once hurled their fiercest denunciations? Is it not rather remarkable that Mahometan autocratic Turkey, though cleaving to its own religion with a fidelity that in itself is truly sublime, accords to the Christian religion a security and a freedom which *Christian* constitutional Greece utterly withholds? We have ourselves on one Sabbath in Athens seen the Scriptures cautiously expounded by our missionary to two or three persecuted and fearful Greeks in a private apartment of a house sentinelled almost like a castle; and the very next Sabbath in Pera, have heard a missionary sermon preached in Turkish in a public church before a large congregation, with as much openness and safety as in this city of New York. Will some of our foreign propagandists tell us which is the best worth aspiring to and fighting for, the name of religious liberty as it exists in Greece, or the substance as it is enjoyed in Turkey?

THE EMERY ISLE.—We were favored with a beautiful panoramic glimpse of this beautifully variegated island, at the Metropolitan Hall, the other evening, and hardly knew which most to admire, the exquisite taste of the artist, the skill of the blind musician, or the sublime natural scenery upon and around its wave lashed and rock-girt shores. The halls where Curran, Emmet, Daniel O'Connell, and young T. F. Meagher poured out their eloquence, were pointed out; also, the walls where Smith O'Brien was imprisoned. The meeting of the waters in the vale of Avoca were noticed. Thomas Moore himself was seen seated near the Enchanted Vale where the gently gliding waters united their forces, and at the foot of the ragged hill-side of his quiet resting-place. Not only to the sons of Erin was it delightful to view the Giant's Causeway, so grand and threatening, the abbeys, the courts, the churches, the castles, and the many relics of monumental grandeur of better days; but to the native American, whose many relations and remembrances carry him back with strange inter-

ests to this land where Protestantism and Romanism have long shown the world their antagonistic positions. While the visitants of this panorama are pleased, they are edified and instructed.

TRAVELLING FOR HEALTH.—Nothing contributes more to the general advantage of the organic machinery of the body, than occasionally varying the scene in respect to air, water, and regimen. Travelling operates most beneficially upon the mind, and all the animal functions are influenced by the condition of the mental operations. Mountain scenery, nature in her wildness, and the fields in the beauty of their cultivation, have each a specific action on the temperament and feelings. However unconscious we may be of the fact, men were designed to travel, inspect, and improve the surface of the earth. If they had been perpetually confined to their homes like the domestic animals, no advances would have been made in civilization; commerce would have been unknown, and the globe still unexplored. It is in accordance with our nature, to extend our circle of acquaintance with society and with things, and on the observance of this primitive law depends all progress in art, science, religion, and humanity. On this principle, it is conducive to stability of health to travel; and whether one is sick or not, it is by no means necessary to seek an apology for going abroad and admiring the stupendous works of God, or the surprising achievements of man. While we are well, we should travel that we may keep so. Those who can, should improve this charming season for the purpose. It is good for the well, and better for invalids of all descriptions. No charity would diffuse equal happiness, nor really prove more beneficial to thousands of feeble, pale, sickly young women, the victims of incessant toil with the needle, who have but a few luxuries and no privileges, than giving them the means of making excursions, and breathing the fresh country air. We should be rejoiced to hear that some benevolent man, whom God has placed as steward over large possessions, had obeyed the command of loving his neighbor as himself in this respect.

BATHING.—Nature indicates the season just arrived as the one when frequent ablutions are conducive to health, by frequently removing from the surface of the skin, the accumulations that result from its functions. We do not approve of living in the water, because it is agreeable in hot weather; and it is quite certain that

the practice, in extremely cold weather, of leaping from a warm bed and suddenly extracting all the caloric by cold water, has been ruinous to multitudes of delicately organized ladies. They speak with delight of the reaction of the blood, the after glow; but the demand upon the vital apparatus to bring that about, vitiates the complex machinery of life, after a while, and a debility follows which can only be overcome by abandoning the luxury that produces it.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—This remarkable book has still an unprecedented sale and widespread circulation. The inquiry is also continued by many who have not read it, "What is in it to make it so wonderful?"

We might answer, the style, the language, the naturalness of the entire conception, and the sympathy the heart naturally feels when a tale of suffering is related.

Let us present an extract, where the author brings you into the Cabin, that you may see the closing up of a dialogue between Aunt Chloe and Master George Shelby:

"Now, Missis, she wanted me to do dis way, and she wanted me to do dat way; and, finally, I got kinder sarcy, and, says I, 'Now, Misses, do jist look at dem beautiful white hands o' yours, with long fingers, and all a sparkling with rings, like my white lilies when de dew's on 'em; and look at my great black stumpin hands. Now, don't ye think dat de Lord must have meant me to make de pie-crust, and you to stay in de parlor? Dar! I was jist so sarcy, Mas'r George.'"

"And what did mother say?" said George.

"Say?—why, she kinder larfed in her eyes—dem great handsome eyes o' hern; and says she, 'Well, Aunt Chloe, I think you are about in the right on't,' says she; and she went off in de parlor. She oughter cracked me over de head for bein' so sarcy; but dar's whar 't is—I can't do nothing with ladies in de kitchen!"

"Well, you made out well with that dinner.—I remember every body said so," said George.

"Didn't I? And wan't I behind de dinin'-room door dat bery day? and didn't I see de General pass his plate three times for some more dat bery pie?—and, says he, 'You must have an uncommon cook, Mrs. Shelby.' Lor! I was fit to split myself."

"And de General, he knows what cookin' is," said Aunt Chloe, drawing herself up with an air. "Bery nice man, de General! He comes of one of de bery fustest families in Old Virginny! He knows what's what, now, as well as I do—de General. Ye see, there's *pints* in all pies, Mas'r George; but tan't everybody knows what they is, or orter be. But the General, he knows; I knew by his 'marks he made. Yes, he knows what de pints is!"

The character of the Vermont cousin, Miss Ophelia, who accompanies Mr. St. Clair to New Orleans as a family friend, is interestingly delineated. After describing the incidents attending her decision, her arrangements here, and her religious character, Mrs. Stowe continues:

As to mental cultivation,—she had a clear, strong, active

mind, was well and thoroughly read in history and the older English classics, and thought with great strength within certain narrow limits. Her theological tenets were all made up, labelled in most positive and distinct forms, and put by, like the bundles in her patch trunk; there were just so many of them, and there were never to be any more. So also, were her ideas with regard to most matters of practical life,—such as housekeeping in all its branches, and the various political relations of her native village. And, underlaying all, deeper than anything else, higher and broader, lay the strongest principle of her being—conscientiousness. Nowhere is conscience so dominant and all-absorbing as with New England women. It is the granite formation, which lies deepest, and rises out, even to the tops of the highest mountains.

Miss Ophelia was the absolute bond-slave of the "ought." Once make her certain that the "path of duty," as she commonly phrased it, lay in any given direction, and fire and water could not keep her from it. She would walk straight down into a well, or up to a loaded cannon's mouth, if she were only quite sure that there the path lay. Her standard of right was so high, so all-embracing, so minute, and making so few concessions to human frailty, that, though she strove with heroic ardor to reach it, she never actually did so, and of course was burdened with a constant and often harassing sense of deficiency;—this gave a severe and somewhat gloomy cast to her religious character.

But, how in the world can Miss Ophelia get along with Augustine St. Clare,—gay, easy, unpunctual, unpractical, skeptical,—in short, walking with impudent and nonchalant freedom over every one of her most cherished habits and opinions?

To tell the truth, then, Miss Ophelia loved him. When a boy, it had been hers to teach him his catechism, mend his clothes, comb his hair, and bring him up generally in the way he should go; and her heart having a warm side to it, Augustine had, as he usually did with most people, monopolized a large share of it for himself, and therefore it was that he succeeded very easily in persuading her that the "path of duty" lay in the direction of New Orleans, and that she must go with him to take care of Eva, and keep everything from going to wreck and ruin during the frequent illnesses of his wife. The idea of a house without anybody to take care of it went to her heart; then she loved the lovely little girl, as few could help doing; and though she regarded Augustine as very much of a heathen, yet she loved him, laughed at his jokes, and forbore with his failings, to an extent which those who knew him thought perfectly incredible. But what more or other is to be known of Miss Ophelia our reader must discover by a personal acquaintance.

There she is, sitting now in her state-room, surrounded by a mixed multitude of little and big carpet-bags, boxes, baskets, each containing some separate responsibility which she is tying, binding up, packing, or fastening, with a face of great earnestness.

"Now, Eva, have you kept count of your things? Of course you have n't,—children never do: there's the spotted carpet-bag and the little blue band-box with your best bonnet,—that's two; then the India-rubber satchel is three; and my tape and needle box is four; and my band-box, five; and my collar-box, six; and that little hair trunk, seven. What have you done with your sunshade? Give it to me, and let me put a paper round it, and tie it to my umbrella with my shade;—there, now."

"Why, aunty, we are only going up home;—what is the use?"

"To keep it nice, child; people must take care of their things, if they ever mean to have anything; and now, Eva, is your thimble put up?"

"Really, aunty, I don't know."

"Well, never mind; I'll look your box over,—thimble, wax, two spools, scissors, knife, tape-needle; all right,—put it in here. What did you ever do, child, when you were coming on with only your papa? I should have thought you'd a lost everything you had."

"Well, aunty, I did lose a great many; and then, when we stopped anywhere, papa would buy some more of whatever it was."

"Mercy on us, child—what a way!"

"It was a very easy way, aunty," said Eva.

"It's a dreadful shiftless one," said aunty.

"Why, aunty, what'll you do now?" said Eva, "that trunk is too full to be shut down."

"It *must* shut down," said aunty, with the air of a general, as she squeezed the things in, and sprung upon the lid;—still a little gap remained about the mouth of the trunk.

"Get up here, Eva!" said Miss Ophelia, courageously; "what has been done can be done again. This trunk has got to be shut and locked—there are no two ways about it."

And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hasp snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.

"Now, we're ready. Where's your papa? I think it time this baggage was set out. Do look out, Eva, and see if you see your papa."

"O, yes, he's down the other end of the gentlemen's cabin, eating an orange."

"He can't know how near we are coming," said aunty; "had n't you better run and speak to him?"

"Papa never is in a hurry about anything," said Eva, "and we haven't come to the landing. Do step on the guards, aunty. Lock! there 's our house, up that street!"

The boat now began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at the levee. Eva joyously pointed out the various spires, domes, and way-marks, by which she recognized her native city.

"Yes, yes, dear; very fine," said Miss Ophelia. "But mercy on us! the boat has stopped! where is your father?"

And now ensued the usual turmoil of landing—waiters running twenty ways at once—men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxes—women anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

Miss Ophelia seated herself resolutely on the lately vanquished trunk, and marshalling all her goods and chattels in fine military order, seemed resolved to defend them to the last.

"Shall I take your trunk, ma'am?" "Shall I take your baggage?" "Let me 'tend to your baggage, Missis?" "Shan't I carry out these yer, Missis?" rained down upon her unheeded. She sat with grim determination, upright as a darning-needle stuck in a board, holding on her bundle of umbrella and parasols, and replying with a determination that was enough to strike dismay even into a hackman, wondering to Eva, at each interval, "what upon earth her papa could be thinking of; he could n't have fallen over, now,—but something must have happened;" and just as she had begun to work herself into a real distress, he came up, with his usually careless motion, and giving Eva a quarter of the orange he was eating, said,

"Well, Cousin Vermont, I suppose you are all ready."

"I've been ready, waiting, nearly an hour," said Miss Ophelia; "I began to be really concerned about you."

BIBLE SOCIETY'S NEW BUILDING.—The cornerstone of the New Bible-House of the American Bible Society has been recently laid. It reminds one of laying the foundations of Christianity by the primitive disciples. In standing around those foundation-stones, we can easily cast in our mind its completion—its work—its stacks of holy sacred truth—its blessings and its defences—its healing balm for nations needing the bread of heaven, and the waters of life. Here, in this great mart for empires—in this metropolis—in this chief central port of the New World, is located the American Bible-house, the manufactory and depository of Heaven's blessed teachings to the nations. When we contemplate its catholic intention—its lofty aim and sacred end, we cannot but rejoice that kingdoms, and tongues, and people are to be so graciously fed, and that so many multitudes, in all time, are to look to it, and call its patrons blessed. One account says—

A large and venerable body of clergymen, of all evangelical denominations, assembled at 6 o'clock, P. M., on a platform of timbers covering the foundation walls of the building, (which are far advanced towards completion,) and numerous spectators collected near.

A prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Bangs, when a description of the proposed building was read by the Chairman of the Building Committee, Geo. D. Phelps, Esq.

A description of the books and documents to be deposited beneath the stone, was then read by Rev. Dr. Brigham, one of the secretaries. They consisted of copies of the earliest and latest Bibles issued by the Society, the address of the President of the Society, delivered on that occasion, sundry catalogues, &c.

The address of the President, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, was next read.

The ceremony of laying the stone then took place, after which a brief address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Spring. He spoke of the great success which had attended the Society's operations, and referred to the early history of its existence, in comparison with its present strength. A pleasing reference was also made to the value of the Bible—a book on whose strong basis alone, was safety from infidelity, and safety to our institutions. He hoped the Society would continue to flourish until the last leaf of the tree of life was scattered over the earth.

Hon. Luther Bradish followed. In the course of his remarks he said that the site now chosen for the proposed edifice, had been thrice appropriated to other and far different purposes, but an overruling Providence had reserved it for the present. For the construction of the building, a special loan of \$60,000 has been authorized, and one-third already subscribed. For the remainder, the Society looked to the abounding wealth and benevolence of this community. In conclusion, the speaker stated that of all the original founders of the Society, the Rev. Dr. Spring alone remained. It was his earliest prayer that his precious life might be long spared to that cause, to which, for fifty years, it has been devoted.

In the absence of Rev. Dr. Adams, who had been expected to speak, the Rev. Dr. Stiles, formerly of the Mercer Street Church, spoke briefly. He pronounced an eulogium on the Bible, and spoke of the great mission it was destined to perform, as indicated by the words of prophecy. He invoked all to stand by the Bible, and expressed a hope

that the Society's work would be enlarged, to correspond with the increased dimensions of the Society's house.

PROGRESS OF THE AMERICANS.—The English may well wonder at the progress we Americans make in Science and Art, so short has been our career for any considerable development.

In the United States there has indeed been an unexampled growth in all the elements of national prosperity, and we are rejoiced that it is so well understood of late in the mother country.

Thus an English journal sums up the matter :

"In an interval of little more than half a century, it appears that this extraordinary people have increased above 500 per cent. in numbers : their national revenue has augmented nearly 900 per cent., while their public expenditure has increased little more than 400 per cent. The prodigious extension of their commerce is indicated by an increase of nearly 500 per cent. in their imports and exports, and 600 per cent. in their shipping. The increased activity of their internal communications is expounded by the number of their post-offices, which has been increased more than an hundred fold ; the extent of their post roads, which has been increased thirty-six fold ; and the cost of their post-office, which has been augmented in a seventy-two fold ratio. The augmentation of their machinery of public instruction is indicated by the extent of their public libraries, which have increased in a thirty-two fold ratio, and by the creation of school libraries, amounting to 2,000,000 volumes. They have completed a system of canal navigation, which, placed in a continuous line, would extend from London to Calcutta, and a system of railways, which, continuously extended, would stretch from London to Van Dieman's Land, and have provided locomotive machinery by which that distance would be travelled over in three weeks, at the cost of 1 l. 2s. per mile. They have created a system of inland navigation, the aggregate tonnage of which is probably not inferior in amount to the collective inland tonnage of all the other countries in the world, and they possess many hundreds of river steamers, which impart to the roads of water the marvellous celerity of roads of iron. They have, in fine, constructed lines of electric telegraph, which, laid continuously, would extend over a space longer by 300 miles than the distance from the north to the south pole, and have provided apparatus of transmission by which a message of 300 words, dispatched under such circumstances from the north pole, might be delivered in writing at the south pole in one minute, and by which, consequently, an answer of equal length might be sent back to the north pole in an equal interval. These are social and commercial phenomena for which it would be vain to seek a parallel in the past history of the human race."

KOSSUTH AND NIAGARA FALLS.—The power and eloquence of our Hungarian chief has been most justly admired. Concerning the mighty cataract that pours its sublime column down the chasm of the Niagara, he thus speaks in tones of striking excellence :

When I hurried through your city a few days ago to strengthen my outworn nerves by the contemplation of the Niagara Falls, that sublime wonder of nature, to describe which, human tongue will never a word ; to comprehend the grandeur of which man must not look at it with the natural eye, but with the immortal soul, and listen to its

roaring, not with the ear but with the heart ; when we thus see it with the soul and hear it with the heart, then we understand it, that it is a mirror in which the Creator glasses His own majesty ; that it is the relation of that great mystery, that in the boundless eternity of time and space is still going on ; that it is a great monitor to the moral world, advising man that there is no difficulty over which an iron will cannot prevail.

Such a mirror—such a revelation, and such a monitor was Niagara to me. Every element of physical nature, and every element of spiritual life, has its destiny, and destiny must be accomplished. The mighty waters of the always increasing Erie lake must have and must make an outlet. Those waters must flow, and mankind must be free. Both are a destiny. A whim of nature barred the way to those waters by a mighty range of rocks—as crime and ambition barred the way to mankind's liberty by a rocky range of despotism ; but the falling waters broke the barrier of rocks ; progressing liberty will break the barrier of despotism. It is destiny.

When I saw the waters take the sublime leap over the rocks ; and below the boiling foam of boils, crowned with the rainbow of victory, and then after victory, flowing on in calm peace—when I saw the struggle, the victory—the rainbow and the peace, a mysterious voice in the recess of my heart told me, there is the mirror of my country's cause.

And the rainbow in the foaming deep spoke to me like the rainbow on the sky once to Noah spoke, and an inexpressible joy thrilled through my heart, and I adored the Almighty with the awe of silence, that eloquence of a deep, feeling heart.

The recollections of that sublime scenery carried my thoughts away, and I had no time to blot them out.

WE have just risen from the perusal of a precious little volume of Poems, entitled, "THE BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD," by one of our valued lady contributors. Here are clustered together many choice gems, particularly calculated to mellow the feelings of mothers, and lead them to cherish toward the lovely "olive plants around their table," something of that love that Christ himself felt when He yearned over their periled condition. Thus all selected poetical effusions should be read by every family, every where the English language is read.

We can commend this as one of CARTER'S most useful issues of the kind, and wish for it a wide circulation, that thus the kind intentions of the benevolent and literary author may be furthered.

The scope and design of the book will be better understood if we quote from the preface, and then add as a specimen one of the sweet and instructive poems. The author says :

"Charmed with the sweet flowers of Infancy and Childhood, blooming in the garden of our literature, I have woven some of the choicest into a Chaplet, with which I would fain crown the brow of Maternal Affection and of Childish Innocence. May this Offering, fresh with the dews of Life's morning, and glowing in the sunlight of Love, receive a kind welcome from those to whom it is now dedicated.

The grateful testimony that many hearts, mourning over their *broken buds*, have found sympathy and consolation in the "REMINISCENCES OF A BEREAVED MOTHER," has brought with it a sweet and peculiar reward. Should any such sorrowing heart, cherishing flowers not yet transplanted, find solace in these Blossoms of Happy Childhood, it will be an additional satisfaction."

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

Oh, stay by my couch to night, mother,
And sing me some beautiful song ;
For I fain would dream as I dreamed last night,
And my eyes would gaze at that wondrous sight,
Amid the archangel throng !

I dreamed that I roamed last night, mother,
Afar in some beautiful land ;
Bright spirits of light in their glittering plumes,
In the land that no sun or moon illumines,
There hovered in shining bands !

Bright forms on dazzling wings, mother,
Went by on their flaming round ;
And trembled the chords of their golden lyres,
As anthems of praise from the heavenly choirs
Through the star-lit courts resound.

And happier forms were there, mother,
Than bloom in this time-bound sphere ;
And the joyful acclaim of that blood-washed throng,
As they chanted the strains of the heavenly song,
Fell soft on my raptured ear.

And sweet sister Emma was there, mother,
As fair as an angel of light ;
She stood in the ranks of that angel throng,
And chanted the notes of the seraphim's song—
A cherub serenely bright !

And she sang the song we sang, mother,
Together that lonesome night ;
Her voice was as sweet as a seraph's tongue,
That high in the arches of glory rung,
Enrobed in celestial white !

I thought of the long, long night, mother,
We sat by her dying bed ;
And I saw the tear in your mournful eye,
As dying, " Sweet mother, good-bye—good-bye,
I'll meet you in heaven," she said.

Oh, there was no misery there, mother,
Away in that beautiful land ;
Nor sun with its blazing flame was there,
Nor angry howl of the wintry air
Envenomed its zephyrs bland.

She quitted the shining ranks, mother,
And quick to me hastening sped ;
And the shining curls of her golden hair
Were kissed by the gales of that redolent air,
As sweetly, dear mother, she said :

" Oh, come to these love lit realms, Anna,
And strike on an angel's lyre ;
Come, bask in the beams of a nightless home,
Through its changeless bowers we'll sweetly roam,
And join in the heavenly choir."

Oh, stay by my couch to-night, mother,
And sing me some beautiful song ;
For I fain would dream as I dreamed last night,
And my eyes would gaze on that wondrous sight,
High amidst the archangel throng !

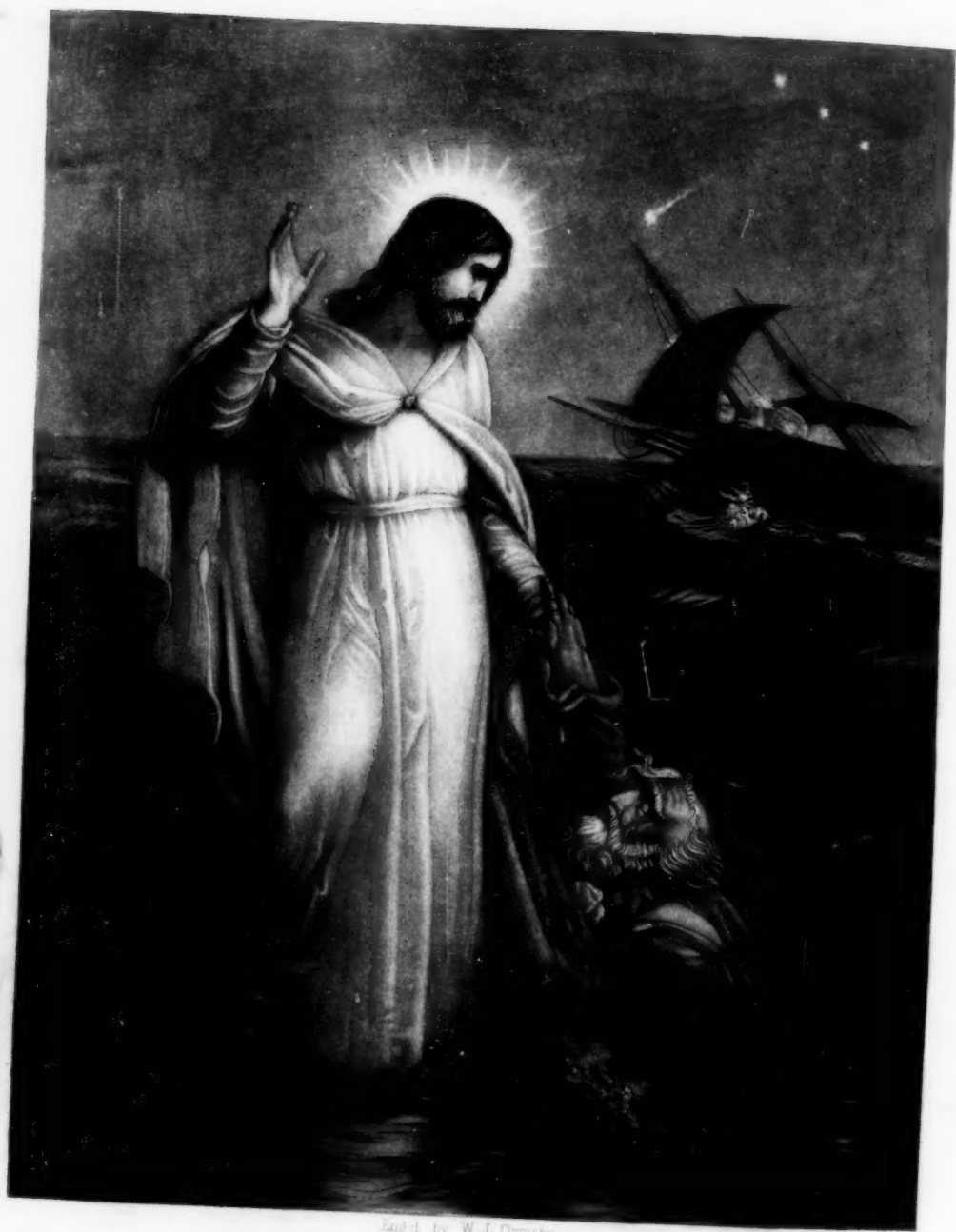
YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, PITTSFIELD.—A recent visit to this lovely and picturesque spot, leads us to speak in terms of admiration of the exterior and internal arrangements of this popular female seminary. Mr. Tyler is an original genius, an innovator upon the stereotyped and dull processes of *hearing* recitations. The dry and unphilosophical systems of instruction he utterly discards. He is a grand and skilful manager of an enterprise connected with one of the highest grade of female seminaries in the country. The course of study is extensive and thorough. The tone of religious sentiment is high and evangelical. The discipline is considered astute and rigid, so that those who hate the drudgery of mental and moral improvement will usually seek a more congenial climate. If some like easy discipline, and murmur, when eyes of eagle keenness watch over the path of daughters away from parents and home ; if some suppose they are rebuked for innocent words and acts, and feel that a mother's tenderness would have spared them, let them remember how difficult the task of adapting regulations to every diversity of sentiment and feeling. In winding up the difficult and rugged hill of science, the impression should fasten itself, that

None shall reap its goodly lore

Who find not thorns and briars on the shore

There is no perfection in human machinery. Friction is the dreaded annoyer. There is however as little imperfection in the management of this flourishing seminary, as in any that has come under our observation. Mr. Tyler is a Christian gentleman—of ripe scholarship and accomplished manners. The teachers are of high attainments in their different professions, and very popular among the pupils. It is a privilege to have a daughter under their kind and mellowing influence. This institution must prosper ; its patronage, now extensive, is on the increase. Almost every State has its representative, and some of the inmates are from other lands. Here the health of the pupil is a cardinal object. It is most critically guarded and preserved. The physician who depends upon subjects there for practice and support, will mourn over the *dulness of the times*, and cannot be envied even in his richest harvesting.

A PLEASURE TRIP TO THE MEDITERRANEAN has recently been undertaken, by a party of ladies and gentlemen from Boston, Mass., for which they have engaged the ship *Cygnét*.



Engr'd by W. L. Ormsby.

CHRIST RESCUING PETER.





CHRIST RESCUING PETER.



THE RURAL RETREAT.

"There are moments in life."

WORDS BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

MUSIC BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

1. There are mo - ments in life that we nev - er for

get, That bright - en and bright - en as time steals a

way, They give a new charm to the hap - pi - est
As the sun in the dawn of his glo - ry ap -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of the song. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line, which includes a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

THERE ARE MOMENTS IN LIFE.

lot, And smile on the gloom of the lone - li - est in - -
 pears, As the clouds weep and smile with the rain - bow in

Fine.
 day. Those mo - ments are hal - lowed by smiles and by
 heaven.
 Fine.
 Fine.

tears, The first look of love and the last parting given,
 D. C.
 D. C.
 D. C.

2.

There are hours, there are moments, that memory brings,
 Like blossoms of Eden to twine round the heart,
 And as time passes by on the might of his wings,
 They may darken awhile, but they never depart.
 But in hours that are darkest, they kindly will stay,
 And they come o'er the soul with a magical thrill;
 They will brighten with new bliss our youth's warmest ray,
 And the heart with its last pulse will beat with them still.

THE RURAL RETREAT.

A DREAM OF THE COUNTRY.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I HAVE often wished that there was some way of painting thoughts as they arise, daguerreotyping sentences, and pages, nay, whole books as they exist in the mind, without the tiresome process of arranging and transcribing them in language. In thinking, we are never aware of language at all. The mind perhaps clothes its thoughts in words always, but in its most perfect processes it does it so unconsciously, it seems still undone.

Any simple picture of country life, this rough sketch of a rural retreat for instance, suggests to me a thousand delightful ideas of rural enjoyment. They flit through my mind in swarms, thoughts and sensations, shapes and colors; I see the greenness of the grass and leaves, the blueness of the hollow sky, and the delicate tints of the flowers. I scent the odor of the flowers and the new-mown hay, and feel the wind in my hair like the fingers of one who loves me.

Could I but daguerreotype my present feelings, fix them at once upon paper ready for the printer, this would be as pretty a piece of composition, as one would wish to read: much prettier than it is likely to be now, since I am compelled to construct it slowly in the old way of word-embodiment, and its transcription by pen and ink.

At the best of times,—when the weather is autumnal and cool say,—I hate writing abominably; but in days like this, when everything is summerly and hot, it is one of the seven deadly sins. It is the murder of language, the suicide of thought. How is it possible to use good language with the thermometer at 90, or to think profoundly with the vital spirit oozing out at every pore? How, indeed!

For the last ten days the weather has been ultra-tropical. The oldest inhabitant says he can't remember anything like it. And I dare say he can't. I am sure I can't, do my best. The sun flames down upon the roof of my chamber with ten-fold rage. I close and shade the blinds to keep out the glaring, dazzling light, but I might as well attempt to keep out a flight of spears. Spear-like, or arrowy in its keenness and intensity, the sunshine rushes through the smallest crevice, and pierces me with its sharp bright scorn. The room is overflowing with light and heat.

The floor and walls are growing as hot as coals. Like the Merry Andrew at the circus, I pull off my outer garments one by one. A cold wind now would be a blessing, and ice a merciful dispensation thankfully received.

Now is the time to dream of country matters. Anything rural now would put the city to blush, brazen as it is. Let us dream that we are, nay, let us *be* in the country to-day. I have but to will, and all will be changed. "Presto! be-gone!"—all is gone!

I am in the country again, in the quiet village of my youth. And now do I indeed need that daguerreotype that I was wishing for; for I would fain picture it forth, as it exists before me to-day; and has existed for years in my imagination, "in my mind's eye, Horatio!" But it cannot be; and I must content myself to give its barest skeleton in the best words I can find. Our village, then, is not very large yet, nor as yet very widely known: but when this sketch is finished I hope this latter deficiency will be remedied. In the olden time the site of our village was the heart of a forest, the outward walls of which surround it still. Cast your eyes which way you will, you are hemmed in with woods. Here and there you see the incoming and outgoing of roads; and where they leave the woods, and where they meet the woods again, walls of pine on each side lead into what would, in most cases, be openings. But as those who made the roads in the olden time had rather odd fancies in favor of crooked lines, no sign of an opening, no outlet is to be seen in the forest, though its edges are almost reached, so much has our village grown and spread itself.

It is very fresh and beautiful, that all-surrounding forest, and long may it stand between us and the more populous towns and cities beyond. From our orchard it may be seen at all points; here waving its white birches, and there lifting its dark pines grandly to the light. The foliage is of all hues: light green like the grass blades in early spring; rich green like a deep meadow in June; and dark green like the glossy leaves of the laurel. In some places blocks of light alternate with darkness; in others they are mixed

and mingled, like columns on a painter's palette.

In the middle of the village, at a little distance back from the road, up a green lane, stands my cottage.

"Lovers that have just parted for the night,
Dream of such spots, when they have said their prayers,—
Or some tired parent, holding by the hand
A child, and looking towards the setting sun."

I have said my cottage stands up a green lane; I should rather have said up a narrow yard lined with trees. On one side of the yard I have a slip of orchard, on the other a row of sycamores, which guard the fragrant clover fields beyond, the yard of the cottage on my left. The apples and pears ripening in my neighbor's orchard drop in my yard as often as in his, so near the fence are his trees planted, and so far over into my yard do their branches grow. In the long forenoons they completely shade my narrow yard, which in the afternoon sleeps in the gloom of the sycamores and lilacs.

As you draw near the house the lane widens into a lawn of close-cut grass, which terminates with a gradual swell at a sharp-railed picket-fence, and a little spot of cultivated ground which I call my garden. You open the old mossy gate in the middle of the picket-fence, and stand at once knee-deep in flowers. Not hollyhocks, or sunflowers, or poppies, or any such flaunting abominations, but sweet and graceful flowers, worthy of admiration and love; roses, lilies, daisies, and violets, and whatever else is beautiful, wet with dew long after the dew has elsewhere dried. For in the garden are shady trees, which shut out the light and heat. In some places the flowers grow in tasteful rows and beds, and up the sides, and on the roof of little terraces, stair above stair; and in others deep in the long tufts of plumed grass, and in the shelter of the currant bushes and vines. For I have vines in my garden running all over the long arbor which shades the main walk, and leads to the cottage porch. And that porch—how simple, yet how picturesque it is! clambered over by honeysuckles interwoven on both sides of the lattice-work, and around the rough cedar pillars, each a belfry where the wind often pauses to ring a peal of incense,

"From the bluebells of all the morning glories."

Viewed from the garden or the green lane, my cottage is the *beau idéal* of pleasantness and comfort. Nor does it belie its looks when you enter, and become its guest. That dear old cottage! It has stood for years in my thoughts, just

as it stands before me to-day, its front and side in shadow, while its sharp roof and dormer windows are lifted up to the light, the windows shining like fire! On its roof the sloping turf of velvet moss, around its pigeon-house the flock of white pigeons, and curling from the dingy white chimney, the wreath of smoke which so soon melts away in the indefinite blue sky. In all things the same, untouched, unharmed by time, my dear, dear home!

Were I as well posted up in description, and as much given to it as James or Bulwer, I would paint here the inside of my cottage, and the form and fashion of its furniture; would paint its oaken panels and wainscot, the carved borders around the ceiling, and the neatly scoured floor; the old worm-eaten chairs with Gothic backs and gouty low legs; the antlers over the doors, and the ghost in the walk. But as there happens to be nothing of the sort in my cottage—I am sorry to say it, but really these things are "not in my way"—I shall say nothing about it, then, nor indeed of furniture and appointments of any kind, not even of the old book-case, and my few choice books. Not for its inside do I admire and love my cottage so much, though its inside is tasteful and beautiful, but for its surroundings, its country frame,

"The emerald setting of this chrysolite."

Apropos of houses. It seems to me that we live in houses too much, we sickly self-imprisoned moderns; that we live in doors and under roofs too many hours of the day and night, cramping the powers and energies of our souls. In our thoughts and actions we are house-bound and confined when we should be natural and free. Flat walls and painted furniture, and any amount of carpeting, however superb and costly, are not always the best things extant to fill the desires and longings of immortal souls. There is something better, something properer somewhere in the world. Let us out into the world of Nature and see if we cannot find it; out in the fresh air, and under the far-off sky; by the sea, down in the vales, or up the steep sides of the hills. Anywhere in nature, in deserts even, we shall be better than in towns and cities. We are mechanics and laborers, merchants and professional men, gentlemen and ladies, and a thousand other nothings in society; but men and women when we walk with Nature—thinkers, doers, lovers, artists, and poets, with our sovereign mother. She imparts a certain breadth and fulness to the minds of all who commune with her, a sky-like arch of intellect where imagination shines like the sun,

and fancies float like clouds, or gleam like stars. There is wisdom in the wind and sea, beauty in the sunset and moon-rise, and everywhere love;

"Eternal love doth keep,
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep."

I would be buried, when I am dead, in some green spot, away miles in the country, where trees wave and dews fall. If I cannot be with Nature in my life—but I am to-day!—let me be with her at least in death, and in the after time. Let me lie on the bosom of my dear old mother, the Earth, and mould away with the ages, into the great heart of Nature.

But to return. Behind the cottage lies our orchard laden down with fruit. Every bough of every tree droops with its burden of apples and pears, which are every day growing ripe and mellow. Even the peach trees begin to ripen, and their green-white down already assumes a ruddy tint. We shall have a fine crop this year. But it is not for its fruit alone, though that is by no means forgotten, that I visit our orchard, to-day, but rather that I may obtain a better view of our village. Standing in our orchard, you can see nearly the whole of the village. Up and down the road are fine country seats, with carriage paths and gardens in front; and cottages of all sorts and sizes, down to my cousin's garden and lawn and mansion, which looks so like an overgrown dovecote.

For cottages we take the palm from all the villages near. We are neither Swiss nor Gothic; do not affect chalets and diminutive cathedrals; nor, in fact, any of the standard attempts at the architectural: only the comfortable and becoming; and that only in a simple and small way. We make no pretensions to the striking, consequently we have no very decided failures. Nay, we are often wonderfully picturesque, and with no effort of ours. For Nature helps us everywhere.

Up and down the road are clumps of immense elms. In the olden time, they were the patriarchs of the forest in which they stood. Before many of the cottages, especially the larger sort, and the country seats, are rows of poplars and beeches; and at the corner of the parsonage garden, the most magnificent willow that I ever beheld; rounding up to its full height superbly, and drooping its long trailing limbs almost to the ground. As they wave in the wind they seem to be poured from the top. The willow is a great fountain, always playing; the trunk, its shaft, and the spray-like drooping limbs, its

parting, ever-fallingspray. That willow is worth a whole park.

Behind the orchard we have another view of the village, which, in that direction, is more thinly scattered, and not quite so picturesque, consisting for the most part of old but substantial farm-houses, and black-boarded barns. There is something pleasant about them, black and rough as they are; nor does the meanest seem out of place in its nest of cornfields and undulating plains. Just beyond the edge of the village, and leading from it to the edge of the wood, is a clump of old trees which goes by the name of "The Rural Retreat." When the site of the village was cleared in the heart of the forest, they were left standing as a sort of peace-offering to the dryads. Even then, tradition says, it is now more than two centuries ago, they towered above the rest of their fellows, like a troop of Titans in a band of pigmies. That gigantic elm with its enormous boles—you see it from here—is the monarch of the tribe. The circumference of its trunk is more than twenty feet. And those gigantic limbs—which roof over the broad avenue, and interlock with the limbs of the opposite trees—how broad their growth, and what a load of foliage they support! When the leaves fall in autumn, they must rain down there for weeks before the boughs are bare. The villagers call the elm "The Sachem's Tree." There is a legend connected with it which I will relate some other time. On the other side of the wooded avenue, the right row of pillars along its aisle, are three or four old oaks in a state of ruin and decay: some quite dry and dead, bleaching white in the sun and wind, and some hesitating between life and death, with their boughs slit half-way down, and gradually sinking to the level of the ambitious brushwood below. Beyond, you see lines of dark and clustering trunks, and the roof of mingling leaves quivering in the wind. In summer days like this, the villagers hold pic-nics and merry-makings in "The Rural Retreat." A small party are there to-day. On the right, near the blasted oaks, sit two, a man and woman, the man leaning forward, his arm upon his knee. Behind them stands the basket of provisions opposite; at the foot of the Sachem's tree are three or four more; and further off, in the middle of the path, bathed in sunshine, another group in earnest conversation. Be sure there is the warm outgush of cordial affection there.

Is it not beautiful, that rural retreat, with its dark trunks and lighted foliage, its broad aisle of grass and wild flowers, and the slow-moving hu-

man figures therein, the heart and soul of the whole landscape! Are they not beautiful too, those green fields studded with trees, and flooded with sunshine? that wall of forest which surrounds the village with its uneven belt shimmering in a veil of haze? and overhead that sky, deep beyond deep,

"So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone is to be seen in Heaven?"

Beautiful, very beautiful indeed! But only a fantasy at present, a midsummer dream. There's no such place and time. Reality utters its harsh "Presto!" and all is gone! The country has passed away, and the city surrounds me again; hotter and hotter flames the sun on the roof, and

brighter and keener grows the light streaming through the blinds. That light should daguerreotype anything, even a thought, in the Homœopathic fragment of a second. It should do this and more, but it does nothing. My thoughts come and go, and leave no trace. And the fresh landscapes which I conjured up to relieve the day with, and to cheat my fancy withal, they too are gone; and I am alone, all alone. But courage, *mon brave*:

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
And all which is inherit, shall dissolve.
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind."

WHAT IS TRUTH?

I Ask'd old time and the spheres,
To answer this question so high;
Days, months, and the swift rolling years;
But neither gave any reply.
I stood on a steep precipice,
And call'd to the surges below,
If ocean could answer me this?
Its hoarse billows murmured,—No!

Creation I ventured to sound,
Streams, groves, valleys, meadows, and flowers:
But mute was the landscape around,
'Twas silence in gardens and bowers.
Of seasons adorning the year,
Young spring, summer's roseate flush,
I ask'd, and they lent me an ear,
But all were as mute as a rush.

Yon sun in his chariot of gold,
Fair Luna, that angel of night,
Those folio volumes so old,
I read, but they gave me no light.
I look'd to the blue vaulted sky,
Which sages are wont to explain,
And each constellation on high—
But sought for solution in vain.

Astronomy bade me draw near,
The signs to decipher and read;
But planets, though brilliant and clear,
Were dark on the subject indeed:
And dark was astrology too,
The famed hieroglyphical lore;
Though Merlin had lent me his clew,
It left me as dark as before.

Whom fame in her temple enroll'd,
The masters of magic and song!
I sought too the sages of old,
But silent was every tongue:
In wilderness mazes they strayed,
On seas of uncertainty toss'd,
Philosophy lent them her aid,
But truth was in Paradise Lost.

I went to the Delphian shrine,
And next to Dodona's fair fane;
The priestess, she could not define,
The oracle answered in vain.
At length I resort to the schools,
Where science flows racy and clear,
But say, were they wise men or fools?
"The knowledge of Truth was not here."

Some bade me of reason inquire,
Who dwells in the temples of mind;
I went to the white-headed sire,
But found him decrepit and blind.
I ask'd him to lend me a clue,
He look'd, but was silent and glum,
And taught me this lesson so true,
That unbaptized reason is dumb.

Thus silence, philosophy, art,
Wit, reason, and nature, were mute;
They could not an answer impart,
Or settle the point in dispute:
So restless, dissatisfied, vex'd,
With the pains I had taken, forsooth,
I went to my Bible the next,
And Jesus said, "I AM THE TRUTH."

REINE MARGUERITE.

BY GEORGIANA MAY SYKES.

NEVER was there a prouder father, or more delighted daughters than Captain Howard and his two fair girls, Margaret and Florence, as they took possession of their new home in a fashionable square of a large city.

This new home was the fulfilment of a cherished hope of years, and was the one darling project which nestled warm at the bottom of the father's heart, and saved him from being what he was considered by most of his associates, a mere man of the world. To bring home, after years of separation from them, the little motherless girls whom he had forced himself to exile from his arms that they might receive a complete education, to see them admired for the accomplishments he had lavished upon them, to see their mother's beauty revived in them, to see them take that ascendancy in the fashionable world which she might have held but for her domestic tastes, and for what he deemed an over scrupulousness, which he could never fully overcome;—to see this her rightful ascendancy become the unquestioned heritage of her daughters, and to see himself surrounded by the eclat which the proprietorship and disposal of these fair maidens was likely to give him, for Margaret and Florence were heiresses in their mother's right, to something more universally estimated than even beauty, was indeed a cherished scheme. There were times, too, when the gay bachelor-life he had led for years did not satisfy him. His heart craved something more, and he felt that he should find it in the love of these fresh, unsophisticated hearts.

If the father had looked forward to the new home, how much more had the daughters! To live with their father, to satisfy and please him, had been the end for which they had labored to qualify themselves. They had never known their mother, and being of a most affectionate nature, after loving each other as much as each singly was capable of loving, they had united their powers, and bestowed the great sum total on their father. They could hardly be said to know him, for, though they had seen him often enough, they had only seen him when he was

beaming with fondness, or showering indulgences upon them—the every day weather of daily intercourse with him they were yet to experience. But they loved him dearly, and believed in his perfections with all their hearts. They were happy girls, but ever on the brim of their full cup of present happiness, sparkled this brighter expectation, that when their education should be pronounced complete, and Margaret should be old enough to keep house, they were to live with their father, and to know what it was to have a home.

And now the dream had become real at last, and here they were this evening in their new home. So over the whole house they went together up the stair-case and through the airy rooms, the father's arm encircling each slender waist, as he paused to point out his arrangements for them. Here was the balcony, where they would sit together in the twilight and look out from the leafy screen upon the street. Here was their pleasant chamber, with the little boudoir or work-room attached. Here was the library, where their French and German and Italian were to be kept up, and Captain Howard pointed to a row of Spanish books.

"You must learn Spanish, girls. It is coming every year more and more into use in this country. Besides I shall probably take you abroad, and you must be able to converse in any of the ordinary modern languages."

Here was the music-room with Margaret's harp, and the new piano, which Florence must try. So they improvised a little concert for their delighted auditor. Then he opened the sliding-doors to show them how the spacious rooms opened into one grand suite, and explained the arrangements for lighting them for evening parties.

"Margaret shall queen it here, my little Florence, and you shall be her maid of honor. My dark-haired Margaret—Queen Margaret."

"That is it, father, that is just what Lieutenant Wyman called her last night—Reine Marguerite."

"Ah, did he? How was it, Florence?"

"Why, father, we heard Lieutenant Wyman use profane language, and soon after, he asked Margaret to promenade with him. She declined, and when he pressed her for thereason, she said, 'If I walk with you, Sir, I am liable at any moment to hear things which I reverence spoken of in a way that troubles me.'" "Pardonnez—you are a frank spoken girl, Miss Howard. I like it in you, *Reine Marguerite*."

"Hem—Well, I am glad it took with him, but you girls must not say such things often. You must learn to take society as you find it. It is probable that you will find several things different from what you have been accustomed to see and hear at Mrs. Montrose's. I have nothing to say against her, however, she has done her duty by you. You suit me well, darlings,"—and as he rose from the sofa, he kissed each white forehead, with a glow at his heart that these fair young creatures were all his own,—the little pets that sat, not so very long ago, upon his knee, and rifled his pockets of *bon-bons*.

It is often the tendency of very close association, as in the case of brothers or sisters, to cause dissimilarities, not of tastes, but of characteristics and habits; each cultivates those peculiar traits which are wanting to give completeness to the other, thus making the finished development to consist in the united characteristics of two, instead of one. So fully was a mother of twin-daughters aware of this tendency that she left it as her dying injunction that they should be educated apart, that the character of each might have its individual development, and neither be absorbed in a master-spirit.

From this or some other cause, it happened that never were two characters more unlike than those of Margaret and Florence Howard. It was as natural for Florence to be moulded in all her sentiments and guided in all her actions, as for Margaret unconsciously to control her. Some people are born to control and shape the course of others, to be even keepers of the conscience for two, and it is useless to attempt to shake off their destiny. Margaret saw at a glance the true course to be pursued in any, ever so untried, emergency. Florence would probably have arrived at the same conclusion eventually, but it would not have been intuitively, but by a longer process of thought. Florence was timid, afraid of consequences, perhaps defective in will, or the power of forming a strong purpose. She was certainly indifferent to many things which greatly interested Margaret. She was easily satisfied, and acquiesced quietly in inconveniences and evils which it was an instinct in Margaret

not to pass by without an attempt to rectify. And yet there was no offensive assumption in Reine Marguerite. Her stringency of rule lay simply in her gentle decision of character, her strong sense of right and wrong, and the energy and simple directness with which she applied means for the accomplishment of ends, desirable, not for herself, but for all concerned.

Margaret Howard was in her true vocation, at the head of her father's house. New as every detail of household management was to her, she had soon initiated herself into the mysteries, and was mistress of the whole science of housekeeping. Every thing seemed to fall of its own accord into a system; even her youth seemed to give her additional authority with servants who saw that she understood perfectly the extent of their duties, as well as her own, and made arrangements with good judgment for the comfortable as well as the orderly performance of them.

"Now is not dear beautiful Miss Margaret a perfect *paragon*?" said Ellen the house-maid to Robert the sedate English serving-man.

"Ha, ha, ha! Are you sure you don't mean *paragon*, Nelly? But I mustn't stop to talk, but be off, for here's a long list of things to be got and orders to be given for this evening. Captain Howard is very particular about his whist-parties. I've seen more of them than the young ladies have."

Robert was not the only one in the house aware that Captain Howard was particular about *this* party. Margaret was certain from the general programme given by her father that he attached unusual importance to the success of this, his first *gentleman's party* in his own house, and she was even more solicitous that all should be as he desired than at the larger entertainments over which she had now become accustomed to preside. She entered with great alacrity into preparations for the *petit souper* for a party of twelve. Her father had advised her to retire, and leave the responsibility to the servants, but she preferred to remain up to see that her bouquets were fresh and so skilfully arranged among dishes of game, salads, jellies, fruits and ices, as to impart to the whole that ethereal and graceful air which it requires almost a fairy wand to give to an entertainment of substantial viands, but which she was sure her father's practised eye would appreciate. This accomplished to her satisfaction, she retired, hardly noticing how late it was.

A few days after, the sisters were seated one pleasant morning at the library-table. Florence

was reading aloud a book Mrs. Montrose had recommended to them, while Margaret set the last stitches in a beautifully wrought cover for their father's favorite chair, when Robert brought in a little note for Miss Margaret.

It ran thus:

"Madge, my queen, I shall not be home at dinner. I have invited another *club-meeting* to-night, and will thank you to aid Robert in all necessary preliminaries."

Margaret sat musing awhile after Robert had received his orders and gone out, till Florence laid down her book, and coming behind her, laid her head lovingly on her shoulder:—

"What is the matter, Maggie?"

"Oh, Florence, I feel badly. I don't like it. It is not right. When father praised me the other morning, and called me Queen Madge, and told me that he found it so pleasant to have every thing done just to his mind, that he had instituted a regular club, and that I might depend on having to entertain his friends as often as once a week, I never thought that, of all nights in the week, he would choose Saturday night for it. I don't like any thing about these parties. I am sure they are regular card-parties."

"Oh, no, Maggie. Why in the world should you think so?"

"I was afraid so at the time, but was more sure of it from that dear little Mrs. Mordaunt's sad smile when she congratulated me on being able to make our house so agreeable to her husband. I might not have noticed it, but I had heard Lieutenant Wyman saying to him, rather aside, "Harry Mordaunt, you dissipated dog, is it true that you are bent on gaming and breaking your wife's heart?" Oh, Florence, I don't like to be accessory to tempting any one to do wrong. I know there is a great deal of wine drank at these parties. Robert looked confused, and tried, good soul, to hurry away the empty bottles, and hide from me the amount drank the other night. And here it is all to be done over again, and on Saturday night too."

"Well, Maggie dear, you can't help it, you know. It is all their concern. Don't be troubled. Father won't do any thing wrong."

It would have been happy for Margaret if she could have settled down again in the conviction that "*Father would not do any thing wrong.*" But her fears had been excited, and her confidence shaken. Margaret had painfully felt from the first that there was a want of sympathy between the father and daughters on some subjects. He liked to listen to any music better than to the hymns which it was the sisters' de-

light to sing together. He liked to go with them any where better than to church. He set man's law, even the law of fashion, above God's law, and discountenanced as "*sentimental*," or as one of "*Dame Montrose's Oxford notions*," the religious feelings and observances to which they had been accustomed.

Poor Margaret! There was no Collect in all her prayer-book to meet such a case as hers that day, but happily, she had learned the spirit as well as the formula of religion. God had been her "refuge and trust" in the little troubles of her boarding-school life, and every day, with a full heart, she fled to him for guidance through the labyrinths she was now called to tread. So far as it rested with her, theirs was a Christian household. The sisters and their maidens had, from the first, knelt together for daily worship, sometimes Florence, and sometimes Margaret reading the beautiful service for the family, of the Church of England. She soon became calm. Her course was plain. She would do all she could to avert the desecration of the Sabbath by late hours, and if she could see her father she would beg him not to permit it.

But Captain Howard did not come home till his select party of guests was arriving, and Margaret had no opportunity to speak with him. She was obliged to content herself with ordering the entertainment to be served at an early hour, and while the company was thus engaged, she went quietly into the room they had left, and placed upon the mantel, with her own hands, a beautiful little French clock, whose silvery strokes, she hoped, might serve to remind them, on their return, how rapidly the hours were passing.

Then with a beating heart, she went to her chamber. Florence lay peaceful and beautiful in her sleep. Margaret sat down beside her, watching her gentle breathing and listening for sounds from below. Twelve o'clock struck; there was no sound of breaking up. Margaret waited till the pointer of her watch had traced its little round once more, inwardly gathering strength for what was to her a great purpose. She heard the clear stroke of *one* from the little monitor below, then rising, she bent to kiss her sleeping sister, and silently asking help whence it could not fail her, she went down the stairs, and with a light and graceful step, glided into the circle below. None of the company were strangers to her, but they all rose in surprise at her entrance. She turned neither to the right nor the left, but said with a calm voice,

"Father, are you and the gentlemen aware that it is the morning of the Sabbath?"

There was a moment's silence, broken by a murmur from Lieutenant Wyman of "*Reine Marguerite*!" Captain Howard offered her his arm in silence, and conducting her to the staircase, said,

"Margaret, you have offended me past forgiveness. Go to your room, and learn what is due to your father's guests."

Poor, poor Margaret! Had she striven to do her duty in vain? Had she done wrong? She could not believe it, though Florence, when she learned what had happened, was inconsolable, and for once in her life reproached her sister.

"Oh Margaret, how could you! So kind as father is! So proud as he is of us! Margaret, you have done wrong. It was not your duty to do this."

It was indeed a "morning of tears" to the poor timid Florence. Margaret was calm, but very sad. There was no cheerful morning salutation for either, for their father did not appear. When church-time came, and the bells summoned them, the sisters went as usual to church. There Margaret's heart grew less heavy, though she could hardly repress her tears, as Mrs. Mordaunt, lingering behind, pressed her hand meaningly, and said "*Thank you*," in a tone which told her knowledge of the whole occurrence.

But when they sat down to dinner, and no father appeared to take his place with them, poor Florence was entirely overcome. She threw herself sobbing on Margaret's neck:—

"What shall we do, Margaret? What shall we do?"

"Trust God, dear sister," said Margaret, in tremulous accents.

Good Robert looked as if he understood it all, and longed to comfort the afflicted girls. Margaret quietly dismissed him, and the sad repast was concluded with little ceremony.

Church-time came again, and again the sisters took their accustomed places among happier worshippers. Intent upon the service, neither observed that some one had entered and knelt beside them, till they heard their father's voice, murmuring in broken accents:—

"We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done. We have done those things which we ought not to have done. And there is no health in us."

Who shall say that there was more of sorrow than of joy in tears like those which the angels weep over "one sinner that repenteth?"

Never by word or look did father or daughters allude to the occurrences I have related. But that evening, as Margaret opened the book to read the evening prayer with the servants, Captain Howard entered, and took it from her hand, saying, "My daughter, I believe it is my place to do this," and bade Ellen call Robert to join them.

The smiles of fair Florence have since brightened that home, and afterward another, for many years. Margaret is a beloved wife and a happy mother, and though the father has gone hence with cheerful hope in God, Margaret is still to all in her realm the same universally acknowledged *Reine Marguerite*.

THE SETTING AND RISING SUN.

BY META LANDER.

Now our sun of hope is set;
Now is o'er the mortal strife.
Life and death in thee have met;
Mighty death hath conquered life.
Now hath faded joy's bright star,
And the cloud is o'er our head,
Deepening, deepening, spreading far
As we look upon the dead.
Now hath fled our prisoned bird
From her shattered, broken cage,
And the leaves of memory stirred,
Show us but her mourning page.
But we'll turn us from the west,
Where we saw our sun go down,

Till we see him in the east
Rising with his golden crown.
There, too, we behold our star
Which so lately set in night,
Floating on her silver car,
With her coronet of light.
And our bird is soaring there
On her glad and shining wing,
And the gentle moonlight air
Seems to us her song to bring.
Courage, then, our weeping heart!
Onward to the faithful fight!
Then we shall like her depart—
Like her, rise in glory bright.

THE EXIT OF CLAVERHOUSE.

BY S. M. H.

HARPER'S Magazine for February, 1852, contains an article entitled, "Anecdotes and Aphorisms," which commences with the following observation: "As it is likely some of our readers have never read Napier's Life of Montrose, we think it may not be amiss to insert an extract descriptive of the execution of that nobleman. It need scarcely be mentioned that this is the famous Graham of Claverhouse, whom Sir Walter Scott has drawn with such fine effect in one of his best novels." This cool assumption of a huge historical blunder as truth too well known to require assertion, was not to be expected from one who has "read Napier's Life of Montrose." It need scarcely be mentioned to any body acquainted with Scottish history, that James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, and John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, though engaged in the same disastrous cause, were very different persons; nor that the latter was slain at the pass of Killiecrankie near forty years after the execution of the former at Edinburgh in 1650. Graham of Claverhouse, indeed, was born the very year of the execution. The history of the great military exploits of the Marquis of Montrose belongs to the time of the civil war in England: the story of the bloody career of Claverhouse, which has associated his name in Scottish tradition with a thousand deeds of cruelty, belongs to the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, and to the period of the Revolution. The difference between these men was much the same as that between Tarleton and Lord Cornwallis: one an able, though finally unfortunate military leader: the other, an active and enterprising, but fierce and brutal dragoon, who loved to conduct with his own hand the work of bloodshed and rapine. No officer of the persecuting government was more eager in hunting out the Covenanters in their hiding places and meetings for worship; and when they had been goaded into organized resistance, none fought against them more fiercely or pursued a victory with a more insatiate thirst for blood. His defeat and narrow escape at Drumclog, and his victory at

Bothwell bridge, are known to all the readers of "Old Mortality."

When the British nation threw off the last of the detested House of Stuart, and James Second was obliged to fly before his own son-in-law, William of Orange, Claverhouse, whom James had created Viscount Dundee, still clung to the fortunes of the fallen tyrant. Withdrawing from Edinburgh, where the Scottish parliament had declared for the Revolution, he attempted to rouse the Highland clans to another struggle for the Stuart cause. The name of Graham and the personal qualities of Claverhouse were powerful among these wild mountaineers. In May of 1689, he was able to take the field near Inverness with about six thousand men. His own enterprising spirit and the well known difficulty of keeping a Highland army together beyond a few weeks, would have led Dundee to march at once with this force against Edinburgh; but James, who was endeavoring to raise an army in Ireland, had given him positive orders not to fight until he should send him reinforcements. The Highlanders, who loved a march and a battle, grow weary of camp life, and soon scatter from a planted standard. Dundee's army began to melt away, and General Mackay, sent by King William against him, was already on his march toward the Highlands. Claverhouse began to move southward. The clans, attracted by the hope of battle and plunder, flocked in, and without waiting longer for the promised Irish reinforcements, he felt himself strong enough to face the English army. The Highlanders were in their native heath: and the country, while extremely unfavorable to the operations of regular troops, was the best possible for the undisciplined, but fierce and hardy mountaineers.

On the morning of the 16th July, 1689, Mackay marched from Dunkeld with the design of retaking the Castle of Blair Athol, which Claverhouse had seized and garrisoned for King James. By noon, his little army found itself at the entrance of the Pass of Killiecrankie, where they halted for rest and exploration. No sign of

an enemy appearing, Mackay pushed forward—the “pass” is what we are accustomed in this country to call a “narrows”—for about two miles the road ran along a narrow shelf between a mountain and a river, leaving room for not more than half a dozen men to march abreast. No interruption, however, occurred during the passage; but as the leading files emerged from the mouth of the Pass, they found Claverhouse in their front with a small party of horse, and were greeted with the wild scream of the Highlanders, who, like Roderick Dhu's men, started up from amid the bracken and fern of the hill sides. Claverhouse had purposely left the pass free, in order that the enemy might have it in their rear during the battle, and that the defeat which he expected to inflict might be more fatal and decisive. Before Mackay's men could extricate themselves from the pass, or deploy into open order, the Highlanders, in separate columns, charged down upon them from the hills like avalanches, and cut through the line of march at several points. It was the same method of onset that had been employed so successfully by Montrose at the battles of Alderney and Kilsyth. The different clans charging at the same time, vied with each other in the headlong fury of the attack. The English regiments would have stood without flinching before a charge of regular soldiers; but the sight of these savage mountaineers rushing on to the sound of the slogan, threw them into confusion; and before they could rally, the claymore had cut broad gaps in their ranks. The front recoiled on the centre, which for a while stood firm, and poured several fatal volleys into the Highlanders.

Claverhouse, who had sat like a hawk watching the effect of the charge, saw that now was the moment by a decisive blow to turn the confusion into a rout. Calling to his troopers to follow, he spurred down the slope towards where the bayonet and broadsword were clashing together, and the knell of the musketry was replying to the Highland war-cry. His fierce temper and better horse carried him ere he was aware some distance in advance of his followers. Half turning in the saddle, he waved his sword in the air, and pointed towards the right as the spot at which the charge should take effect. At this instant, conspicuous by his white plume and

black charger, Claverhouse became a fair mark for the musketeers, and the fabulous silver bullet found its way in by the joints of his armor, and passed through his lungs. We may well believe that it was no chance shot; for there were present in the English army numbers who had suffered in their own persons or that of their friends from his barbarity, and who would have been likely in any extremity to reserve a bullet for this arch enemy of the covenant.

Once they seemed to fly :
Now was the time ! he raised his hand on high,
And shook—why sudden droops that plumed crest ?
The shaft is sped : the arrow 's in his breast ;
That sudden movement left th' unguarded side,
And death has stricken down yon arm of pride.

Claverhouse drooped upon the neck of his horse, and was led off the field to a neighboring village, where he died the next day.

The victory, however, was gained, and the English troops were already flying in confusion. Had Dundee survived to press the pursuit with his usual unsparing ferocity, few of the fugitives would have survived that day. The Highlanders, left without a leader, betook themselves, according to custom, to plundering, and the shattered remnant of Mackay's army drew off without further loss. The General himself, with a number of his officers, fled across the hills without having become aware of the death of the opposite leader; but as he looked back down upon the field and saw how the Highlanders were occupied, he guessed the truth, and exclaimed that Claverhouse must have fallen. A similar remark made by King William illustrates the opinion universally entertained of the vigor of that enterprising officer. He was informed that an express had arrived at Edinburgh with the news that Mackay had been routed at the pass of Killiecrankie. Then, said he, Dundee is dead; for if not, he would have been at Edinburgh before the express.

Thus perished at the age of thirty eight a man who possessed some qualities well adapted to make him a favorite hero of romance; but who will be remembered in unextinguishable tradition, and written down on the more sober page of history, as one of the most ruthless and bloody-minded persecutors that was ever permitted to ravage the fold of Christ.

GLIMPSES BY THE WAY FROM ROME TO CORINTH.

BY REV. EDWARD A. LAWRENCE.

THE journey from Rome to Ancona, on the eastern coast of Italy, 240 miles, is made by diligence, over the Apennines, in fifty-four hours. The road is, for the most part, nicely macadamized, and winds along on the steep sides of the mountains, backwards and forwards, making the ascent by a spiral movement so gradual, that a locomotive could easily climb it but for the short curves. From the summit, the view is enchanting. The Mediterranean was glittering like a mirror in the distant horizon, on one side, and the Adriatic on the other. And, although it was midwinter, the fertile lowlands on the east lay smiling like an immense garden at our feet, in greenness and beauty. It was noonday, and the sun was pouring upon the scene a flood of golden beams when we reached the summit. The sky was tinged with that deep blue, for which Italy has been so celebrated by travellers from dingy, drizzly, and coal-smoked Old England, but which is fully equalled by the clear atmosphere of our own bright New England.

On our way, we passed several ancient towns:—Spaletto, where Hannibal was repulsed on his approach to Rome; Turin, where are the Falls of Turin, an artificial cascade, the work of the old Romans, over which the water falls from eight hundred to one thousand feet. At Narni, the valley of the Nar retains all its ancient picturesqueness and beauty, and the ruins of an old Roman bridge show, by contrast, how vainly man's most enduring works struggle for immortality. Loretto is distinguished for the "Sante Casa," or Holy House, in which, according to tradition, the mother of Jesus was born, and where the holy family found shelter after their return from Egypt. When Palestine became subject to the Mohammedans, this house is related to have resisted the power of the Infidels, and, by a miraculous flight through the air, to have removed into Albania, where, for a time, it remained in comparative seclusion. In A.D. 1294, by a similar miracle, it suddenly made its appearance in a grove near Loretto, the Virgin, in a vision, announcing its arrival to St. Nicholas, and committing it to his custody. The house is a small

hovel-like edifice of brick and stone, inside the cathedral, and encased in sculptured marble. Its presence gave rise to the present city. Hither, for more than five centuries, have pilgrims resorted,—popes, potentates, princes, peasants and philosophers, to see this wonderful relic, and adore the "black, smoked, wooden image" of the Virgin, glittering in tinsel and jewels. The main street is lined with shops for the manufacture and sale of crowns, and medals, and rosaries, and pictures, and a variety of ancient relics. The traffic in these and the entertainment of pilgrims constitute the chief business of the city, and afford a lucrative occupation, for that part of the world, to many of its inhabitants.

Before we had alighted from the diligence, we were importuned to become purchasers by loquacious women, whose religious anxiety that we should partake of the Virgin's blessing was in exact proportion to their desire for our money. Feeling that we should be more sure of obtaining the favor of the Divine Son, by discountenancing such disgusting idolatry of the human mother, our answer to their persuasions was brief. "Abiamo non Romano Catholic, me Protestanti." But when this did not suffice, and the arguments, begun in moral suasion, were ending in physical force, we terminated the contest by taking refuge in our carriage.

The condition of the peasantry as we observed it in thus passing through the heart of the country, is that of extreme ignorance, poverty and mendicancy. The propensity for begging is strong and universal, and takes rank among the *natural* propensities. Children compete with the horses, and race long distances by the side of the diligence, or collect around it when it stops, drawing out in most piteous tones their importunate pleas, and cursing and almost stoning you if you refuse them. Old men and women, young men and maidens, or a troop of ragged urchins beset the traveller who has the boldness to walk up a hill, with an earnestness and determination exceedingly annoying and sometimes perilous. Occasionally they wish him to purchase some article, but buy or give something he must.

As an Italian gentleman and myself had left the carriage, and were walking up the hill, we discovered a grotesque group of women and children, watching our approach and preparing to come down upon us. Some of them had a few apples, others oranges and nuts, and others still nothing but an Italian tongue. Remembering that discretion is the better part of valor, I prepared to meet the assault by a treaty of peace. This, by buying a few apples, I easily effected with one of them. But while this silenced her linguistic battery, it only exposed me to a more vigorous fire from all the others. An old woman, with two or three little children, were on one side, and two strong-voiced, masculine young women on the other. Not at all disheartened by the volleys from my vocal artillery by which they were resisted,—“*niente piu*,” “*ne, ne buono mano*,” “*andate*,” they pressed the siege hard and long. Seeing victory by such means to be impossible, and finding my magazine of vocabulary ammunition well nigh exhausted, I determined to obtain by my heels what I could not by my head, and to flee from an enemy which I could not well longer withstand. When, by this means, I had gained the high ground of triumph, and looked back for my companion, lo! he was in the thickest of the fight. His defence was brisk and skilful, as the attack was vigorous and bold. In such wars, he was a veteran. His words cracked out with the explosive force of a rapid discharge of musketry. One assailant after another finally fell away. The pursuit grew feebler and feebler, till at length he came up from the battle a victor, with no wounds except to his patience, and no loss but his powder.

On the 21st of January, having embarked on board the Austrian steamer for Athens, we traversed that very sea, over which, about 1790 years before, the apostle Paul was driven by “a tempestuous wind.” Beautiful Italy was rising as if out of the waters on the right, its mountains, clad in glittering winter at their summit, and in smiling summer at their base, while the air was soft and balmy as June. I could not help the feeling that, somehow, this Adriatic was more sacred for the apostle’s passage across it, and the perils which he endured upon it. I had already been made to feel how great is the power of historical association to enhance our sense of the beautiful in nature, and our veneration for the antique in art. But I had a deeper feeling, that *all* God’s works are beautiful to those who have an inward sense to perceive it, and I could say as the Psalmist, “Thou hast made me glad through thy works.”

In entering Greece from Italy, the transition is from one antiquity to another, still more antique. The Romans were the heirs of the Grecians, as the Greeks were of the Egyptians. As we pass from one to the other, we follow up the stream of time to a period when the world was younger, the human mind less encumbered by legendary lore, and genius was more original and more free. Almost every foot of ground in Greece is hallowed by historical and classic associations, which gave it, in our youthful dreams, a kind of enchantment as the dwelling place of a superior order of beings.

Sailing along amidst the picturesque beauty and fertility of the Ionian Islands, we passed Patras, where Cæsar’s army landed, and where, in 1821, the Greek Revolution, commenced by Ypsilanti, was followed up by Cremonas. Entering the Gulf of Lepanto, Mount Parnassus, the ancient abode of the Muses, was towering in wild grandeur before us, and the Castalian fount gushing with its limpid and inspiring waters at its foot. We caught a glimpse of the Greeks on the shore in their half-feminine costume, lazily reposing at noon on the slopes of the sunny hills, or sucking the amber mouth-piece of a long Turkish pipe, with more than Turkish voluptuousness. A large number of ignorant, impudent, inquisitive and ill-bred Greeks, whom we had taken from the several islands, were now lounging on the deck of our steamer, giving us another interesting variety of the human family. One of these was an aged Greek priest, with his flowing white beard, who could not read a word, and would not believe that I was a priest, because I did not wear a long beard as he did. Another was a student in Theology in the University at Athens, who urged it as a proof of their superior orthodoxy, that in this their priests followed the example of their Saviour, while we, by shaving, had departed from it, making a long beard the test of a sound faith, and a substitute for that knowledge of the Gospel, without which there can be no faith.

Still another was a man in the full dress of the Albano-Greek style. He was proud and conceited, yet good-natured. Smoking, eating, and sleeping with an occasional interval of conversation, and an almost constant fingering and twisting of his beads, constituted the material substance of his outer life. Sometimes he would roll his fine tobacco in thin paper, and thus both make and smoke his own cigars. Sometimes he put the tobacco into a huge, porcelain bowl, and that bowl upon one end of a stick or staff three or four feet long, and with the other end in his

mouth, fumed away, now through his mouth, then through his nose, and occasionally through both at once.

When I found myself within such a magic circle of the ancient and the modern, the gay and the grave, the grand and the grotesque, I could hardly tell to which period of the world I belonged,—whether I was one of the ancients or the moderns,—the fathers or the children. My consciousness assured me of my Saxon origin, and that I was a pilgrim of the nineteenth century. But my reflections carried me back five hundred years before Christ, and made me an eye-witness of the palmiest days of Greece.

It was on the morning of the 30th of January, that we caught our first view of Corinth, at the head of the Gulf. It lies at the foot of the Acropolis, a steep, craggy, almost inaccessible mountain, about 1200 feet high. The ancient defences of the city were erected on this mount. The bright morning sun was bathing the ruins of the old temples, and the few huts that constitute the present village, in a flood of living beauty; and the sea, as if mourning over departed greatness, murmuringly washed with its blue waves the desolate shore.

"Many a vanquished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth, yet she stands
A fortress formed to freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The key-stone of a land which still,
Though fallen, looks proudly on that hill."

Seven Doric columns, the only remains of the most ancient Corinth, stand in the midst of the desolation. They belonged to the temple of Minerva Chalamatis, which was erected at least 700 years before Christ. The ruins of two edifices of the later Roman town are still visible. Besides these it has nothing at present to distinguish it, but the beauty of its situation. Its earliest name was Sphyze, and it has a legendary connexion through Bellerophon with Lyeia. In ancient times, Corinth maintained a high rank among the states of Greece. Her schools of policy and the arts were the earliest, and her resistance to Rome was the latest of all the Grecian states. She was, from her position, the centre of

commercial intercourse between Southern Europe and Western Asia. There was a port of entry on both sides of the Isthmus. Near this great commercial city, were the famous Isthmian Games, which, bringing to her much wealth, also contributed to make her free—eminent in luxury and voluptuousness. The temple of Venus made her peerless in debauchery, even in that dissolute age. In the Achean league, she was foremost. As an independent city, she was destroyed by the Romans, forty-six years before Christ, and the inhabitants sold into slavery.

But it is the incidents of Christian history which constitute her most enduring memorials. Hither Paul came and preached, crossing the Isthmus from Athens. Here he found Aquila and Priscilla, who had fled from Rome to take refuge from persecution in Greece. "And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought, for by their occupation they were tent-makers." Here too, "he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks." "And when they opposed themselves and blasphemed, he shook his raiment, and said unto them, Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles. Notwithstanding, Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed, and many Corinthians believed and were baptized." And this was the beginning of that flourishing church at Corinth, to which two of Paul's Epistles were addressed. Here he remained and preached a year and six months, when he was accused to Gallio of persuading men to worship God contrary to the law. But Gallio drove them from the judgment seat, and cared for none of these things.

Finally, leaving Corinth for Syria, the apostle stopped at Cenchrea, the port of Corinth, on the east side of the Isthmus, where he shaved himself, "for he had a vow."

These events give an interest to the ruins of Corinth, in the mind of the Christian traveller, which no other recollections can awaken. And although she has lost all but a few vestiges of her ancient grandeur, she will still live on the records of inspiration and in the associations of Christians till the end of time.

FLOWERS.

God made the flowers, the beauteous flowers,
For palace hall, and woodland bowers,
For vine wreathed cot, and ivied towers,
For all he made the blooming flowers.

Oh what were nature's wide domain
If Iris hued decks not the plain,
If perfumed buds linked not the chain
Of passing year to each again?

SWEETLY SLEEPING.

BY META LANDER.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

It is not strange that the bereaved husband and father should often recur to the desire of his dying wife, to sleep where her children could stand beside her grave, and recall her last counsels. No wonder that when at the sweet sunset hour, he sat with his motherless flock beneath his trellised vine, and gazed at the hills, sprinkled over with white daisies,—and at the bright Bosphorus, whose opposite shores glowing in the sunlight, were reflected to him in all the rich hues of the Orient, while the tall palm-trees were budding and blossoming into beauty,—no wonder, when contemplating a scene which the departed so well loved, that he longed for the time when he could meditate beside her remains.

* * * * *

Just ten months from the day when the widowed husband laid that silent form in its lonely resting place on the beautiful Rhodes, it was re-interred in the Pera Cemetery. This cemetery is on a height, overlooking on one side the Asiatic shore, and on the other, the city of the Sultan, with its minareted mosques,—where dwell the beloved people among whom Mrs. Hamlin came to live and die.

Beneath, the proud Bosphorus rolls majestically by, while towards the south gleam the dark waters of Marmora. Peaceful and lovely are the views from this quiet place, and there surrounded by Moslem dead, and by the side of Mary Van Lennep, her sweet missionary sister, rest the mortal remains of Henrietta Hamlin. Upon a slab marking the spot, are inscribed those words that dwelt upon her lips during her wasting sickness, and that still lingered there, when, in the gathering shades of death, the golden city first glowed upon her view. "Peace! Perfect Peace!"

Sweetly, sister, thou art sleeping
Where the lordly palm-tree waves;
Peacefully the proud Bosphorus,
At thy feet, the bright shore laves.

Where the Orient sunshine falleth,
Where thy golden crown was won,
With thy loved Armenian people,
Rest thee,—for thy work is done.

O'er thy quiet mound of slumber
Never shall I weeping stand;—
Ne'er sweet garlands, friendship-woven,
Offer with a trembling hand.

But thy faith so pure and holy
Shall incite and strengthen mine,—
And thy words of trust I'll treasure
As my battle-cry divine.

Thus thy memory shall inspire me
Till Life's conflict-day is o'er;—
Then, may I, a victor, meet thee
Where the sea shall part no more.

Past are now earth's flitting shadows,—
Ended this unquiet dream.
Thou no more shalt hear the surges
Of Life's hurrying, restless stream.

Past its feverish cares and vigils,—
Yearnings vain, and wild unrest;—
Stilled the aching, quick pulsations
Of the painful, throbbing breast.

Past the dark and solemn river;—
Thou hast gained eternal Day;
On its shores, bright ones, awaiting,
Led thee up the shining way.

Through those opened gates celestial
Weeping eyes would glance afar;—
But the golden portals closing,
Our imploring gaze debar.

Yet our pleading heart we silence;—
Sweet to thee thy best release.
Ne'er an angry ripple breaketh
O'er the river of thy peace.

This shall soothe our yearning sorrow
When its billows rise and swell;—
Loved and loving!—sister, mother,
Friend, companion! fare thee well!

THE PILGRIMAGE.

A SELECT TALE. By F. F.

I HAD been poring over some of the half-beautiful, half-ridiculous fictions of the Oriental theologians, startled every now and then to find a real diamond gleaming up from the mystic rubbish of darkened genius, and saddened by learning how very near the truth some few had groped, while they had gone down to the grave without having discovered one ray of its pure light.

Gray shadows were falling upon Strawberry Hill when I closed the book and leaned from the window, thinking, as I marked a dark-eyed girl of some five summers crossing the log bridge, how would the mighty Zoroaster have been rejoiced to receive the key to truth now in the keeping of even that little child. The shadows lengthened and grew dimmer as I watched, the twilight deepened, and my thoughts took on the same mistiness; the Persian allegories, the Rabbinical fictions, and the sublime doctrines of the Chaldeans, became strangely mixed in my dreaminess; and hill, stream, and meadow, faded from my closing eyes, as a new scene opened upon them. I was at once transported to one of the innermost recesses of a solemn and hoary forest, which I believed had slumbered for centuries among its own undisturbed shadows, untroubled by the foot of man. But even as I stood wondering in the midst of this magnificent loneliness, I heard a voice in plaintive sadness exclaim, "how long! how long!" and I at once recognized the presence of one of those fallen angels described by the Rabbins. He had stood upon the heights of heaven, when earth was a gloomy mass of darkness; he had seen "the Spirit of God move upon the face of the waters," and he had joined the music of the stars, when this beautiful globe sprang to life and light. He had nestled in the trees of Eden, and dipped his wing in the waters of the Euphrates; but he had sinned, alas! and those beautiful wings had fallen away. And when I saw a fair fragile creature by his side, that I knew had trod the earth for centuries, though there was less than the weight of twenty summers on her clear brow, I read his sin and its punishment. For her sake his wings had fallen, and with her he must wander, a pil-

grim upon the earth, until the end of time. For years and years they had made their home among men—for years and years listened to the melodies of the rich-voiced bul-bul as he warbled from the rose-trees of voluptuous Cashmere; drunk the perfume from Persian groves, and wandered in the romantic valleys of the Nile; but though they grew not weary of beauty, there was that in the hearts of men and in their acts which made them sad. So the angel and his bride wandered away to darker, sterner regions. They climbed the icy peaks of the rugged Altai, slept beneath the hardy evergreen of Siberia, and braved, hand in hand, the winds which howled along the dreary plains of Kamschatka. And still they wandered on, till Zillah and her angel were the first to leave their foot-prints on the soil of the New World. They had since seen nation after nation grow up and wither; they had seen gay cities built, and again brave old trees growing over them; change, change came everywhere, but not to them. At last, another race had claimed the soil, and by might possessed it. The hearts of the angel and his bride sickened at wrong and carnage; and it was then that they plunged into the heart of the wilderness, and made them a home in its solitary depths.

An hour-glass had just been turned, and the angel bent thoughtfully over it, watching the glittering sands as they dropped, one by one, into the empty glass below. Beside him reclined, like Eve in the original Eden, a beautiful woman. A heavy grape-vine overshadowed her; and underneath, and by her side, bloomed gorgeous flowers of every hue, all matted into the luxurious green. The hand of improvement had not yet wrested from the wilderness its treasures. Her soul-full eye, with even more of tenderness than thought in it, rested lovingly upon the angel.

"That ~~we~~ should measure hours, my Zillah," he said at length, "like children of a broken day! we whose seconds are marked to us by the seasons, and whose minutes are centuries?"

"And is there no change yet upon the dial-plate?"

"None. When I spent a thousand years and

all my skill upon this dial, I little thought that cycle after cycle would pass—cycle after cycle—years wither and go to their graves, and young years spring up bearing with them new germs of life, and still not a shadow come to tell us that the evening of our long, long day was nearer than at its morning.”

“And the other signs, in the heavens and on the earth, and among men. Are there no way-marks yet discoverable? nothing to say how long ere this sweet, sad journey, will be ended, and my angel shall have the wings again, which he lost for me?”

“Yes, it is a sweet journey, Zillah; though so, so long! There was unfathomable mercy in the punishment awarded me, in that thou wert left; and cheerfully we will bide our time.”

Long and wistfully had the fallen angel watched for some sign of the earth's dissolution; but yet his only remark was, “we will bide our time.” He had looked for the stars to pale; but still they burned on with the same unchanging radiance as when first the band of Seraphim went forth to light their fires; he had watched cloud after cloud thickening and dissolving in the heavens, almost expecting to see in their endless transformation a form which he yet believed he should recognize, step from their soft folds. But there had been no change in these, save as they obeyed the biddings of the wind, since from the walls of the upper Paradise he looked down on their first fresh loveliness. There had been no sign in heaven, and none, none on earth. What mark of age was there in the strong-limbed giants of the wood, that stood cloud-capt around his bower in the wilderness? Life, life was everywhere. Everything, even death itself, teemed with it; for, if but a flower closed its young eye and turned earthward withering, flowers innumerable sprang up where it stood; and so the mighty destroyer became the parent of beauty and bloom. The earth had never reeled nor paused for a single moment in its bright circuit among the stars; but on, on, beautifully and quietly she moved, like a bird from Paradise flown by the hand of the Eternal. The angel had watched her in this unvarying round, and though his eye had become dimmed by the atmosphere of earth, he could yet see deep into the mysteries above him. He knew much, very much, of the heaven-lore which God has written on the stars; but yet the weakness of his vision was painful to him, and he longed for the day when his mind could span the universe as at its creation. He knew where the pelican brooded on her rocky desert nest, and saw in the

red blood drunk by her children from her willing breast but another type of that which has its types everywhere. He had followed the eagle in the eye of the sun, and knew the language of his scream, the thought which prompted every movement of his strong pinion, and the dreams that hovered over him in the cloud-capt couch he had builded on the crag. He had seen the wing of the bird grow heavy beneath the weight of centuries; and when at last it drooped and faltered, he knew the secret which cost the adventurous Spaniard a life—the fountain where it went to lave and grow young again. He had bent his ear to the flower and listened to its whisperings; the foot-falls of the evening dew were familiar to him; and not a drop of water had a tinkle, not a leaf a murmur, and not a bird a song, the language of which he had not interpreted to his still youthful bride, the gentle Zillah. But the flower whispered of *Life*; the dew brought a life-draught in every tiny globule; and the gushing water, and the fresh-lipped leaves, and the mellow-throated birds, and the wandering breezes, all joined in a chorus which brought sadness to the spirit of the angel. It was all *LIFE! LIFE!* but it was that life which bears somewhere in it the seeds of dissolution; not a blossom from the tree guarded by the flaming sword of Cherubim.

“Are there no way-marks?” repeated Zillah. “It is long since we grew sick of the glitter and falsehood about us, and so turned to the delicious stillness of this quiet wilderness—very long, my angel. Let us go back again. Perhaps we may find a faint shadowing of what we seek in the actions of men—in their virtue, their wisdom, or possibly their vices. It may be that His handiwork shall never fail; that the earth and the heavens are immutable; and that we are to be free when my poor fallen brethren have received back upon their bosoms the marred image which he first left there, or when their continued sins have worn away its slightest traces. It may be that by wisdom they will gain a spirit-mastery, and so drop the cumbering clay and its defilements together, then thou mayst return to thy home and take thy Zillah with thee. Let us go forth and look upon the work of mortals, and see if they are not writing their own destiny with their own hands.”

The angel was persuaded, and hand in hand the twain went forth upon their pilgrimage.

The vision changed, and I again met the wanderers in a great city. A noisy rabble filled the streets, and the hoarse laugh and ribald jest passed freely as they hurried on. Zillah shrank

from their infectious touch, and as she did so, I heard the angel whisper, "It could not have been worse in the ancient cities which He destroyed by fire." But every minute the crowd became more dense, and as the multitude pressed in one direction, the pilgrims turned their heads and suffered themselves to be borne onward by it. It stopped beneath a scaffold, and the two strange spectators cast upon each other inquiring glances.

"It is some merry-making for the rude populace," at last the angel remarked, "and lo! yonder comes the harlequin."

"Then he mimics woe," said Zillah, "for he seems in an agony of suffering."

In an agony of suffering indeed was the wretched criminal, as he crawled rather than walked across the scaffold, wringing his hands and uttering low half-stifled sobs which could not be mistaken.

"It is no jest," said the angel, "and yet these men come as merrily as to a nuptial banquet. Can it be that these poor creatures of a day find food for mirth in a brother's suffering?"

"See! What are they doing with him?" exclaimed Zillah in alarm.

The arms were pinioned, the cap was drawn upon the head, and the executioner proceeded to adjust the cord.

"It—it is a scene unfit for us!" said the angel, shuddering and averting his eyes with horror.

A minute after there was a movement in the crowd which made a sound like the sullen murmur of the sea; and the laugh and jest went round as before, while the soul of a man, a brother, was passing with all the blackness of its fearful guilt upon it into the fathomless future, and the presence of the Judge. Poor Zillah trembled like the lightly-poised hare-bell in a storm; there was a startled glance in her soft eye, her cheek became blanched, and her tongue faltered as she exclaimed,

"What *can* it mean? Have they taken away his life, the little span which, notwithstanding its briefness, men love better than their souls?"

"Aye, my Zillah—his life! The frail bark has been cut from its moorings to drift away upon the unknown ocean, by hands which even tomorrow will strive to cling to this cold shore, and strive in vain. But this is not a fitting scene for thine eyes to look upon, my bright bird of the sunshine,—nor mine—nor mine!" he added in a low murmur. "Oh! for my lost, earth-bartered wings!"

"Bartered for *me*," returned Zillah, in a tone

no louder than her breath, but fraught with an exquisitely sad melody.

The angel answered only with a look, but it brought a tint to her cheek and a beautiful light to her eye.

"And this is murder," she continued, after a moment's pause.

"No; not murder, but the terrible punishment of a terrible crime. When thy race, my poor Zillah, lost every trace of the image they first bore, and turned against each other like the wolves and tigers of the wilderness, the GREAT ONE passed a decree that blood alone should wash away the stain of human blood; and this man's hand was red with that which had flowed in the veins of his brother."

"Ah! the multitude should have veiled themselves in sackcloth, and sprinkled the gray ashes upon the floors of their dwellings," said Zillah, her lip growing still paler, and quivering with horror. "The entire people should have thronged the altar. Mourn, mourn, ye proud nation! It is the son of your bosom whose baseness has required this terrible deed at your hands; and He alone who 'rideth upon the wings of the wind,' whose 'pavilion is in the secret place,' knows how far the infection has spread. Alas! my race! my poor, degraded, ruined race!"

"This sad spectacle must needs beget sad feelings," returned the angel, "and yet the thoughtless crowd make merry as at a bridal; and those who come not here to regale their eyes with the sufferings of a brother, pass carelessly on, chaffer in the market-place, pore over the page, obey the beck of pleasure, and forget that another black, black seal, is added to the degradation of man. Ah, my Zillah, the end is afar off. I catch no glimpse of the living waters, my sight grows dim in this darkness, and my foot is heavy, very heavy."

"Look!" exclaimed Zillah, "the dead man is lowered to his coffin, and they all throng to look at him; see how they jostle each other!"

"Aye; and still they laugh and jest! The red drop is at the heart of every one of them; and they are now gorging the fiendish principle with blood which they dare not shed. Let us hence."

It was with difficulty that the angel and his companion extricated themselves from the brutal multitude—men who, seeming to snuff blood afar off, flock to see the spark of life extinguished on the heart's altar, and can be kept back only by high prison walls or the glitter of the bayonet. But at length they were free, and hastily did they move away from the scene of retribution and cruelty.

"Alas! for thy lost wings, my angel," sighed Zillah, when the frightful din had died away upon the ear.

"The Waters of Life are not here," was the sorrowful reply, "not here in the midst of cruelty and blood; the heart of man is no better than at the beginning, and—it is no worse. The doom is not yet written, the book of good and evil is not yet sealed—how long! how long!"

Another crowd now obstructed the way, swarming to an immense edifice, some eager, some careless—tradesmen talking of the common business of the day, lawyers mooted dubious points in wrangling tones, though usually with courteous words, boys with shrill voices hawking their various wares, and the rabble as ever, jesting, laughing, and jostling. Among the crowd were two persons discussing the execution of that morning.

"They hurry the poor wretch into eternity unprepared as though he were a dog or an ox! It is barbarous," said one.

"A relic of the dark ages," observed his companion, "necessary in the infancy of time, when men were like the beasts of the field, and could be restrained only by the strong arm, but that philanthropic and enlightened statesmen of the nineteenth century"—

His voice was lost to the ear of the angel, who had pressed on eagerly to catch the sound; for after what he had beheld that morning, the knowledge that the whole human race was not intent on blood, was grateful to him.

"Those men have pity—let us follow them," he said to Zillah.

"But they pity only the red hand," was the reply; "they said nothing of the bloody shroud, and the desolate hearth-stone."

The two pilgrims pressed forward and entered at the door of a spacious apartment which was crowded to overflowing. A row of venerable persons occupied cushioned seats raised on a kind of dais at the extremity of a large room. On one side of these sat twelve men in busy conference, and on the other a goodly number lolled over tables covered with green baize cloth, some yawning, and others biting the ends of their feather pens, or fastening and unfastening them behind their ears. Two dark faces glowered on each other immediately below the cushioned seats; and lower still, in a small square box, a person leaned forward, balancing on his elbows, and now prying into one face, and now another, with eyes which the angel trembled but to look upon. At last, the twelve men rose, and a silence as of death brooded over that vast multitude.

A question was asked by a mild grey-haired man from the dais, and a deep heavy voice resounded throughout the hall of justice, "NOT GUILTY." The crowd caught the sound, and peal on peal arose the deafening plaudits, the arched roof ringing back the sound, pausing to catch it again, and then replying, as though it had been a living voice answering from above.

"This is a proud triumph," said a voice beside the pilgrim.

"An innocent man, victim to some accident or slanderous tongue, doubtless," returned the angel.

"No, no; a greater scoundrel never trod the soil; never."

"But he is innocent of this crime?"

"He is guilty, stranger, guilty; everything has conspired to prove it, and not a man in this room but is morally convinced of the fact."

"How, then, has he escaped?"

"By the help of yon lawyer's quibbles."

"A partaker of his crimes, I suppose," remarked the angel.

"He, a partaker of his crimes! he, the most honorable lawyer in the nation!"

"I am a stranger," remarked the angel, apologetically; "and I would fain know why this honorable man soils his soul for the sake of the guilty, and why you and all this multitude rejoice to see crime go out from your midst free to gather about itself still more filth and blackness?"

"We rejoice in the exercise of mercy," returned the stranger.

"Shall man then dare to shiver,
The mystic golden bowl?
Send back unto its Giver,
The God-born, deathless soul?
Shall he the frail spark smother,
All earth cannot re-light?
His weak sin-heavy brother,
Cast from his holier right?"

"No, no! we are enlightened people, and the law of blood is distasteful to us."

"Is then the law abolished among you?" inquired the angel, somewhat anxiously.

"Not abolished; there are wolves and tigers still in the land, and they cry for vengeance in the name of the God of mercy."

"Ay, from earth the blood-stained banish,
Snatch away his little time!
'Tis noble sure to punish,
By copying the crime!
Heap the sods upon his breast,
Crush him down in all his sin!"—

"Woe, woe! to such a blood-thirsty spirit! Thank God, however, that the murderous iron

rule is gradually yielding to the voice of mercy, and the law of love is prevailing. 'God is love.'

"God is just!" echoed the angel, as he turned to depart.

"They disobey the express command of the Almighty, given before the framing of the nations," said Zillah, "and bring an attribute of his own holy character as an excuse."

"Their justice is cruel and heartless," answered the angel, "and their mercy is weak and wicked. Love and justice wait hand in hand before the Great White Throne; but these men cannot link them together, for their eyes are darkened, and heavy clouds are gathered about their souls. We need not search farther, Zillah."

"Nay, a little longer—a little longer," pleaded the soft voice; "perchance they have a treasure, a talisman, a seed of good which we have not yet discovered. I feel that this distorted law of love has grown out of a holy principle which may even now be swelling and bursting from the rubbish. I will follow thee no longer, my angel, for my heart is sick and my foot weary, but tread thou these fearful paths, search thou for the hidden fountain, and when thou hast gained a sprinkling of its waters, fly to me and tell me time has ended. It is here, it is somewhere here. I feel its life-giving presence."

For many days and nights the angel wandered in dark dens of wickedness, his purer nature quivering and shrinking at the sounds of blasphemy. His foot followed in the track of the crouching, prowling assassin; his ear listened to the voice of the midnight robber; the thief brushed him as he crossed his path, and the vile, the polluted of every grade passed before his eyes like so many demons of the pit. The air grew heavy with sin and clogged his breath, his frame drooped, for there was a weight upon it far heavier than fatigue could cast; even the rays of the sun struggled and grew ghastly in such pollution, and the stars seemed red and bleared.

Then he turned to brighter scenes, scenes on which the sun dared shine, not indeed in his first purity, clear and soft like the light of Paradise, but with a wild brilliance, which while it dazzled the eyes, and withered the young plants that the dews neglected to visit, bore yet a fair promise of seed-time and harvest, day and night to the hearts of men.

But even here was the villain's heart mantled in hypocrisy, here prowled the disguised wolf, here towered the beautiful marble above reeking bones and the foul mould of Death. In this brave light Revenge stalked up and down, an honorable and

an honored guest. Here Avarice spread a yellow crust upon the heart, which burned in, and seared, and grew thicker and gnawed at every chord that might have sounded a tuneful cadence, still increased in thickness till there was no power to resist it from within; and then from the fearful gangrene sprang a brood of crimes, all veiled indeed, all *proper* and *legal*, which made the angel recoil as from the *less refined*, but scarce blacker ones that swarmed the dens he had left. Here too lurked fair Envy smiling and flattering, until she could place her foot upon the victim's head, and then down! crush! crush!—no pity, no remorse. Nay; why should mortal head dare rise higher than hers? Among flowers of the richest fragrance and brightest hue coiled Scandal, and when her serpent hiss rose upon the air, the flowers drooped and their perfume was mingled with her noisome breath.

"It is all in vain—all in vain!" sighed the angel, as he returned again to his companion. "The heart of man remains the same as when this now degraded hand wielded the sword which guarded the gate of Eden; dark thoughts, violent passions, wicked imaginings all lurk within him, all are fostered and cherished in his bosom. And yet, my Zillah, there is something, or the fore-shadowing of something—a veiled star, a pale light fringing the cloud, a low murmur as from the concealed fountain, a breath of pure air ever and anon stirring the seared leaves, and passing over the pulses of my soul. There is something, Zillah, which had well nigh made me hear the rustle of my own wings, and fixed my eye on Paradise. I cannot tell what it is, but I feel it—I feel it."

"Even so do I," returned the fair Zillah, "and for that was it that I chose this spot. I have builded me an altar, and here, my angel, have I worshiped while thou hast been seeking."

"I have sought in vain—all in vain," returned the angel mournfully; "Oh! when will the end be?"

"*'And then shall the end come.'*" answered a deep melodious voice which made Zillah start and the angel open his large, mild, mournful eyes in wonder.

The figure that stood beside them might have risen from the shivering piles of withered leaves which the wantoning night-wind had thrown up in heaps along the plain; or shaped itself from the mist that dangled in long gray wreaths from the tops of chimneys, hovered in great shadowy wings around silent windows or rolled up, fold on fold, like an ominous curtain from the reeking earth. It was that of a man, but not such as walk the world in modern times. His beard was parted

upon the lip and descended, a mass of waving silver, to the girdle; and long floating locks, like the snow in whiteness, shaded his scarce wrinkled brow, beneath which looked out a pair of eyes as soft, mild, blue and dewy as the sky of a summer evening. The angel felt his heart irresistibly drawn back to the time when he was sinless, for there was something pure and spirit-like upon the face of the stranger, which, though it lacked the loftiness of a brother angel, was yet so beautiful, so meek, and so full of love, that the highest seraph would scarce have lost by the exchange. He was evidently old, very old; but it was such age as the father of our race might have exhibited, when eight centuries had passed over him and left him still unscathed. His voice was deep, strong, and mellifluous; his eye undimmed; his cheek full, though lacking somewhat the roundness of youth; his lip ruddy, his frame muscular and erect, and his foot firm. Still he was old, that could not be doubted; but Time had never touched him with palsied finger; no blight had reached sinew, or brain, or heart, and every year that had passed over him had brought new strength and vigor.

"And then shall the end come!" he repeated in fervid tones; while a deep enthusiasm kindled in every feature a voiceless eloquence.

"When, father?" inquired the angel reverently.

"When the commandment shall have been obeyed, when the work is accomplished"—

"What commandment? what work? Are we to search? to dig? If thou knowest where this fountain flows, tell me, oh, tell me! I will climb the most inaccessible rock, I will penetrate the cave where sleeps the deadliest miasma, with my single hand I will open a passage to the core of the earth—only tell me where to seek, and I will ask no more."

The stranger fixed a wandering and yet benign glance upon the perturbed countenance of the angel. "And dost thou not know?"

"No, no; but tell me, and I will bless thee forever!"

"Nay, bless Him—Him! Surely thou hast heard of the Glorious Ransom."

"I have heard," whispered the angel, in deep awe, "but it was *THERE*; and even *our* harps and voices were silent. I dare not speak of that where the air is so heavy with the weight of earth's defilements. And it can never come to *me*."

"To thee! there is not a human being"—

"Nay, nay, old man; thou dost not understand thine own words. But tell me of the end. I see

something upon thy forehead unlike the brand of thy miserable race, and I think the golden secret lies in thy bosom. I would fain know when this weary pilgrimage will be finished."

The venerable ancient fixed his penetrating eye for a moment on his companion, whispering to himself, "And he too! it cannot be! I thought myself alone!" and then, evidently puzzled, though more than pleased to recite a story in which his whole soul was interested, he commenced:

"Eighteen hundred years ago Rome was at the height of her glory. All the principal nations of the earth owned her sway and gloried in their bondage. The redder forms of tyranny had departed. The brow of Octavius Augustus was mild beneath his crown; while under the patronage of the wise Mæcenæ, and by the taper of Grecian genius, the loftiest forms of art were born and flourished. The voice of eloquence sounded in the forum, the flowers of poesy budded and blossomed in palace and in cot, life sprang from the silent marble, the canvas glowed, and Philosophy linked arms with Pleasure, and wandered about her sacred groves, or dallied in her luxurious gardens. *But HE was not a Roman.* On her proud brow the Queen of the Nations wore the half-crushed chaplet of Grecian liberty, a beautiful wreath dropping with the matchless perfume which still lingers around her broken columns and crumbling arches, around the spiritual ideal breathing in the creations of her artists, and around the graves of her philosophers, her poets and her statesmen. *But HE was not of Greece.* In one proud hand Rome held a jewel unequalled in gorgeousness, a golden lotus gathered from the banks of the Nile, and now crimsoned by the blood of the beautiful and perfidious Cleopatra; and in the other she clasped a rude but strong and valuable chain whose rough links bore the names of Gaul, Germany and Switzerland. *But HE came from none of these.*

"The mistress of the world felt quivering beneath her sandaled foot, and pressed more closely as it quivered, a strange nation, with strange laws, strange customs and a strange religion, despised alike by the Roman, the Greek and the Egyptian, small in territory, divided within itself, weak in arms, and learned but in its own laws. This was the once favored nation of the Jews. Jerusalem, fallen, degraded, enslaved, still bore some traces of ancient splendor. There stood the Holy Temple, though desecrated by Mammon; the children of the prophets still gathered in their synagogues; and the proud Pharisee swept in his fringed garments from the council chamber to the altar,

l lounged on rich cushions, and quaffed the blood of the grape, from goblets of massive gold and richly chased silver. *But He claimed not his home in Jerusalem.* In Galilee, in despised, contemned Galilee, and not its fairest city—not Capernaum, not Cana—but in poor, mean, hated, contemptible Nazareth—there sprang the Fountain of Life; there, from that dark, unknown corner, from that smallest, most degraded city of the most degraded quarter of the earth, He, the Mighty One, the King of Glory, walked forth and named himself the Son of Man, the Saviour of a fallen, helpless, miserable race.”

“I know Him—I know Him,” murmured the angel, bending his knee and shading his brow with his hand. “Go on,” he added after a moment’s pause; “go on; tell me more; it cannot reach *me*, but—my poor Zillah!—tell me all.”

“He sought meanness of origin and poverty, not because there was virtue in these, but for the sake of the lowly poor,” continued the stranger, his cheek glowing and his eye lighting with the excitement of his theme. “His mother was the betrothed bride of a poor carpenter, his cradle was in a stable—His, the sovereign Prince of the Universe! But a choir of angels came to rouse the earth to sing his welcome; a new star was set upon the brow of night, and in its light the Magii of the East, the philosophers of the Persian court, bent in worship to the clay-shrined God, and a haughty monarch so trembled in his kingly purple, when he heard of the obscure infant, that hundreds of tiny graves were opened, each stained by the blood of the helpless and moistened by a mother’s tears.”

“Go on! go on!” whispered the angel.

“The humble Nazarene put on the tasseled robe of a teacher, but he turned not to the palace for his disciples, nor lingered he by the proud door of the Sanhedrim. He wandered by the lone Galilean lake, he sought those places where men never look for honor, calling the unlettered and the lowly to his side, the ignorant fisherman from his nets, and the despised publican from his scrip. And yet this obscure man, with these humble followers, stirred at once proud pompous Jewry to her centre. He toiled and suffered, toiled and suffered, and wept, and then he died, as none but malefactors ever died before.”

The old man paused in his story, as though too much agitated to proceed; while the angel echoed in mingled awe and surprise, “He died! He *could not die!*”

“He—he was borne to his sepulchre,” continued the meek ancient, “but the grave could not hold the Son of God. *He died for us, he rose*

for us, and he waits us at the right hand of his Father.”

There was a long, unbroken, almost breathless silence,—Zillah bending forward in meek awe, her brow pressed to the altar, the face of the angel buried reverentially in his folded arms, and the patriarch standing with upraised eye and clasped hands, his face glowing with love and rapture.

“And the ransomed—when will He call them home?” at last the angel inquired.

“They drop into the grave at morning, in the blaze of day, and at midnight; every hour, every moment—even now while we speak, some freed spirit is passing, and there are snowy wings that hover at the portal of death to bear it away to Paradise.”

“But when will He call all? when will the end be?” inquired the angel, with tremulous eagerness.

“Thou wouldst know when will arise the cry of the angel, ‘Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for her grapes are fully ripe.’ But futurity has the secret hidden deep in the folds of her misty robes, and neither man nor angel may rob her of the treasure. Yet, my son, I can give thee the key, and if”—

“Quick! quick!”

“He told us—He—he taught.” The old man paused, composed his features and resumed: “To those disciples called from the wayside, from the boat of the fisherman and lowly roof of the laborer, rude, unlettered, and of no repute among men whose hands had never touched the soft palm of the Pharisee, and whose voices had learned to tremble and falter in such an august presence—to these lowest of the sons of this world, He confided the wealth of heaven, such rare jewels of truth as never before glittered beneath the stars, and these humble, unknown men, He commissioned to bear their treasures to all the nations of the earth. At Jerusalem they began, and tower and temple trembled to their deep foundations. Thence they scattered their living pearls over hill and vale, far and wide, wherever the foot of man had trodden or lay the stain of sin.

“Even Grecian philosophy bent her polished ear when a follower of the Crucified stood in one of the proudest courts of Athens, and Epicurean a Stoic were alike confounded by the simple, but sublime eloquence of truth. Rome too, proud Rome acknowledged the still small voice which had stolen up from far Nazareth; but when she strove to honor it with purple and crimson the voice died among the caves and dens

of the wilderness, the jewel receded from her grasp, while she placed its blazing semblance on her forehead, and all Europe bowed the knee to the falsehood. But while in the name of the crucified Nazarene, who trod the earth in sadness and dishonor, the princes of the earth drew the lance, and knight and noble paved the way to his own emolument, while war and carnage ran riot throughout Christendom, and Jew and Saracen were taught to despise the religion which turned men into beasts of prey and deformed the face of creation; from distant caves and lowly valleys the meek voice of prayer still arose, and still the casket of the jewels of truth was the human heart. Through the red blood flowing at the mandate of Egyptian priest and Roman pontiff; through the crevices of the rocks of Switzerland, the hidden nooks environing the valley of Piedmont, the republican plains of Germany, and the wild, picturesque mountains of Scotland; through wrong without ruth, through the dungeon and the rack, through the bloody knife and blazing faggot, these jewels of truth, these Waters of Life have been borne"—

"And now! where are they now?" interrupted the angel, with almost vehement earnestness.

"Dost thou see yon church-spire piercing the gray mist and glittering in the one pale ray which the moon sheds from her veiled throne? Go thither and love, and raise thy wings heavenward. Or here," lifting the folds of his robe and disclosing a small volume; "here the Waters springs; here the Tree of Life flourishes. Search! thou wilt find its blossoms on every page."

"Not for me! Alas! not for me!" murmured the angel, while Zillah, raising her forehead from the altar where it had rested, and extending her hands, eagerly exclaimed, "For me! for me! to fit me for the day when thy wings, my angel, shall be full of glory, that we may mount together to the throne of the Eternal. But, father, I would fain know when that may be. We are to tread the earth until that hour."

"And I," returned the ancient, "have the same pilgrimage before me."

"But when, oh when shall it be accomplished?"

"Not until every altar like this thou has reared shall be cast down."

Zillah raised a startled eye to the face of the patriarch, and cast herself precipitately before the altar.

"What! have I not told thee that the Great Sacrifice has been offered, and may not my testi-

mony be believed! Did I not stand beside the cross, and, while bidden to tarry till a second coming, see the sinless victim bleed? What wouldst thou more? Canst thou not make the sacrifice thine own? Faith and love alone are required of thee—wilt thou not believe? He that was God, was man, and is the God of glory henceforth and forever. The mighty work intrusted to us at that holy parting moment must be accomplished, 'and then shall the end come.'"

"I too will go forth upon this holy mission," said Zillah, bowing her head meekly; "perchance my weak hand may be blest, since to all that share in the salvation has the sweet work been intrusted."

"And I cannot loiter here," returned the angel, "though I have forfeited my right to be in any way a ministering spirit to the race. Go thou, my Zillah, and I will hover in thy footsteps, I will nurse the flowers thou lovest, and scatter their perfume in thy pathway. When evil is near I will shield thy loved head; I will watch by thy side during the remainder of this fearful night, and when the morning at last dawns thou shalt know its approach by the ray which falls upon thy angel's renovated pinions. To the work, my Zillah; it is one which will ennoble even thee."

The mild old man smiled; and I almost fancied that I saw something stirring at the side of the angel, as though every fresh consecration of ransomed mortal brought nearer the hour of final triumph; and then the entire vision vanished.

I was leaning from my window as an hour previous; but the little girl stood no longer upon the bridge, and Strawberry Hill and the hoary old trees above it were slumbering in soft summer shadows. The moon, now a small silver crescent, had climbed far up her azure pathway, and lay a sweet smile upon the face of the sky, and the earth was smiling back a beautiful response in every dew-drop. For a moment I thought the creatures of my drama were about me, but in the next, I knew that Zillah and her angel were born of the wildest fiction; and that the ashes of the beloved disciple, if not mingled with the farthest elements, still slept at Ephesus. But much, very much had mingled in my thoughts in which dreaming had no part. And as I carefully separated the threads of fiction that had entangled themselves in the richer woof of truth, I longed to exclaim in the words of my fabulous Zillah, "I too will go forth upon this holy mission!"

THINGS IN EUROPE.

BY REV. A. FOSTER.

I FOUND myself in Paris on one Sabbath morning—for the Sabbath arrives at every place with the greatest regularity, and must be disposed of. Well, what can a stranger do with such a day in such a place, where the people know no Sabbath? I went with a Connecticut friend to Notre Dame, the cathedral of the Archbishop of France, and the centre of the religion of the nation. I expected to see Romanism in high life, as it is.

It was one of the most beautiful days that ever shone on this world. We had to walk a mile and a half through the heart of the city. Every kind of business was in the fullest operation, just as it had been on any day of the week—all the shops were open, and busy with customers,—the building and repairing of houses,—companies laboring upon the public works, and upon every secular business. By no appearance would a stranger suppose that there was a worshipper of God in Paris on that day. After dinner, at 3 or 4 o'clock, business is chiefly changed for pleasure, and the theatres are more brilliant and the places of resort more crowded on Sabbath evening than on any other evening in the week. This cathedral is 800 years old, an extensive pile of buildings, and most elaborately wrought on the external. We entered at a small side door, and first noticed the old and dirty appearance within—then the fluted pillars supporting the tower which were not less than twelve feet in diameter, built of rock and mortar—then the large empty space—then we were begged by a little deformed woman—finally we reached the people, engaged in different places of the house with priests in various services. Spectators were standing and walking around among the worshippers. We followed the same example, and walked wherever we chose through every hall of the church, among the priests and the incense bearers, and the pictures and the kneelers. As nothing was addressed to the ear except the singing and the awe-inspiring organ, our object was to see everything. We walked up and stood on the place where Napoleon placed the iron crown upon his head, and on the head of Josephine, and swore to be emperor as long as he lived; and where most of the French kings had done likewise, Louis Philippe last, and since

he left the place vacant, Louis Napoleon has been down and sworn in Chief of France.

In one place was the image of Mary and the child dressed up in most singular finery, and surrounded a full rod in breadth with vessels of beautiful and fragrant flowers, and in the midst a priest was saying prayers to the image. Near the altar was a large painting admirably executed, of the descent from the Cross, and Mary was placed above, and was much the most conspicuous figure. Here also a priest kneeled and prayed several times in short prayers. Mary and the child were in several other places—the mother the most conspicuous figure in every representation of the Saviour. We witnessed the going through all the evolutions of their worship, performing High Mass, elevating the Host, the procession of the Cross, the candles twenty feet high, burning before the images of the Virgin, and the boys swinging their censors and the incense floating through the house. Several officers, large, old and fat, in their cocked hats and military dress, were passing round keeping order. There was no sermon, no instruction of any kind addressed to the people. None of the prayers were uttered for the people to hear, but were muttered rapidly to the ear of the Virgin. The sacrifices were made for the people, and if they got the blessing through the priests, this was enough. It was not becoming the dignity of the priests that the people should be needed joining in prayer. The most material part of the worship is, that the priests may stand instead of God to the people. For this purpose they address some imposing ceremonies to the eye, make the host and the confessional, extreme unction and buying the soul out of purgatory, make these to the consciences of the deluded people, the great power of God unto salvation,—all in the hands of the priest, who has been commissioned from the Pope.

In this magnificent cathedral, the centre of Romanism for Paris and for France, on this beautiful Sabbath, how many worshippers were present?—My companion thought as I did, that the worshippers were two hundred, chiefly women and children—not more than twenty-five were men, and of these not one intelligent man among them. The spectators were about two hundred.

Why should thinking people go where no instruction is addressed to the understanding? Why should well informed men, who have no belief in the mummery of priests, go to Catholic worship? Why should people who have hearts that are moved, go where the heart is moved by only a cold, dark, ceremonial superstition? I afterwards made special inquiry, and learned that the representatives of the people, the military men and literary men, and the intelligent men and Frenchmen in general, never enter a Catholic church except at the funeral of a friend. Although the Catholic rule is that no one shall be interred in consecrated ground who has not confessed to a priest within a year of his death, yet the burial depends upon the will of the officiating priest, who decides by his interests. The Bible and the Sabbath are pushed aside for the priest and his forms,—the churches are abandoned, and the people know nothing, and care for nobody beyond this life. To this remark we must make a large exception in favor of many mothers and fathers in the country, who train their children to the belief of the Catholic religion, and so Romanism is propagated. The Bible and Protestantism have fared worse in France than in any other country since the Reformation. The Protestant believers were persecuted with fire and sword from 1515 until 1593, when Henry IV. became King by becoming a Catholic.

Every body is familiar with St. Bartholomew's day, beginning on the night of August 24th, 1572, when thirty thousand Protestants were massacred in France in thirty days. From Henry IV. they enjoyed more war and persecution than protection by the edict of Nantes till 1685, since which the light of the Bible has been trampled out by all sorts of legal enactments and forfeitures, and banishments, and proscriptions, and disabilities. These laws which have been relaxed during the revolutions, are now being renewed to exterminate the little remnant of Protestant faith which has survived. The result is, that France at this time is without a Bible-reading people, without a Christian belief, without the Sabbath, and without the spirit of liberty. They are also corrupt in the moralities of private life. I was every where told that the virtues of the domestic life were not expected, nor the happiness of home enjoyed by the married. The father and mother spend their evenings on the Boulevards and in places of amusement. Galignani reports the births in Paris in 1849, to be thirty thousand, of which one-third were illegitimate. At Paris you may learn that the liberty of the married is much less restricted by public opinion than of the unmarried. Here are truths out of which the discerning may form their expectations of the future of France.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

BY J. E. D. COMSTOCK.

EARTH'S loveliest things talk of change and of death,
And bid us take heed to our shortening breath.
Go back in thy thought to the summer hours,
With thy playmates passed among fields and flowers,
For they have a voice; and that voice to thee
Doth speak to thy heart of its destiny.

And our usual paths, in our lonely moods,
That lead us afar through the Autumn woods;
They, too, will speak in their pensive way,
And tell us, "Be humble and watch, and pray;
So our path shall lead to the shining just—
And remember, O man, thy frame is dust."

And the smiles of those we have loved of old?
Again shall we ever those smiles behold?
Alas! they are changed, and furrows and tears
Have come in their stead, and sorrow appears

And frowns o'er the place where joy loved to reign:
Those smiles as they have been shall ne'er be again.

Lo! what saith the wind that is sweeping by?
What voice hath the sea that is running high?
And the clouds that go on their wondrous way
In their frowns and smiles, what word have they?
With a lightning wing they're forever gone;
So the years of our life are darting on.

The cataract thunders of time and change;
And on and below as its waters range,
They murmur the matter to dell and plain,
And flee with the truth to the boundless main;
And the boundless main doth its wisdom utter,
And the thunders at night in the distance mutter;
So they talk together of change and death,
And bid us take heed to our shortening breath.

MIRACULOUS INTERPOSITION.

BY THE EDITOR.

SEE PLATE.

THERE are many scenes in the life of Christ which call forth not only our admiration, but our astonishment. By no means can the dwellers upon this mundane sphere, with beclouded understandings and limited visions, comprehend the sweep of an Omnipotent agency. Oh! what mighty power for one apparently human to put forth in the exercise of personal prerogatives in working the miracles He wrought, in silencing the subtle sceptics whom He so easily confuted. Beyond contradiction, He could and did heal the direst physical and moral maladies. He could open the eyes of the blind; He could make the deaf hear; He could raise a Lazarus from the dead; He could rescue a Peter from the threatening surges of the angry sea; He could hush to a calm serenity the raving fury of the lunatic, and with the greatest ease deliver himself from the infuriated mob, who would violently thrust him from the brow of the precipice. Reason, with philosophic coldness, may award to Him the appellation superhuman, but faith, with a better and truer philosophy, crowns Him the Son of God, the Almighty Redeemer. In tracing His onward progress to a favorable notoriety among the crafty, stubborn and persecuting citizens of his own country, we come to notice the exhibition of His humano-divinity, His Omnipotent power in walking upon an element apparently too light and evanescent to sustain any noticeable pressure. As the author of nature's laws, as the Creator of the elements which minister to the creature's comfort, he hath the right and the power to regulate them and bring them into entire subserviency to his own will and purpose. We see him while standing upon the fickle waves in his majestic greatness, extending His benevolent, all-powerful arm to rescue from a perilous position, him, who though bold and headstrong, was wanting in that all essential ingredient to real safety, true faith. Peter had not taken such a position, we judge, in the spirit of boasting and vanity, or for

diversion, but to go to Jesus, his loving Saviour, for the joy of his presence. In *thus* looking to his Lord he was supported. But in trusting to any power less than this, he must feel his own weakness and need of aid; unless upheld by His power none can go truly, successfully, to Jesus: Christ commanded Peter to come to Him, not only that he might walk upon the water and know his Lord's power to accomplish his own conceived designs, but that he might be more deeply impressed with the fact of his own weakness and need of confidence in the power of Him who exercised authority over mind and matter. The disciple is often left to his choice, to be humbled and improved, to be refined and purified from the remnants of sin, to show the greatness of God's power and the sufficiency of His grace.

How often does the Christian stagger and pierce himself with sorrow, when, fearing to face opposing difficulties, he dares desert the standard of his leader, forgetting that under His banner "one can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight."

And oh! how rich the consolation, that when we trustingly look up to Him we shall be delivered from whatever peril encompasses our path. The froward may not hope for deliverance from that ruin which is inevitable to the disloyal and wayward spirit—to the unbelieving and impenitent who call not upon the Redeemer of Men. To those who look to Him, who believe in Him, and who call upon Him with imploring desire, will He stretch out his arm of compassion, and though he put the searching enquiry, "Oh, thou of little faith, why did'st thou doubt?" still He will strengthen their faith, that they fail not. Want of faith and prevailing doubts cannot otherwise than displease Him who, when storms and tempests roll around their victims, would be a present help and defender.

None but the world's Creator surely could multiply the loaves and miraculously satisfy the

imperious clamors of famished nature, and none, we add, but the world's Governor could fearlessly tread upon the waters of the sea and enforce their obedience to a present necessity. Not only with the natural vision would we gaze upon the scene depicted by the artist in the engraving, but by the assistance of such a medium we would awake our faith to look beyond the shaded perspective of this present passing scene forward to those joyous abodes where thousands

of ransomed spirits raised up from a sea of sin, of wo and death, are robed in garments of light and love, and sing thankfully and unceasingly the gladsome song of their redemption. More lovingly and trustingly, let our affections as pure incense arise from the consecrated altar of our devotion to the resplendent throne of God and the Lamb, till hope is consummated in the fruitions of Paradise, till faith crowns us with the wreath of eternal bliss.

And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?—MATTHEW 14 : 31.

And when even was *now* come, His disciples went down unto the sea.... And entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum. And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them.... And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew.... So when they had rowed about five and twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship; and they were afraid.... But he saith unto them, it is I; be not afraid.... Then they willingly received Him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.—ST. JOHN, 6 : 16 to 21.

BY HAWTHORN.

I.

When the storm of the mountains on Galilee fell,
And lifted its waters on high;
And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell
Of mysterious alarm—their terrors to quell,
Jesus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."

II.

The storm could not bury that word in the wave,
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly;
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,
And His voice shall be near in each troublous time,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

III.

When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,
And comfort is ready to die;
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness, to-morrow
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow
From his life-giving word, "It is I."

IV.

When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious forerunner is smoothing the way
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

V.

When the waters are passed, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye,
The compassionate "Lamb in the midst of the throne,"
Shall welcome, encourage and comfort his own,
And say, "Be not afraid, it is I."

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

PROF. FITCH OF YALE.—At a meeting of the Alumni of Yale College, just past, among other things incidentally noticed, was the resignation of our former pastor and teacher, Prof. Fitch.

The account thus runs:—

"A resolution was offered, expressive of deep regret in regard to the resignation of Prof. Fitch, to which Prof. Goodrich responded at some length, in a strain of forcible and eloquent remark, in which he sketched, in strong and vivid coloring, the scenes and the crisis which arose in the history of the College at the demise of Dr. Dwight, and the accession of Dr. Fitch. He paid a delicate and well-merited tribute to the character, talents and usefulness of Dr. Fitch. The fame of Dr. Dwight has been achieved in the old chapel. His death occasioned a great crisis in the history of the College. The inquiry was anxiously made, who can be found to take the place of the great theologian? One great want of the occasion was met by the election of President Day. Another great want still remained. A young man, not yet twenty-seven years of age, was selected. That young man was Dr. Fitch. He was modest, even unto bashfulness, and the wonder was how he should ever have found courage to accept the appointment. I can only explain the mystery of his acceptance of the post, said Prof. Goodrich, on the supposition that he was too diffident to decline. The time arrived for his inauguration to this important post, and the mountain weight of its responsibility was laid upon him, and it crushed him so that for months he was withdrawn from his public duties. He censures God, who quarrels with the imperfections of human nature. Prof. G. mentioned a remark of Dr. Fitch, which he said was the key to his life. Calling to mind a declaration of President Edwards, that he could not hope to benefit his fellow-men by familiar conversation, for which he had no talent; it was only by laboring out trains of thought, and putting them before the world, that he could be extensively useful—That, said Dr. F. must be my only course, I cannot do more.

"He was a most accomplished Biblical scholar, said Prof. G. He was the early pupil of Prof. Stuart, and pursued his studies and researches with great zeal and enthusiasm in his department. Prof. Goodrich spoke in emphatic terms of the ability with which Dr. F. had discharged the duties of his office—the elegance and force of his style, combining in rare excellence the elements of Philosophy and Poetry, and his clearness and conclusiveness as a reasoner."

JAPAN.—Any items of information in relation to this mysterious and secluded people, are at the present day seized upon with avidity. The *Merchant's Magazine*, London, furnishes the following sketch, which will be read with interest:

"Japan was formerly divided into a great many small kingdoms, which still retain their names; but they were at length swallowed up in one, to which all the rest have become either subject or tributary. The tributary princes are invested with regal dignity, and are absolute in their respective territories; but they are entirely subject to the emperor, who can depose and even condemn them to death if he thinks proper.

"The Japanese are of a yellowish complexion. Their heads are large, their necks short, their eyes small, their hair dark brown, and their noses, although not flat, thick and short. They are a vigorous and energetic people, and assimilate in their bodily and mental powers much nearer to Europeans than to Asiatics. They are eager of novelty, open to strangers, extremely curious and inquisitive, concerning the manners and habits of other countries, take great interest in learning the course of events, and progress of useful arts and sciences among the western nations; are frugal, ingenious, sober, just and of a friendly disposition, warm in their attachments, but proud, distrustful, and implacable in their resentments.

"They have existed more than two thousand years as a homogeneous race and independent nation, under the same form of government and system of laws, speaking the same language, professing the same national religion, [Buddhist] owe no allegiance to China, and have never been conquered or colonized by any foreign power.

"Their language is polysyllabic, with an alphabet of forty-eight letters, soft, euphonic, and one of the most polished and perfect of Eastern Asia, bearing no affinity to the Chinese, or any other primitive Asiatic idiom. They have a rich indigenous literature, primary schools, where the children of both sexes, and all classes, are taught the elementary branches of education; colleges, with professors in the higher departments of learning and science, including mathematics, astronomy, geography, and the leading Arabic and European languages; possess an imperial library at Jeddo, said to contain 150,000 volumes; are far more advanced in the arts and civilization than the Chinese; and are in many respects a most superior race.

"The commercial and sea-faring classes are very desirous of a more unrestricted intercourse and trade with foreigners, but are prevented by fear of their rulers and the law.

"The revenue and military force of the Japanese empire are said to be immense. But on these points no positive or reliable information is to be obtained.

"In the progress of steam navigation the opening of the ports of Japan will be of the utmost importance to commerce. In many of the provinces of the empire there are inexhaustible mines of the best bituminous coal, which have been worked from time immemorial. The coasts of her northern dependencies, as well as those in the Gulf of Tartary, and the Island of Tarakay, are covered with vast forests of pine, larch, birch, and other woods, suitable for burning in steamers, which it is presumed could be easily supplied at very low rates."

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.—A vast number of Papers and Magazines, daily, weekly and monthly, are circulated through this great country at a cost of more than fifteen millions dollars annually. Let us say nothing of their cost, however, so long as they are vitally essential to our moral safety and political and religious freedom, and our truest happiness, as much as the roofs over our heads, and more so than the army and navy which cost twice as much—more convenient and

serviceable than the many luxuries which impart in the end discomfort and sorrow.

Let every one inquire carefully what kind of reading deserves their patronage, and profits their hearts.

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY; or the History of the BONAPARTE FAMILY: an entirely New Work, by THE BERKELEY MEN, with twenty-two authentic Portraits. New York: published by Cornish, Lamport & Co., No. 8 Park Place.

This is an elegant octavo volume of 624 pages, on fine paper, and the typography and style of the work is highly creditable to the publishers. By the Berkeley Men, we presume, is understood an association of literary gentlemen who have probably chosen this name in honor of Bishop Berkeley, and contributed the biographical sketches, eighteen in number, of this remarkable family. This volume may doubtless be relied upon as authentic in its details and narrations, many of which are now, for the first time, published.

We know not a more interesting subject for Biography and History than that of the Lives of the Bonapartes; for no family of modern times has played so prominent a part in the world's history, and been connected with so many wonderful events. We predict, therefore, for this volume, which in all its parts displays great ability, and astonishing variety, a very general circulation. It is even more interesting to American readers than the popular sketches of Mr. Macaulay on the History of England, for it gives us a view of events which have occurred during the present century, and have influenced the times in which we live. Many of the contemporaries of Napoleon still sway the destinies of Europe. A Bonaparte still rules the mighty French nation, and the last surviving brother of the Emperor now presides in the French senate.

The great leading feature of the work before us, is to present "THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY" in bold relief in contrast with the ancient dynasties of Europe, which were established during the middle ages. The old dynasties of Europe were founded by military chieftains, who sprung from those barbarous nations who overran and destroyed the Roman Empire. Hereditary power became permanent in most of the European kingdoms in the reign of Charlemagne, who was crowned Emperor of the West in the year A. D. 800. Many of the sovereigns who were his vassals and allies, had been previously dependent on the will of their soldiers, led by barons and

other officers, for their rights to their thrones; but the power and influence of Charlemagne made crowns hereditary, and thus the duration of the dynasties of the Middle Ages had been about a thousand years, when all were shaken to the centre by the explosion of the French revolution at the close of the eighteenth century.

It was in the year 1793, that a family of exiles from Corsica arrived at the port of Marseilles in France, and sought protection from the revolutionary authorities. This family was Signora, the widow of Carlo Bonaparte, and her eight children, five sons and three daughters. Their native island of Corsica had revolted from the power of France, and the Bonapartes had been compelled to flee, as they were attached to the French interest. What mighty consequences hung upon the advent of these refugees to the shores of France, was destined to be revealed by the wonderful career of Napoleon, on whose fortunes depended the fate of his relatives, and their rank and position in the momentous times in which they lived.

The father of Napoleon died in 1785, at the early age of 38. He was a distinguished lawyer in Corsica, and took an active part in the affairs of the island in the times of Paoli, to which celebrated chieftain he was devotedly attached. The Bonapartes are an ancient noble family, originally of Tuscany, from whence they removed to Corsica. An elaborate genealogy furnished by the family for the work before us, and now just published, gives an interesting sketch of the Bonapartes, who have figured in the history of Italy for the last six hundred years.

The Grecian origin of the Bonapartes is generally conceded; and if the Greeks of Syracuse and other maritime cities of Sicily, looked upon the Peloponnesus as their mother country, doubtless the Greek colonists of Tuscany and Corsica had the same feelings of attachment for the classic land of their origin. Ethnology, therefore, teaches us to behold in Napoleon and his kindred, men of the same race with Alexander, Xenophon and Pericles, with the same capacities to lead armies to conquest, and to exercise executive powers as civil rulers. Our authors remark:

"It is also satisfactorily established, that the Tuscan Bonapartes had emigrated from Rome at an early period, and now no physiognomist can look carefully on Napoleon's face without recognizing the Patrician Roman model, by which we mean the blending of the Roman with the Greek. The further the scholar here extends his researches, the more he will be inclined to concede a Greek origin to the Bonaparte Family."

The grandfather of Carlo Bonaparte had three sons—Joseph, Napoleon and Lucien. The only son of the first was Carlo—the only child of the second was a daughter—the third was a priest, who died in 1791, Archdeacon of Ajaccio. Carlo thus became the only representative of his family in Corsica, and married Letitia Ramolini, the descendant of a noble Neapolitan family on the island. She was then in her sixteenth year, and was distinguished for her beauty, her intelligence, and her indomitable energy.

At the death of her husband, away from home, in 1785, Signora Letitia, who had only reached her thirty-fifth year, had become the mother of thirteen children, of whom five sons and three daughters survived their father. The order of their birth was as follows:—1, Joseph, born in 1768; 2, Napoleon, in 1769; 3, Lucien, in 1775; 4, Eliza, in 1777; 5, Louis, in 1778; 6, Pauline, in 1780; 7, Caroline, in 1782; 8, Jerome, in 1784. Of these, only Jerome now survives. He is President of the French Senate, and is 68 years of age.

There resided with the Bonaparte family in Corsica, and afterwards in France, a Catholic priest, who was afterwards Cardinal Fesch. He was the son of Francis Fesch, a Swiss officer in the French service in Corsica by the mother of Letitia Romolina, who, after the death of her first husband, contracted this second marriage, and became the mother of Joseph, who was born in 1763.

FESCH.—The life of this celebrated ecclesiastic, who figured as Abbe, Bishop, and Cardinal, at different periods of his career, is one of the most interesting in the volume. Between him and his relatives of the Bonaparte family, there appears always to have been the most affectionate regard and mutual attachment. He accompanied his sister and her children in their exile from Corsica, and shared in their subsequent fortunes, when priests were proscribed. During the French revolution, the Abbe withdrew from the clerical profession and entered into the commissary department under his nephew Napoleon, after the latter took the command of the army of Italy. When the Catholic religion was restored in France, Fesch resumed the clerical profession, and received distinguished favors from Napoleon and Pope Pius VII. By the latter he was appointed Cardinal in 1803, and by Napoleon Ambassador to the Court of Rome.

The longest historic sketch in the book, as might have been expected, is that of the man of his times, and the founder of the Napoleon Dynasty, Napoleon himself. This sketch is remark-

able for its brilliancy, its condensation, and the philosophy which marks it throughout. In general, it may be remarked that, while the writer of the sketch evidently entertains an enthusiastic admiration of Napoleon, there is an air of great truthfulness and candor in his view of the character and motives of the actions of his hero. The vividness and eloquence with which the most startling scenes in the career of Napoleon are described, will be much admired by the reader, who will obtain in the perusal of the 168 pages devoted to this part of the work more knowledge of the events and character of the French Emperor, than can be found in any other sketch with which we are acquainted. Impartiality and candor on this subject will be in vain sought for, in the French or English historians; and it has been often remarked in Europe, that if an impartial History of Napoleon and his times should ever be written, it would come from America. The Berkeley Men and the Publishers declare that their object in this publication is to furnish such a work.

The memoirs of the Empresses, Josephine and Maria Louisa, follow that of Napoleon, and the former from the character of the subject, and the manner of the sketch of her life, is very attractive and interesting. Then follow the lives of the four brothers of Napoleon—viz., Joseph, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, all remarkable men in their characters, and all of whom, it will be found, acted well their part, in the important positions in which they were placed by the fortunes of their more conspicuous brother. Joseph and Jerome, from the long residence of the former in this country, and the marriage of the latter with an American lady, (Miss Patterson of Baltimore), are objects of peculiar interest to Americans; and we find in the volume before us many entertaining facts relative to the connections of these brothers with the United States, which have been heretofore unpublished. The son of Jerome by his American wife, is now one of the most wealthy citizens of Baltimore, and his mother, whose portrait, taken in her youth, appears in the work, still survives, and resides in Maryland.

The lives of the three sisters of Napoleon, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Princess Borghese, and the Queen of Naples, follow those of the brothers. Young Napoleon, called the King of Rome, who died in his 22d year, Murat, King of Naples, and husband of the youngest sister of Napoleon; Eugene, the son of Josephine, and Viceroy of Italy; Hortense, his sister, Queen of Holland, and mother of Louis Napoleon; add to

the pleasing variety of this constellation of biographies of the most remarkable family of modern times. The concluding sketch is a memoir of Louis Napoleon, the present President of France, who seems well calculated to take those measures which will perpetuate the Napoleon Dynasty, and prevent the restoration of the Bourbons.

The historic illustrations at the close of the volume are not the least important part of the work. They contain, among other matter, an account of the Tombs of the Bonapartes, also of the Beauharnais family; a list of the surviving members of the Bonaparte family, and their genealogy for 600 years drawn up by one of the most learned antiquarians of Italy for one of the family, by whom it was furnished for this work, and translated by the Berkeley Men.

It is gratifying to the friends of American literature, to see the production of a work of the high and original character of "the Napoleon Dynasty," by native authors, and we doubt not its reputation will increase, as it becomes subject to criticism, both in Europe and in this country.

THE STRIFE OF THE AGE.—Not to grow holier and better, but richer and more powerful, or at least seeming the latter, to cheat the world into a belief that we have unlimited means, such is the strife of the world at the present day. Poor weakness of human nature, thus to sham that which is neither a merit nor a virtue; to sacrifice honesty, sincerity, home comforts, the sweets of affection, and true inner life, by which man might make a heaven of earth, to senseless, childish, less than worthless show.

It would seem, viewing this matter of wealth, as if the greater part of mankind possess little or no individuality; you cannot tell them, in the main, save by complexion and name, from each other, except on isolated points.

What there is in this aspect of extreme wealth so enchanting, we cannot see. Great riches certainly increase the cares and perplexities of their possessor, without adding materially to his happiness. After a certain point has been reached, progression of pleasure ceases; then the only thing to do is to repeat the enjoyments again and again, which in themselves become insipid, and cease to confer delight. Then follow the rich man's ennui; the sleepless nights; the longings for power to create the fortune which he possesses, anew, that he might revel again in dreams of the future—that future which has become his enemy by his abuse of its parent, time; and vain-

ly he wishes for the rest that sweetens the laborer's crust, for the golden contentment that makes him long for the morrow, when healthy sleep shall have renovated his sturdy frame, and fitted it for new and blessed toil.

On the contrary, how fresh and inspiring are the enjoyments of the poor man! He earns them and enjoys them at rare intervals, looking ever forward with delight to their recurrence. His luxuries are always prized because he gathers them slowly, one after another, and has still room for more; and as each vacant place is filled, as the easy arm-chair, or the handsome sofa, or the brighter carpet replace "the old things with which we commenced housekeeping," he feels greater and purer pleasure than the millionaire who has actually "too much of a good thing," who dines with silver on his board, and couches more magnificent than those of Eastern princes, drawn around.

It would seem as if some would even sell their souls for gold—but "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

EGYPT.—There is a period between the accounts of Joseph and Moses, consisting of 430 years, on which sacred and profane history are both silent. Much light has been thrown upon it by the recent discoveries of M. Champollion, who has, with great labor and ingenuity, invented a key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt, which has unlocked the stores of learning of the Egyptian priesthood, and has placed before us as clearly as a written language could have done, the astonishing civilization of that remote period.

These discoveries not only make us acquainted with the princes, their mode of government, the customs and manners of the people, but the state of the arts, their wars, the customs of surrounding nations: even the portraits of their kings and queens are identified with perfect accuracy. We here give an extract from Rossellini's illustrations, who has been more successful than Champollion in deciphering these characters:—

"All the gorgeous details of the haughty courts of the Pharaohs, of which we merely obtain glimpses in the Bible, are brought before us with the vivid efficacy of some phantasmagoric exhibition of departed things and persons. We see the portraits of the Pharaoh, who received and elevated Joseph as his prime minister, given with the accuracy of a portrait of William the Fourth."

We see the superb chairs, couches, sofas, foot-

stools, tables, and beaufets, exhibited by Rosellini. Gold and silver tureens, urns, banqueting cups, &c., of the most exquisite workmanship, and tasteful as well as magnificent forms.

The period of history to which we now allude was that of the eighteenth dynasty, containing the arrival of Joseph in Egypt, and his viceroyship under Amenoph, during whose reign the Hebrew colony was established in Egypt; and it was under this brilliant dynasty that the departure of the children of Israel, under Moses, occurred. Manetho, the most ancient historian of Egypt, calls Moses, Osarsiph, a priest of Heliopolis. He likewise states two remarkable points respecting the history, which he says he copied from the Hermaic tablets and the obelisks written by Thoth, the same with Enoch, the son of Cain and placed in subterranean apartments and winding passages near the sounding statue of Memnon at Thebes. This historian likewise introduces us to a race of Hebrews, consisting of eight hundred thousand, who were compelled to labor in the stone-quarries on the eastern bank of the Nile. Among these pictorial representations, the Jews are easily identified, not only from their physiognomy, but from their being always the same. These Jews are employed, under the dynasty of the kings contemporary with Moses, in the specific art of slavery, which he and Manetho both describe, making bricks and working in the quarries. An Egyptian taskmaster superintends their work; and the bricks are precisely those which are found in walls, the dates of which belong to the period in question.

The sublime and magnificent monuments erected by this ancient race of monarchs on the plain embraced by "hundred-gated Thebes" attest, to this day, their taste, their ambition, their wealth, and their power.

It was on that myriad-columned plain, beneath its gorgeous archways and gigantic colonnades, that Champollion exclaimed, "These porticos must have been the work of men a hundred feet high!" Imagination sinks abashed at the foot of the hypostyle hall of Karnac. It is said there are two portraits remaining of the Egyptian wife of Solomon, both very beautiful; one at Karnac, and one in the valley of the Queens' Tombs. She is thought to have been part contributor to that production called Solomon's Songs, which consists of about forty lyrical pieces, in every variety of mood and measure; and she must have been as eminent for talent as for beauty.

THE BURNING OF THE HENRY CLAY.—The particulars of this awful calamity are journalized

through the country; but it is highly fitting that we should ponder with profound seriousness the lessons of instruction a righteous Providence would impart. We think our readers will be pleased and edified by reading some extracts from a discourse of Mr. Prime on this subject so appalling. He thus proceeds:—

On Wednesday morning last, a new and splendid steamer, bearing the honored name of an illustrious statesman whose death we have just now mourned, and whose remains have been recently borne through our streets and waters, was descending the Hudson river. On board were some three or four hundred of our fellow creatures: our friends and neighbors some of them; and all of them other's friends and neighbors if not our's: fathers and mothers: husbands and wives: parents and children: lovers and loved: saints and sinners: old and young, the grave and gay, the rich and poor, the strong and feeble: and of that great multitude, perhaps not one had seriously thought that day, there was but a step between him and death. It was a bright and beautiful day: a summer day, and no where on this continent, perhaps not on any other, is a summer day more beautiful than among the glorious highlands of the Hudson. At each pause in her voyage, the steamer receives new accessions to her company, all warm with the same hopes, all unconscious of the fate to which they were hastening. Their number was now completed: for they had made the last landing, and were approaching the city, when the flames of fire broke upon them, and the floods of water received those who fled from death by fire, and in a few brief moments about one hundred were swept into the world of spirits! In a day, in an hour, in a way that they looked not for it, came the summons, and they were carried away as by a flood. "Of that day and hour knoweth no man."

This is not the time to arraign the reckless, the indifferent, and the profane, who are now responsible to the most august of all tribunals for the death of a hundred of their fellow men. We commit them, guilty or not guilty, to the laws of their country, expressing the hope that they may find justice under that law which says *thou shalt not kill*, and which requirerth all lawful endeavors to preserve our own lives, and the lives of others. Our present concern is rather with those who are here to-day, and who are more or less deeply impressed by the solemn Providence which has clothed so many with the garments of mourning, and carried desolation and gloom to so many hearths and hearts.

There was one [Stephen Allen] of fourscore and five years; once the chief magistrate of this city; an honored and useful citizen; philanthropic and benevolent; wise in his generation and rich in this world's goods; who had a hand and heart that were open to the calls of charity, and whose prudent mind devised ways and means to advance the happiness of his fellow men. Beyond the boundaries over which the thread of human life is often drawn, his days had been extended, and it might be thought that he would have been allowed to finish his course in peace; to go up to his curtained couch, and draw the drapery around him, when he, the aged and way-worn, came at last to die. But God thought not so. In the midst of his journey toward home, in the fiercest of the conflict with fire and flood, the old man meets his fate. Even the aged who may have looked for death for twenty years, know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.

There was another [A. J. Downing] whom I had known for many years; a man of genius, of taste, of science, whose industry and skill and cultivated powers had added largely to the literature and art of his country, and gained for him a distinguished reputation in his own and foreign lands. The banks of the Hudson on which he had always

lived, and the banks of a hundred streams, the landscape gardens that surround a thousand villas, the charming openings that disclose the residence of wealth and taste and beauty in all parts of our new but rapidly improving land, are witnesses of what he has done in this department of useful and ornamental labor. For he who adds to the beauty of the world he lives in, is not less a benefactor to his race, than he who grows two stalks of grain where one only grew before. But he who had adorned many a rural cemetery by the suggestions of his educated taste, and had thus made beautiful the spot where others were to lie, knew not that his day and his hour had come, when he embarked last Wednesday on the *Henry Clay*.

Another [J. J. Speed] was a man of unusual powers as a public speaker; a skillful and able lawyer; a rising man; ardent, active, and enterprising in the pursuits of life, in high health and spirits, and bidding fair as any of us to reach a distant goal in the race of time. Afar from home, too, and making no calculations on a sudden arrest in his career, conscious of powers that would enable him to grapple with the strongest enemy, and to live where others more timid and more feeble would perish, he finds that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but where the frail and the fearful were saved, he sinks and is lost. Vain is the help of man.

In that great company there was one [Mrs. Emily Bartlett, of Poughkeepsie, wife of Charles Bartlett, President of the Collegiate Institute,] of whom I may speak from long personal acquaintance, as one of the loveliest of her sex. Endowed by nature with those charms of form and feature that never fail to attract the attention and excite the admiration of those who behold them, Mrs. B. was the ornament of society, as she was the crown of her husband and the joy of his house. Not only beautiful, she was gifted with a pure and generous mind, a sweet and amiable temper, while education had added every accomplishment and grace had completed the work; clothing her with all those virtues that fit the elegant woman to be the light and beauty of the world she blesses with her presence. And when I think of her, flying from the devouring flame, and leaping into the only less fearful flood, committing that form of so much gracefulness to the cold embrace of death, while yet the warm pulses of life were bounding in her bosom, fond husband and children at home all unsuspecting of the agony she was enduring, my heart sickens, and I turn to the faith which alone can sustain and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth right to thee." But the crowning glory of that fair woman's praise was her love for God, her calm and earnest trust in Christ, which I know full well did not forsake her in that last and trying hour; and when she committed herself to the waves, she heard a voice saying: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee, when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Yet though she lived in readiness for the Master's coming, and doubtless had her house and heart in order, so that she could put forth her hand and meet the Lord as friend meets friend, the call was sudden, and of that day and hour she knew not. But, thou art gone; there was no charm in beauty that could save, no power in love to help thee when thine hour had come, or thou shouldst not thus have perished, wife of my early friend!

Among the dead was lying on the beach an infant with a smile upon its cherub face: perhaps in its sleep it had been borne in the arms of its mother into the arms of death, and woke in heaven. Of such is the kingdom. The jewels that adorned it spoke of the tenderness with which

it had been cared for in the hours of its health and hope, but what were these to save it in the day of the Lord. There were many other infants, how many I know not, who were then suddenly cut off, before they had scarcely tasted of the cup of life. Of that day they knew not, and never had a thought. Believing as we do that God takes these little ones to himself, it seems a mercy to shield them from the evil to come; to give them the gift of life, the privilege of existence, and then in infancy, before the days shall come when they have no pleasure in them, to take them to his own house and bosom, and make them angels there and with him forever.

There were doubtless some in that number of the lost, who had no readiness for the coming of the messenger of death. In the midst of life and health they had perhaps assured themselves there was time enough for preparation—a sick-bed, or old age, or more leisure, would be improved in the great business of making ready for the journey from which no traveler comes back. It is not for us to lift the veil that hides the eternal world, and say what their emotions when suddenly ushered into the presence of the infinite and the Holy! They felt as we should feel, if we are unprepared and should now be ordered to stand in the presence of the Judge.

Alas! alas! into how many homes in far distant cities and hamlets, as well as within the sound of our own bells, has this calamity carried anguish and woe! Strangers, far away from us, your dead are here, and our tears are with you in your sorrow. The Lord comfort you with comfort which none but he can give; heal your wounded hearts, and by his grace prepare you for future trials, and the last great trial which must come to all. Some will mourn, who do not know as yet that you are stricken. We would have spared you this grief, but all we can do, is to offer you our sympathies, and to offer for you our tearful prayers.

Sudden death may indeed involve the necessity of dying away from home;

"Death is, no doubt, in every place the same;
Yet nature casts a look toward home, and most
Who have it in their power, choose to expire
Where first they drew their breath."

Or rather, where the hand of affection may smooth the dying pillow and close the dying eye. But sweet as these reliefs must be to one in sorrow, the soul that is stayed on God, looks beyond the curtains that drape the couch, and with quivering lip and failing voice, but tearless eye, exclaims even on the burning deck or in the swelling flood,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

We leave the lessons of this Providence for the study of each soul to whose ears the lesson comes. A thousand thoughts throng the mind and beg to be expressed. Perhaps among these thoughts the most urgent and outbreathing are of cruel wrong and high handed crime; deserving to be punished by the arm of holy law. And if the pulpit may join its solemn voice to the voice of the public press, and in the name of an injured, bleeding, bereaved community may demand that justice, an attribute of the God whom we have met to worship, may be done, then from these high places we are ready to declare that the blood of a hundred human beings slain without excuse, now cries from the ground for the punishment of those whose miserable ambition and more miserable avarice wrought this awful ruin.

And then we think of the hundreds and thousands of hearts that have been crushed by this great sorrow, and we long to go to them with the consolations of the gospel, which alone has power to console in such an hour. Let us

weep with those who weep. We shall feel the luxury of sympathy when the hour of our desolation comes.

Yet what avails our sympathy in such a sorrow. Let us be still, and hear the voice of God which speaks to us saying, *Be ye also ready.*

His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as ours. His footsteps are in the sea. Dark, dreadful as this Providence appears, there is none who may say, *Why doest thou so?* Bowing to his sovereign will, adoring him whom we cannot comprehend, let us say with faith, "EVEN SO LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, true and righteous are thy judgments."

CLEVELAND.—Within a few years the lovely spot where this beautiful city now rears its many spires, was only a wilderness, trampled upon by the clumsy bear, pranced over by the bounding deer, supposed to be too far away from New England comforts to be thought of as a fit place for settlement. What a wondrous change has a few years wrought in this now charming portion of our country. A recent visitor writes from Cleveland thus:

"This place has grown astonishingly within the last few years. From a pleasant village it has become a large city of 40,000, and I suppose was never growing faster than it is this summer. The inhabitants extol the location for its many attractions and advantages, and well they may. The high bluff overlooking the lake, from the edge of which the town stretches far back over a beautiful plain, slopes down to the water at so favorable an angle, that many of the lots can be graded at a moderate expense, as some of them have been already. Others, that are steeper, can be terraced. And when these improvements shall be made, as they assuredly will be, these long green slopes will give an enchanting foreground to the city, as you sail by upon the lake.

"The streets of Cleveland, crossing each other at right angles, are very wide, and many of them finely shaded. In some quarters more trees ought to be planted, and in a few years, when they come to be well grown, they will add very much to the beauty and comfort of the city. Many of the dwelling-houses, especially of those more recently built, are large and expansive mansions, with ample grounds about them. In this last respect, Cleveland is setting a good example to some of her ambitious sisters, who are so fond of society that, in building, they leave nothing but thin brick walls between themselves and their neighbors. In a city hemmed in like Cincinnati, for example, it may be necessary; but where there is room it shows a great want of taste, as well as disregard to health and comfort, to measure off just so many square feet, when the builder has no want of funds, and when there are, so to speak, no limits to good building ground.

"What Cleveland will do in the way of public ornaments and improvements, remains to be seen. If her business and prosperity do not craze her, much may be expected from the character of her citizens and the advantages of her location. I was happy to learn that it is in contemplation to lay out a public promenade on the bluff, overlooking the lake. Let this be done on a liberal scale; let it be planted with shade-trees and otherwise tastefully adorned; let it be extended two or three miles to East Cleveland, which I have no doubt will ultimately become a part of the city; and with what delight will it be thronged in hot summer evenings, both by citizens and strangers. With what eagerness will all classes hasten from the heated streets and close avenues, to inhale the pure air from the lake, and to watch

with never-tiring interest the hundred floating palaces as they majestically come and depart, flinging the sparkling waters behind them. The bands of music, too, upon those Elysian heights, how will they allure and charm the toil and care worn, as well as the more leisure classes! And if, in addition to laying out and beautifying such a promenade, Cleveland should secure to herself a public park of a hundred acres, within or just without the city, she would entitle herself to the gratitude of all posterity. Will she do it? At present, I believe, she has but a single open square, and that a small one.

"I have not space left to say much about the churches, schools, and other attractions of Cleveland. The rapid increase of population, is quite in advance of "church extension," and will require special efforts to overtake it, just as it is apt to be in all our cities and large thriving towns. Perhaps the Presbyterians have fallen more behind than any other denomination. They have let others take the ground which fairly belonged to them. By what I could learn, the First Church has committed a great error in clinging like bees to the old hive, when they ought to have swarmed. The older and most influential members have become so much attached to it and to their popular and excellent pastor, that they could not bear to colonize, when, years ago, the place had become "too straight for them," and those who wished to join them could not get seats on any terms. If they had moved in time, the swarm would before now have been larger than the old hive. A good deal of ground has been lost by this delay, which it will be hard to recover; but leading members of that congregation are now erecting a fine church in a part of the city where it will no doubt soon be filled.

"A great deal of interest is taken here in the cause of popular education, and Cleveland bids fair soon to rival her older sisters in the higher departments of intellectual training. A Young Ladies' Seminary of a high order is to be opened under the care of Rev. Mr. Sawtell, by whose indefatigable efforts it is got up, as soon as the buildings can be erected. It is intended to make a three years' course in this school as thorough as in the best, anywhere; and to train up a superior class of female teachers, to meet the increasing demands of the West. The University of Cleveland promises well.

"President Mahan, formerly at the head of the Oberlin Institution, is endeavoring to plant a college here, but of what character, and with what prospects of success, I am not informed. Every judicious educational enterprise ought to be encouraged; while it is right, it is the duty of her citizens, to inquire into the claims of those who ask for patronage, and to bestow their money where it will do the most good. I take leave of this young rival of Detroit and Buffalo, if not with expectations quite so sanguine of her great future as brighten her own vision, yet with high anticipations of what she may be, in the best use of her advantages, and under the favoring smiles of heaven."

THE MONSTER'S WORK.—In this day of conflict between temperance and intemperance, of true liberty and abused privileges, in this present struggling position of the temperance enterprise, we are glad to insert in our monthly occasionally sentiments like the following from the ready pen of our fair young authoress. The orphanage condition of the drunkard's offspring, is sad enough to startle the hardened rum-trafficker, if indeed anything can move his heart to pity. If any picture can turn him

back from his work of death. It must be the horrid picture of the condition of so many innocent prattlings turned parentless upon the cold charities of the world to beg for bread.

TO A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Beauteous child, with sunny brow,
With beaming smile, and laughing eye,
Smile on! thou knowest not of woes
That clust'ring in thy pathway lie.

Smile on! for ah! full soon I ween,
Each gleeful look will from thee flee,
A drunkard is thy father, child,
And happiness is not for thee.

Want, cruel want, thou soon must know
A sire's neglect—his anger wild—
The proud one's scorn, the taunting word;
Ah! such are for the drunkard's child.

But there is one, with pale, sad face,
That loves thee well—bright, glad some boy—
A mother guides thy tottering feet;
Alas! thou art her only joy.

Brief is the space her love can shed
Pure sun-light, on thy path of gloom,
Soon her crushed heart will cease to beat,
For Death has marked her for the tomb.

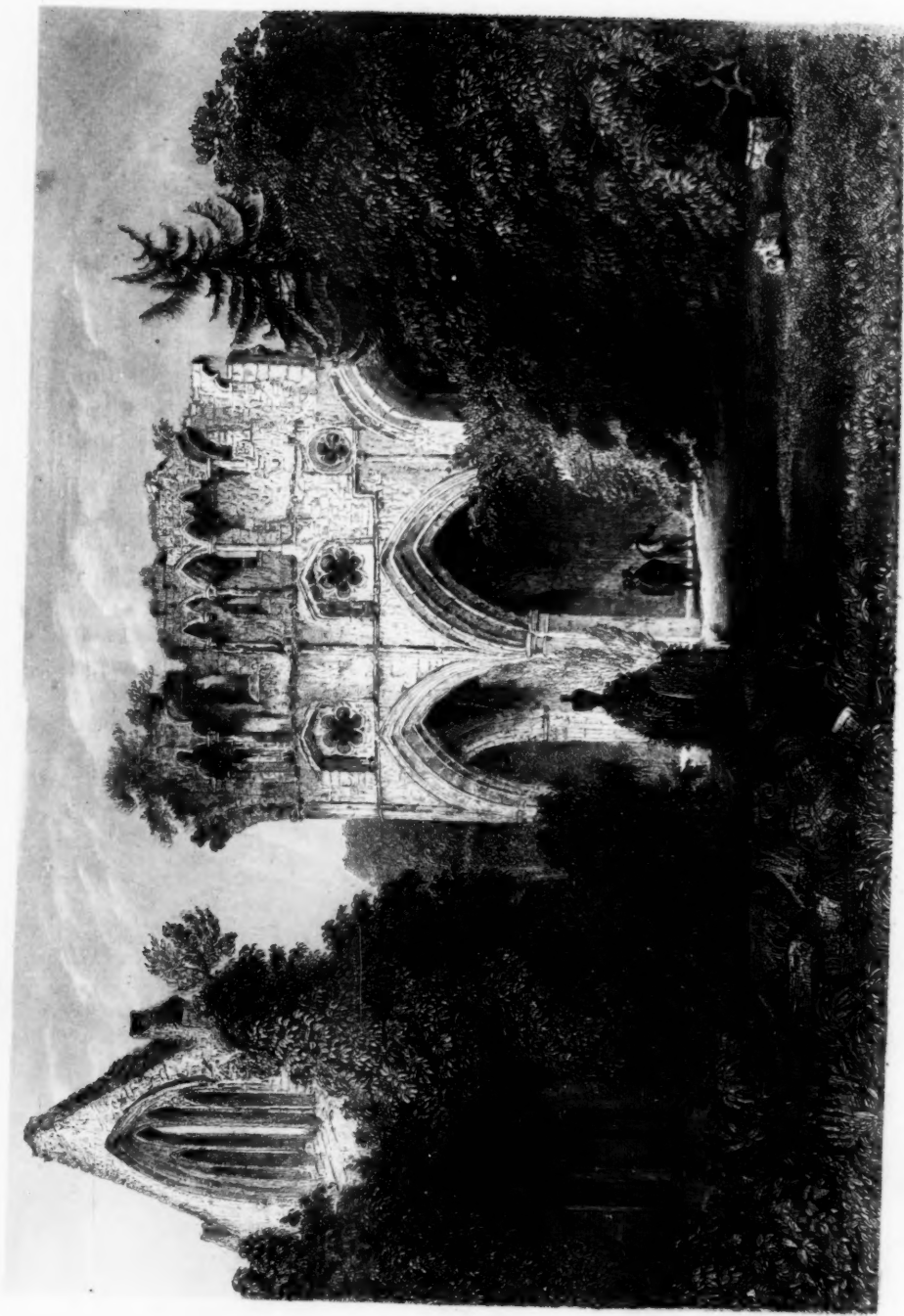
Smile on, sweet boy, while yet thou may'st,
Thy tears will all too quickly flow,
Except, kind Heaven, in pitying love,
Doth rescue thee from earthly woe.

A NEW INVENTION.—A gentleman near Louisville, Ky., has applied the telegraph to an entirely novel and unique use. He has nearly completed an invention for writing music as it is played from the piano-forte, the notes upon the sheet being produced as fast, and to the exact time, as the keys are touched by the performer. Strakosch has offered him \$10,000 for the patent-right when the model is finished.

SHADES OF CHARACTER.—The want of harmony among the varieties of human character, may contribute in no small degree to increase the amount of social happiness in the world, although it may seem too difficult a paradox to account for. Social converse must droop, and social enjoyment be contracted and languish, where there is perfect similarity of views, of tastes, and attainments. Discrepancies and unlikes, in a multitude of instances, as we have seen, produce exhilaration in the social state. It is often for the zest produced that we mingle in the busy circles around us, and enter into the topics of vivacious but innocent dispute. We are pleased rather with the lines of difference which our fellows pursue, if those lines are spherical, and lead around to the same common point of termination. Like the shades of difference in the human countenance, such is the difference of men's

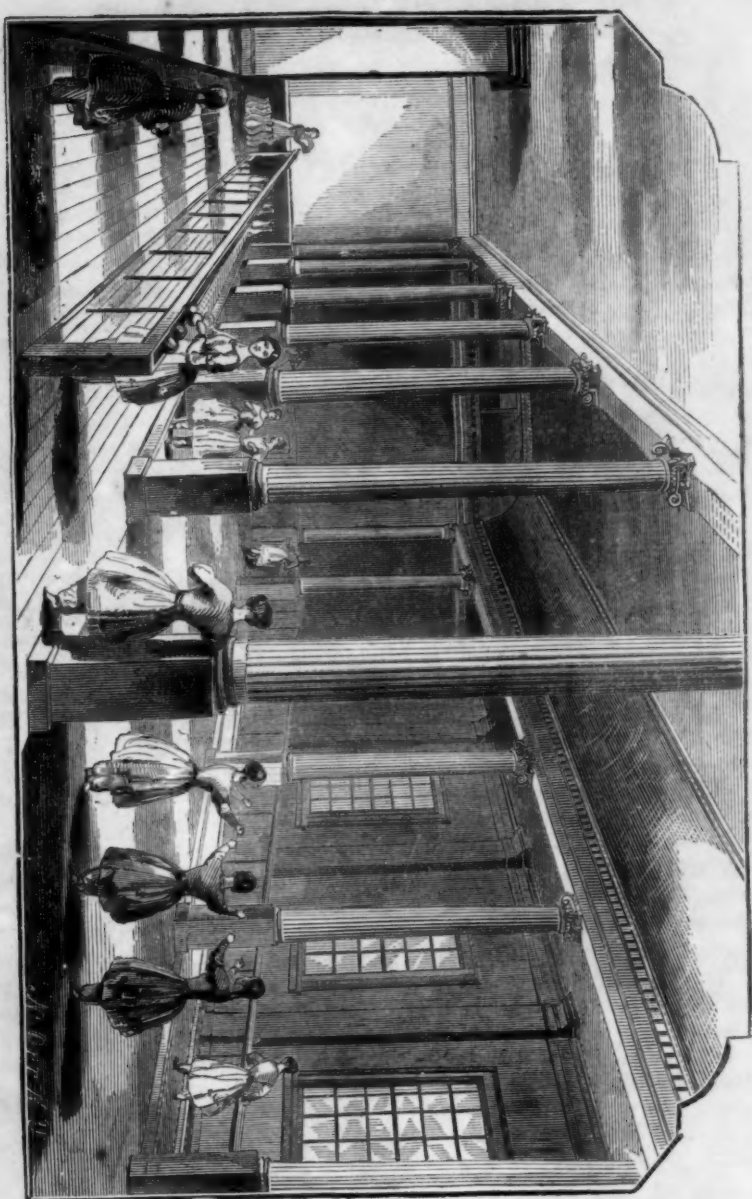
minds, and such are the shades of character. We profit by these different phases, and we contribute to each other's stock of knowledge from the various mines which our different appetences have caused us to explore, and the personal resources they bring into use. We view it clearly as an evidence of design on the part of an all-wise Providence, that there should be variety in the physical and moral world, that the soul should feast itself on this variety, everywhere apparent, and by it be educated, refined, and elevated to a state of bliss eternal and unalloyed. A careful observance of the conduct of our fellows, will lead in one instance to avoid slothfulness, and cultivate a spirit of industry and activity in the work of life, to run with diligence the race that is set before us, to learn by what we see in others, to exercise charity towards all men; to treat with kindness the erring, straying ones from the path of duty, and by a higher and more significant example, endeavor to lead our friends and fellows to aim for a better life. It is evidently the kind intention of our Creator that we should improve from the various exhibitions around us of human frailty and human progress. The different complexions and shades of moral development, are less the subjects of comment than the subjects of imitation or avoidance. We should copy the right, and eschew the wrong. We should imitate excellences and shun evil examples.

Recently we have examined, with inexplicable pleasure, two neat and rich volumes on *Shades of Character*, by Anne Woodrooffe, just issued by the Carters, who always publish good books, and are certainly doing great good in this reading age. There is in this work a successful endeavor to prove the power of pure religion to mould and modify the moral affections of the most rude and wayward—the triumph of pure religion over every frivolous criticism, sharp repartee, or sceptical sneer—the excellence of religion among the select circles of social refinement—in the halls of opulence and power, especially its beauty and loveliness, in times of sorrow and disappointed expectations. While we have delineated the nice and delicate shades of character, under the sunshine of external advantages, we have strewn all along the path the author intends to lead us, tales of the most thrilling interest—scenes that touch powerfully the cords of our sympathy, and awaken our sincerest and profoundest respect for the sterling Christian principles, that so gracefully puts to silence the most subtle machinations of infidelity.



DRYBURGH ABBEY, Roxburghshire
The General view of the Abbey, 1840

Interior of Gymnasium of Whitefield Young Ladies' Institute.



THE DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

MUSIC—ORIGINAL.

POETRY—SELECTED.

Andante.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note B-flat, followed by quarter notes G, A, B-flat, and C. The bass staff features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with B-flat and moving up stepwise.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes (B-flat, A, G) marked with a '3' and an accent. The bass staff continues with eighth notes, including some chords.

The third system includes the first line of lyrics: "1. Mo - ther, the sun is sink-ing Far in the glow - ing west, And my". The melody in the treble staff has a slight rise and then a fall, while the bass staff accompaniment remains consistent with eighth notes.

The fourth system includes the second line of lyrics: "lit - tle heart is ceas - ing, Its throb with - in my breast: I". The melody in the treble staff concludes with a half note B-flat. The bass staff accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a single note in the left hand.

THE DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

know I soon must leave you, To sleep be - neath the sod; My

wea - ry spi-rit's wait - ing To wing its way to God.

dim.

2.

My pulse is slowly ebbing,
O press me to your heart
And let me fondly kiss you,
I soon from all must part
But oh! 't is not for ever,
We soon shall meet again
In heaven, where all are happy
Where pleasures ever reign.

3.

O mother, gently raise me,
And kiss my pallid brow;
The heavenly throng are waiting,
I hear glad music now:
I soon shall be among them,
And dwell above the sky;
They come, they come, dear mother—
How sweet it is to die!

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

BY GEORGIANA MAY STILES.

THE reader of the Bible often wonders at the varied scenes through which he is led. Standing on the mysterious top of Sinai, amidst blackness and tempest and the voice of words, he has but to cast a forward glance to find himself in the peaceful valleys of Bethlehem, and listen to running waters, the lowing of herds, and the piping of shepherds. Wearied with the chronicled exploits of mighty men of valor, he may turn to sun himself in the bright looks of the maidens that gather the vintage, and glean after the reapers in the fields of Boaz. The New Testament, particularly, owes much to this shifting and flitting of light and shade. The far-reaching themes of the Saviour's teachings would overpower the soul, if, at almost every step of our progress to a knowledge of things heavenly, we were not met by some little episode of individual humanity, and relieved by having our attention turned to the history of some heart like our own, with the feeling of whose infirmities we can be touched, or in communion with whose gladness our own souls are refreshed and strengthened to look again on things eternal and invisible.

This is peculiarly the case, when, pursuing the stern, relentless path by which the Saviour is borne forward to the scenes of the crucifixion, till we have set our trembling feet upon the very ascent of Calvary, we are permitted to pause and sit down awhile under the *vine and fig tree*, drawing free breath once more amidst all familiar household charities. Here, in this embowered home of Bethany, we may safely surrender our hearts to what seems fair, for we read that Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. Their peaceful dwelling was to him like the garden beyond the brook Kedron, or the shady seclusion of the Mount of Olives. His favor to its inmates was shown so unreservedly that each would have ventured to designate the other, as the sisters on one occasion did Lazarus, *Him whom thou lovest*.

Of the brother, so dear to his sisters, we can gather but little; but of Martha and Mary, the Sisters of Bethany, the sacred narrative here and there retains some distinctive traits. The character of one of them is clearly shown in what ap-

pears to have been their first interview with the Saviour. *Now it came to pass as he went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman, named Martha, received him into her house.* The acquaintance seems to have originated in Martha's abounding hospitality. She stands forth as the permitted head of the household,—the master spirit. She is apparently the elder sister among orphans. The duties and cares this relation has imposed have awakened all her energies, and made her a practical woman, self-relying, and competent to direct others. The brother and sister have looked up to her for protection and guidance till they acquiesce in her authority as in that of a parent. Apparently, too, this position has had some of the less favorable results upon her character which would seem almost inevitable. Martha is, undeniably, the least in the world opinionated, dictatorial, bustling and important.

See, mingled with her desire to do honor to her guest, an anxiety to maintain the state and style appropriate to the family rank—(and from some incidental circumstances, such as the number of friends who came from Jerusalem to Bethany to be with them in their affliction, the costly sepulture of Lazarus, and their lavish expenditure on this and another occasion, we should infer that it was a family of some hereditary consequence)—see her cumbering herself with much serving, and then, with professional pride in her self-imposed labors, expecting to receive commendation and sympathy. See the frankness and business-like directness of her appeal to the Saviour—*Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.* This is not an appeal of mere petulance, or of regard to her own selfish ease;—for every one familiar with such a woman knows that it would have been self-denial for her to accept the help she asked;—but it was the natural expression of her sense of propriety. Martha's habits of life had led her to exaggerate the importance of her own sphere. In her estimation, woman's only high province was to *guide the house*, and Mary, oblivious of all that belonged to the occasion, sitting at the Saviour's feet, absorbed in his teach-

ings, seemed altogether out of place. Her quick eye detected, and her hand, ever prompt to follow out the decisions of her own mind, sought to rectify the incongruity, as she would any other derangement of the family order. This is her appeal to the Saviour:—Mary has forsaken her appropriate sphere. Add the weight of your authority to mine, and correct this propensity for life.

Martha, Martha, said her Lord, with a directness quite equal to her own, *thou art careful and troubled about many things*. Did not a voice within her bear witness to this impeachment? But Mary is choosing a better part;—she is finding a peace not subject to these inquietudes; a peace such as not only the lesser, but the greater evils of life shall never utterly take away.

Martha is rebuked—once for all. We hear no more of her self-complacency. Once assured from the Saviour's own lips that Mary's disposition and habits of mind met his approbation, we see no farther attempts to alter and conform the younger sister to her standard. We see in her, henceforward, love and pride and tenderness equal to that of a mother, but no more of this maternal anxiety and sense of responsibility. Mary is justified, and henceforward free to follow her own inclinations. It would seem that, from the first, Mary had been the cherished object of affectionate indulgence in the household—that both brother and sister regarded her with fond pride, as the ornament and charm of their dwelling. Mary's sway over the hearts of all who approached seems never for one moment to have been disputed by her sister. Mary is the fair and graceful flower, dispensing fragrance, and receiving homage; Martha is the humbler root, delighting to send abroad its fibres to find sustenance for what is the boast of its being. If Mary had exacted anything of what was so freely accorded, or assumed any consequence from her loveliness of person and winning manners, Martha would not have rendered it. There is in Mary's character a germ of what might have become wilfulness under this course of indulgence, if she had never met the Saviour, and *learned of him who was meek and lowly in heart*. As it was, all we see of her assures us that it never grew to harm, though we may trace it in her ardor, and the eagerness with which she followed out her own enthusiastic impulses. How much there is in her to win our love and admiration! Observe her eager attention to instruction not addressed particularly to her, or adapted with any reference to her youthful capacity and tastes. Mark the transparent simplicity of her character in her forgetfulness of herself and all surrounding circum-

stances while she sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word; for at this time he was probably seated in the open court, the most public part of the dwelling, and surrounded by listening disciples, and others drawn together by curiosity. Mary's is a character made up of all gentler elements; a counterpart to that of the beloved disciple. How she clings to the ties of domestic life! When Lazarus dies, she falls to the earth like a vine whose prop has been removed; while Martha stands erect, like a well-rooted, though scathed tree.

The difference in the character of the sisters is very marked throughout that touching narrative of the death and resurrection of Lazarus, so familiar to every one, that, doubtless, it has been to most of us, in our childhood, the favorite passage of the whole Bible. Both the sisters had longed, in their distress, for the presence and aid of their beloved Master, and had sent to entreat him to come to them.

Before their messenger could reach him, however, Lazarus was dead, and certainty had taken the place of apprehension. He finds them surrounded by friends; for *many came from Jerusalem to comfort Martha and Mary concerning their brother*. Doubtless the uncommon affection of this brother and sisters had been often remarked, and their bereavement excited unusual sympathy. Martha, with characteristic quickness of perception, is the first to be aware of the approach of Jesus, and to hasten to meet him. Her first words to him are not of their loss, but of how it might have been averted, and an indirect, but earnest inquiry, if it be utterly without remedy, even now. Jesus does not weep with Martha, as he afterwards did with the overwhelmed Mary; but he calmly reasons with her. He examines her knowledge of his doctrines, and tests the nature and degree of her faith in him, not utterly quenching the faint hope she evidently has, that her brother may yet be restored through his intercession, but directing her thoughts to more spiritual themes than were habitual to them. He spoke to her of the immaterial and imperishable soul, and of its hold on eternal life, even while it dwelt in a body subject to death. Martha listened, and in part apprehended; but her soul was not winged for a flight so far beyond familiar things, and she soon falls back upon the one great truth, which was the beginning and end of her creed,—*I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God*. Had it been Mary before whom life and immortality were thus brought to light, she might have been so absorbed in the theme as to forget to announce the Saviour's

coming to her sister. Not so Martha. Both from nature and habit she was more alive to external claims, and she hastens back on this mission of love. She discharged it, too, with a thoughtful delicacy that nothing but a close observation of the mental habits of her more sensitive sister, prompted by a tenderness truly maternal, could have given to her differently constituted mind. She calleth her sister secretly, that the freedom of her first interview with the Saviour might be unrestrained by the presence of witnesses.

How apparent it is that all who approached these sisters were aware of the difference in them! It was to comfort Mary, as if she were the only sufferer, that their friends were assembled. They saw her sorrow. It was obvious to their perceptions, though it probably surpassed all that they conceived of its power. They sat down with Mary to comfort her, and allowed Martha, equally afflicted, to find relief, if possible, where she doubtless sought it, in occupation. When Martha went out, no one apprehended any burst of overpowering and dangerous emotion; but all rose with one accord and followed Mary, saying, *She goeth to the grave to weep there.* Martha's sorrow did not move the Saviour like Mary's. When she fell at his feet in utter abandonment to grief, mechanically repeating the words of Martha, which had doubtless been with both the frequent expression of their confidence in his compassion and power to help them, the Saviour made her no reply but tears. With his eyes fixed on the youthful Mary, Jesus wept over the woes and heart-break, incident to this mortal life.

See them at the sepulchre, where Martha's habit of deciding upon every step to be taken calls forth the admonition of the Saviour. *Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?* How hard for Martha to believe anything that seemed to contradict what she saw and knew!

We see the sisters once more after the scene of which we have been speaking, upon which Scripture wisely lets fall the veil of silence.

It should be remembered, in connection with the Saviour's next visit to Bethany, that his great miracle, the restoration of Lazarus, had excited such anger and opposition among the Jewish rulers, and kindled a spirit of persecution so much more violent than all that had preceded it, that we read *from that day forth they took counsel against Jesus to put him to death*, and that they gave strict commandment that if any man knew where he was, he should show it, that they might take him.

It was under these circumstances, emerging

from the country near to the wilderness, where he had been driven to take refuge for a time, with his disciples, that the Saviour once more enters Bethany, and is met there with just such a transport as we should expect from those who had received such mercies at his hands. The joy with which the inhabitants of that little village welcomed the return of their Lord was not to be restrained by any edict from the persecuting city whose sacred pinnacles glittered in the valley below. It was not to be awed into silence by the approach of the Passover, in anticipation of which the whole nation was now coming up to Jerusalem. The Master is come, and the day is given up to the enjoyment of his beloved presence. They hold a high festival, not, it would seem, in the house of Lazarus, but in that of Simon of Bethany, a restored leper, whose superior rank and station, we may suppose, better became what seems to have been a public demonstration of their attachment. Lazarus forgets the caution which had kept him in concealment, and his presence seems to give to the scene of rejoicing a hallowed sanction, as from the unseen world. The restored and the Restorer sit side by side, and not only Bethany, but Jerusalem is moved at the spectacle. *Much people of the Jews came that they might see Jesus and Lazarus whom he had raised from the dead.* Where now are the sisters of him who was dead? They are both here.

How appropriate and natural to each is the manner in which the emotions of her heart seek vent! *Martha serves* at the feast, while Mary lavishes upon her adored Benefactor the box of costly odors. This act of graceful abandonment to the spirit of the hour would not have harmonized at all with our conceptions of Martha. She would not have wished the ointment spared, but she would doubtless have felt, with the disciples, that three hundred pence might have been more judiciously bestowed. But mark the Saviour's tender, sheltering care for this one of the little ones that believed on him. *Trouble her not, she hath wrought a good work.* Happy for Mary that she did not comprehend the intimation of his approaching death, coupled with these words! *Against the day of my burial she hath done this.*

How pathetic an interest is added to this last scene of these disciples' communion with their Master, by their utter unconsciousness of the fearful verge on which they stand! The Saviour is in the way, going up to Jerusalem, to die; but they see him depart with hearts filled with hope and exultation.

They stand and watch the great multitude coming out from Jerusalem to meet him, with

waving palms, and strewing the way before him who had done this miracle. They catch the distant sounds, *Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!*

The long triumphal procession enters the gate of the city, and all is hidden from the eyes of the Sisters of Bethany.

ENTERING HEAVEN.

BY FRÉDÉRIC CAREY.

SOFTLY part away the tresses
From her forehead of pale clay,
And across her quiet bosom
Let her white hands lightly lay;
Never idle in her lifetime
Were they folded thus away.

She hath lived a life of labor,
She is done with toil and care,
She hath lived a life of sorrow,
She has nothing more to bear,
And the lips that never murmured
Never more shall move in prayer.

You who watched with me beside her,
As her last of nights went by,
Know how calmly she assured us
That her hour was drawing nigh;
How she told us, sweetly smiling,
She was glad that she could die.

Many times from off the pillow
Lifting up her face to hear,
She had seemed to watch and listen,
Half in hope and half in fear,
Often asking those about her
If the day were drawing near.

Till at last, as one aweary,
To herself she murmured low,
"Could I see him, could I bless him
Only once before I go;
If he knew that I was dying
He would come to me, I know."

Drawing then my head down gently,
Till it lay beside her own,
Said she, "Tell him in his anguish,
When he finds that I am gone,
That the bitterness of dying
Was to leave him here alone.

"Leave me now, my dear ones, leave me,
You are wearied all, I know;
You have been so kind and watchful,
You can do no more below,
And if none I love are near me
'Twill be easier to go.

"Let your warm hands chill not slipping
From my fingers icy tips,
Be there not the touch of kisses,
On my uncaressing lips,
Let no kindness see the darkening
Of my eye's last, long eclipse.

"Never think of me as lying
By the dismal mold o'erspread,
But about the soft white pillow
Folded underneath my head;
And of summer flowers weaving
A rich broidery o'er my bed.

"Think of the immortal spirit
Living up above the sky,
And of how my face, there wearing
Light of immortality,
Looking earthward, is o'erleaving,
The white bastions of the sky."

Still then with one last effort,
All her weakness and her woe,
She seemed rapt in pleasant visions
But to wait her time to go;
For she never after midnight
Spoke of anything below.

But kept murmuring very softly
Of cool streams and pleasant bowers,
Of a path going up brightly,
Where the fields were white with flowers;
And at daybreak she had entered
On a better life than ours.

THE KNIGHT AND THE ENCHANTERS.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

In one of the deep and gloomy forests of Prussia there dwelt two enchanters, named Abrodat and Simuleit. Fearful stories were told of their power, and of the cruel deeds done by them in their forest solitude, upon the unprotected travellers who passed through that way. It was said that they slew their victims, and offered them as sacrifices to the false deities whom they worshipped.

A young and valiant Christian knight named Eric Kanitz had often listened to these reports, till he grew impatient at last, and resolved to go himself and discover the enchanters, and learn the truth of what was said about them, and endeavor to bring them to repentance and the knowledge of the truth of Christianity.

He went quite alone, but he feared nothing, for he trusted in his good sword, and in the protection of God. After some days' search, he arrived at the huts of the enchanters. They knew of his approach, and came forth to meet him, thinking him a victim sent to them as a sacrifice to their false gods. Abrodat looked upon the youth, and felt compassion for him; he seemed so beautiful and hopeful; but Simuleit laughed at his pity. As they were about to seize Eric, he drew his sword and prepared to defend himself. They mocked in scorn at his thinking to resist their power, and rushed upon him vigorously; but with one blow of his sword he smote Simuleit to the ground senseless, and then wrestling with Abrodat, he overthrew him, and placed his foot upon his breast.

The enchanter expected instant death. But Eric spoke to him kindly, and asked him if indeed he and his companion were the famed Abrodat and Simuleit, and promised them pardon. Then he spoke of something higher than the pardon of a fellow-creature, and offered them light, and peace, and life everlasting.

Abrodat was silent; and that moment the cries of a woman were heard. It was the voice of Abrodité, the daughter of Abrodat, and she was calling upon her father for help. Abrodat started, and implored Eric to suffer him to go to the assistance of his child.

Eric quickly raised him, and offered to help him in his search for her; for it was the duty and privilege of knights in those days to proffer aid whenever a woman or any defenceless person was in danger: and it was their office to defend the helpless and oppressed.

In the meantime, Abrodité was flying from a wicked wood-demon, who wanted to make her his wife. She fled till she came to her father's hut; there, thinking she was safe from her enemy, she stopped and took breath: but she had hardly looked round and trusted in her escape, when the moonlight streaming through the window revealed the hideous form of the wood-demon, who looked in upon her, while in his strange and discordant speech he praised her comeliness, and asked her to him, and to look upon him, and become his wife.

She shrieked for help, and the demon became furious, and threatened to carry her off into the depths of the forest. She gave herself up for lost, when the door of the hut was burst open, and the knight Eric appeared, with his sword drawn in his hand. Abrodité sprang forward to welcome her deliverer, exclaiming that he was the same she had seen coming to her rescue in dreams.

The knight Eric looked at the young maiden, who seemed so gentle and innocent, and rejoiced at her words; then he asked her about the enemy that had so terrified her. She pointed to the wood-demon, who still glared upon her from the window, and now began his hideous threats anew. Abrodité clung to the knight, entreating him to protect her. He held up her fainting form with one arm, and bade the demon come on, and try the temper of his good sword. The demon moved not, but muttered some wild and strange words. He was enchanting Eric and Abrodité.

Eric tried to move towards him, but his limbs grew stiff and leaden, and a strange oppression came over him; and when the spell of enchantment was finished, both he and Abrodité were fixed to the ground, two beautiful and lifeless statues. Again the wood-demon muttered, and was about to make the spell binding forever

when Abrodat appeared and asked him what evil work he was about.

"Only making thy daughter my statue, as she will not be my bride," answered he. But the enchanter's power was greater than that of the demon, and he quickly turned away as Abrodat wove another spell of disenchantment, and vanished in the wood moaning and howling.

He had hardly disappeared, when Simuleit rushed in, having recovered his consciousness in time to hear the cries of Abrodité. At the sight of the two statues, he started. But Abrodat bade him fear nothing, for he had broken the demon's spell, and the knight and maiden would revive when kissed by the earliest beams of the morning sun.

Simuleit looked at them thoughtfully, and said, "The counsel that I give will I fear sound strange and harsh, nevertheless is a good and true one; take it as thou wilt. Leave those fair images forever as they now are, cold but happy."

"Thou dreamest," exclaimed Abrodat. "Shall I leave my daughter thus? Shall I lose her sweet companionship?"

"I do not dream," replied Simuleit; "they who think life to be of value dream. But then Abrodat, thou who feelest the intolerable burden of wandering on the brink of everlasting sorrow, conscious that the ground will crumble from beneath thee, and that thou wilt sink into the abyss, why dost thou hesitate to spare thy child such sorrow?"

"She is my daughter, and thy promised bride."

"I will have no bride. I want no bride," answered Simuleit gloomily; then he added, gazing at the statues, "See who supports her on her arm; think only how much fairer is that silent, motionless group; how much more bliss they will give us than two living, suffering beings—that beautiful maiden supported by that knightly arm, the sword drawn in that knightly hand."

"Yes, it is true," said Abrodat with a sigh; "life is indeed a heavy burden; and perchance, my child, in thus sacrificing thee, I show the deepest affliction." He gazed at her again as only a father could, and his purpose changed. "No, no, Simuleit," said he, "they may love, they may suffer, but my sweet child's life must be saved. Go forth, gloomy Simuleit."

And Simuleit departed from the hut—Abrodat remained gazing on the spell-bound pair, and thought of the legend he had once listened to, of the statue that breathed forth harmony when the rays of the morning first touched it. His heart melted, and he looked back on his

youthful days when he was happy and innocent, and when he could think of death as a kind and gentle nurse, who lulls her babe to sleep with song, to ensure a blessed waking. He saw and felt the change that had come over him since that dear old time, and he groaned and covered his face with his hands.

At that moment, for the night was now ended, a light red gleam stole through the window and the hut, and illumined the statues. The maiden opened her dewy lips and poured forth a hymn of thankfulness and praise, while Eric knelt before her and solemnly vowed to devote his life to her whose fate he had so strangely shared. Even in her trance he had felt it delightful to die for her, and now he felt it sweet to awake in her presence.

Abrodat gazed upon them sadly, and at last spake and bade them dream on, for the waking would come too soon; and he left them with faltering steps, dreaming of his dead and gone youth.

The knight looked after him in surprise; but the maiden told him that her father's words were always less good than his deeds. She then invited the young man to come forth into the dew and freshness of morning and see the vines which she tended and the flowers she loved, and the birds which sang to her and made her life so beautiful. And hand in hand they walked in the shadows of the forest under the dripping dews.

After the enchanter Simuleit left the hut he wandered miserably till he reached the edge of a deep chasm. It was so deep that it seemed to go down far below the foundations of the earth. It was the entrance to the regions of darkness, and the enchanter called the demons to admit him to their habitation, and give him the knowledge that he craved. A thick black cloud arose from the abyss, into which he threw himself and disappeared.

Soon after Abrodat arrived at the same spot, still wrapt in the soft and melancholy thoughts which had been called into existence by the sight of the love of Abrodité and the knight Eric, as they wandered through the lovely gardens which he had made for his child. He had gazed upon them from a neighboring height, and while he saw the beauty of all things animate and inanimate, he felt that all happiness which is of the earth, however lovely and innocent, was but a dream which must pass away. For he knew not yet of that higher happiness which is not of earth, earthy, but is the gift of the Lord, unfading and everlasting, and of which all earth-

ly glory is a type and shadow. Well might he feel sad as he thought of sadness, and change, and death.

He reached the chasm at last, and there stood the form of Simuleit. Abrodat started back; but Simuleit spake to him, and said it was an old friend come to give him tidings from the dark land of truth.

"New evils; is it not so?" said Abrodat sadly.

"If it be truth, it must be endured," the other replied. "I have questioned the spirits about my bride and my hopes: they must vanish both in darkness: all is lost. The bosom which has once felt love for a Christian, hated by our deities and the spirits below, that bosom be firm, Abrodat! it must bleed. It is the will of the gods."

"Woe is me!" said the stricken father, "another victim."

"Yes, and to be offered up this very day. Abrodité, wreathed with crowns of her own flowers, bearing in her hand the bridal torch, must be lured to the edge of this abyss, and here pierced with thy dagger, and mine, and thrown in to the gods."

"And if I refuse this fearful sacrifice?"

"Then comes a fiery death to all; to thee, to me, to Abrodité, and to the daring Christian. The flames are already kindling there in the chasm, and thy daughter dies to save the lives of many."

"Might we not perish with her?"

"Not I."

"Then the heavy task must be done. Oh, grievous trial!"

Abrodat spake no more, and they went out together to search for Abrodité.

Eric and Abrodité had long wandered in the beautiful garden, and now they sat down to rest themselves on the banks of a shining river, beneath the shade of a lofty tree which spread its branches overhead. Eric questioned the maiden about her father and his dark companion, and what had brought them to forest retreat. She told him that in her early childhood she remembered her father and Simuleit in a distant land as the priests of a heathen temple: when she was very young her mother died, but her father tenderly and carefully watched over her, and she lived with other maidens in the temple in peace and happiness. One day Simuleit having wandered into some mysterious subterranean part of the building, returned so fearfully altered from his former self, so dark and gloomy, that Abrodité and her companions shrank from him with horror. Abrodat and he held a long and secret conversation together, and a change came over

Abrodat also. They left the temple with Abrodité and took refuge in the forest, where the knight found them.

"And they whisper often," added the maiden, "of human sacrifice, and say the world's salvation depends thereon."

"That may well be," said Eric thoughtfully.

"What, a human sacrifice?"

"Even so; but one very different from what you think. I see in this tangled web both truth and falsehood. We will unravel it."

"O Eric, spoil not my joy in my flowers and vines, in the songs of my birds, and the sport of my fawns. My father sometimes looks gloomily upon them; but then a softer mood comes over him, and he turns away and sighs, and bids me enjoy them while they last."

"Sweet maiden," said Eric, pressing her hand tenderly, "my care shall be that thy innocent joy shall last forever, unshaken in the storms of summer, unwithered in the snows of winter."

"Art thou then a messenger of the gods?"

"I trust that I come here a messenger of God, and I see a pledge of victory, if thou, dear Abrodité, wilt grant me thy love."

Abrodité answered him timidly, and asked him if he were not one of those Christian knights who wore a red cross on their shields, and renounced love and the ties of home. But Eric bade her fear not. He knew and honored those brave and holy knights; but their vows bound him not. He might lead home a bride in the sight of God and man.

Abrodité's heart beat with joy; she thought of her father whom Eric might restore to peace; and full of hope she bade him rest himself after the dangers and fatigues of the night, while she would sing him to sleep. She sang, and he fell asleep, lulled by the sweet sounds.

While he slumbered her father and Simuleit entered the garden. She laid her finger on her lips and told them wake not the knight, and then asked them why they both wore garlands, and why they held bright torches in their hands. Her father replied that she too must be crowned with flowers and must bear a torch. Abrodité started; she guessed her father's purpose was to celebrate her nuptials with the young knight, and she joyfully told him that they had plighted their troth already.

"Plighted your troth, and not to me?" said Simuleit in anger.

"Forgive me," said Abrodité sweetly. "I have given you pain, poor Simuleit; and yet now you are so kind and good you will come to my bridal. Oh, forgive me."

She touched his hand, but ran back, for it was as cold as ice. "As death," said he to himself. Then she turned and gathered flowers for her garland. Her father looked mournfully on while she joyfully plucked the buds, and placed the garland on her sunny curls. At last she was adorned; then she asked her father if she should awaken the knight. He only groaned in the bitterness of his soul. But Simuleit smiled, and told her that she must go first and see the altar prepared. She obeyed, and left the garden with the two enchanters.

Erie soon awoke, and looked for Abrodité in vain. He feared some evil had befallen her, and went hastily in search of her.

In the meantime she followed her companions till they reached an open space in the forest, where wood had been heaped in a pile; behind it was the deep chasm, dark and misty. There Abrodat and Simuleit drew strange figures upon the ground, and muttered spells of enchantment, while Abrodité, who was surprised and frightened, stood silent and in tears.

At length she took courage and spoke,—
"Father and Simuleit, do not whisper so together; speak out as of old. I know now that I must die; die in the flush of my youth, while life is blooming and full of sweets, more beautiful than it ever was before. But tell me, father, why must I die?"

"Because the infernal gods in their wrath demand thee for their victim."

"Oh my beloved!" said Abrodité sadly: "ah, how lately was I happy by his side! He told me that he knew how to destroy their power, and to give us a clearer light. Oh wait yet awhile, my father, it may be that he can deliver his bride."

"Away," said Simuleit angrily; "the gods look down with scorn and hatred on this foolish knight. They are preparing hot flames for him, unless thou shalt devote thyself to them instead."

She raised her blue eyes to the sun and wiped away her tears. "I shall save him by my death! Can there be a more blessed lot? Say quickly, what am I to do?"

They bade her walk around the pile and sing as she went. She did so, and sang this song:

"Before the shrine, with ruddy light,
Flares up the burning wood, I
My heart exults, I grow a queen,
My veins are full of royal blood.
Oh my beloved! I die for thee,
So willingly, so willingly!

High up in heaven, I do behold
A star above my head;
Thy true, true love, when thou awak'st,
Will be already cold and dead.
Oh my beloved! I die for thee,
So willingly, so willingly!

The hour of death approaches fast,
I feel my courage rise;
Lo! I devote me, life and limb—"

Here Erie rushed to her, and demanded the meaning of the strange rites in which she was engaged. She signed him to hold his peace, and went on with the song,—

"Lo! I devote me, life and limb—"

"To whom, to what?" said the young knight eagerly. "By all that is holy, tell me."

"Thou shalt know soon, dear Erie; but now let me proceed."

"Thou dear bright angel, crowned with flowers, thou art too pure and beautiful for this heathen rite. Come, I will lead thee from the gloom of this forest."

"But thou thyself," answered the maiden, "thou said'st a few hours ago that a human sacrifice was needful for us."

"A sacrifice, Abrodité? ah, thou did'st not understand me. But come, let me free thee from the horrible bands of superstition."

He took her in his arms to carry her away, when the enchanters bade him desist. He drew his good sword, but this time they would not try its strength. Simuleit called upon the evil spirits whom he served to show their might, and destroy the bold Christian who mocked their wrath. Terrible sounds and howls were heard in the air: the chasm was full of blue flames, and the ground trembled beneath their feet. The maiden laid her head on her lover's bosom, and said, "We must die; but we will die together, my beloved." Wilder and wilder grew the enraged Simuleit; he seized upon Abrodat, and would have drawn him down into the chasm, shouting out, "Now is the time to reign on the thrones which await us." Erie rushed forward and released Abrodat; he thought not now of the temper of his good blade, but of its hilt—for the hilt was shaped like the cross. He lifted it reverently in the air and called upon Christ for help, while he conjured the evil spirits to respect and fear that sacred sign. He warned the demons of the wood not to resist the messenger of the Lord, who had now consecrated the innocent maid to be the child of her Almighty Saviour.

The unearthly noises grew fainter and fainter,

the flames ceased to flash from the chasm, the clouds rolled away, the ground ceased to tremble, and in the blue sky shone the rejoicing bright sun. Abrodat and Simuleit gazed around them bewildered. The heart of Abrodat was softened, but that of Simuleit was hard and impenitent.

"What is all this?" cried he. "What I saw below, what I heard in the air, was truth and reality."

"Yes," answered the knight Eric; "but thou saw'st not, erring man, thou knowest not, the Eternal Truth which has overcome those evil and destroying demons."

"How call you that truth?" said Abrodat.

"I dare not name His Name to you now," said Eric to the enchanter. "It is too holy, too awful, to be spoken here where such fearful scenes have passed. But follow me in humility, oh my father, and you shall know Him for your Saviour."

Then Abrodité spake—"And may not I too learn that Name, dear friend?"

Eric folded her in his arms, and whispered in her ear two small words. She looked up and smiled, while tears of joy filled her eyes. "Ah," said she, "it is as if, in my happiest dreams, fair children with shining wings came down from the far heaven, and sang in my soul. That Name, that holy Name!"

"But yet," said Abrodat, doubtfully, "there must be a human sacrifice, a reconciliation through blood."

"Thou say'st rightly," answered the knight; "and such there has been—a perfect sacrifice. For He, who is yet unknown to thee—He died

as a man, for thee, for me, for all. Out of His great and divine love, He died for us the bitter death of the cross."

Abrodité knelt down, and lifted her hands to heaven in prayer, for she knew the holy Name. The knight's words and the maiden's holy prayers sank into the heart of the father: light dawned upon him, and he gladly became the scholar of Eric, that he might learn the Eternal Truth.

Then Simuleit, whose heart was still impenitent, burst forth in anger, reproaching Abrodat for apostasy to the gods of his fathers, and defying the young knight, whose offers of grace he threw back with disdain. He would have tried his power against him again; but he was soon secured and overpowered, so that he could not injure his fellow creatures in his savage moods.

Then the young knight turned to Abrodat, who was clasping his daughter in his arms; and the enchanter forswore forever the use of his magic arts. "But we must leave this forest, and go into the world again," said he, "and go into the towns, and villages, and the great city. For your garden, my child, is now a desolate waste, and the deer run wild in the forest."

"Joyfully will we go, my father," said Abrodité, with a smile. "My knight has given me a fairer portion in heavenly gardens that blossom forever, up yonder in the sky; and on earth, in his faithful heart, where holy love nourishes that divine joy which waits for higher happiness hereafter, while all the waves of life flow on lightly towards the everlasting heaven, the city of God himself."

MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY PHILIP RUSSELL, A.M.

In the Morning of Life, when visions of bliss
Flit joyous and free thro' the soul,
The language of youth is a smile and a kiss,
And the hours in gay innocence roll.
Tis' the season of mirthfulness, freedom and truth,
And Hope the young spirit's best boon.
Ah! swift fly the moments of pleasure and youth,
The vision will vanish full soon!

In the Winter of Life, when, mid gathering gloom,
The bosom partakes its sad hue,
Where then is fair Hope and the spirit's young bloom,
The happiness fadeless and true?
Tis' the twilight of Nature, the Evening of Life,
And we sigh as we think on its morn;
Alas, that the blossoms with happiness rife,
So soon should be withered and gone!

SARA LEE.

BY E. A. IRWIN.

THE coach was at the gate, and high as were the heads of the aristocratic bays harnessed to it, naught but the tips of their ears was visible between the huge leaves of the aloes that flanked the gate on either side. The sable coachman turned many an impatient glance on the large brick dwelling within the postern, and whenever one-half of the green door was flung open, his countenance wore a less fretful expression, until the appearance of another person than the one he awaited brought back the peevish discontent of his heart.

The front blinds were closely shut, for although mid-autumn, the sun had lost little of its fervor. Juba therefore looked vainly up at the windows for a glimpse of the young lady he was to convey from her boarding-school. On the north gable the blinds were parted from a low window shaded by a large catalpa-tree. Here, equipped for a journey in mourning robes, stood the person so impatiently waited for. With her was a slender girl, fragile and lovely, bitterly weeping and imploring her to tarry a little longer.

"Six months! dearest Sara," sobbed Evelyn, "before we shall see each other again. But you do not feel it as keenly as I do. Alas, why are my feelings so acute? Oh, that I had your cold endurance!" Here the young lady was too much overcome to speak. Her friend's tearless attitude filled her with bitterness. It was then with mingled grief and wounded friendship she wept. "She does not love me as I love her," was her mental expression, and the thought called forth another deluge of tears.

Pale, but calm, Sara received the reproach with a deeper shade in her full eyes—eyes of that exquisite gray to which few pens can do justice. She looked sadly upon her weeping friend, and the sprig of forget-me-not in her hand trembled slightly. It was Evelyn's gift, but few could look at her countenance without feeling that she needed no such spur to memory.

"But a little while, dearest Evelyn," she said, "and we shall meet again. See, the long shadow of our favorite elm warns us that time is speeding away. Nay, I *must* say farewell; do not ask me to tarry any longer."

She folded Evelyn a moment to her heart, then darted from the room, and followed to the

coach by the Principal of the school, was soon fastened in by the gratified driver, and whirled away from Hollyhill; whirled away never to return.

How long Evelyn laid prostrate on the carpet with her head on the ottoman, none can tell; she was herself unconscious of the flight of time. Twilight was deepening, when one of her teachers recalled her from the gloomy revery in which she had fallen. Sagacious and feeling, this lady made no effort to soothe Evelyn, but simply desired her to remain where she was until supper was over, as she had ordered Evelyn's meal to be served in her own room. The gong was soon summoning her hungry school-mates to their repast, for no appetite save Evelyn's was disturbed by the departure of Sara Lee.

No one wept for her loss: few loved,—very few knew her thoroughly. That the weak and delicate Evelyn should first cling to, then attach herself strongly to the indomitable will and strong purpose of Sara, was, to all but a few, surprising.

The teachers secretly ridiculed this singular freak of Evelyn's love, and fully believed that the iron-souled Sara privately despised the friendship she accepted. While one friend was weeping upon the damask ottoman, the other reclined far back in the coach, heedless of the fine autumnal evening, with those deep, deep eyes turned calmly inward upon the conflict within herself.

Her bonnet lay at her feet, her dome-like head towering over her pale and cold features as if defying the worst that fate could do. Not a hair in the nicely-adjusted bandeau around her broad brow was displaced by emotion. Colder than the ice spray seemed that young being. Scornful as a *Peris* was the expression of her lips, and this silent utterance of theirs was the cause of the fear and dislike with which she inspired nearly all who came near her. In this fear and aversion, of which she was fully conscious, she exulted, as preservatives of her unsocial habits, and a preventive to the familiarity and intrusion she abhorred.

"Poor Evelyn!" she murmured. "Strange it is that our different natures should thus anal-

gamate. Happy girl she will soon be, when this fit passes off. I too could weep, but will not. I shall not mourn for a loss sad as it is, when I so well know that her grief will wane with tomorrow's sun, and probably my loss be forgotten in a friendship, for another utterly unlike, and far inferior to myself. I save my tears for better appreciation of them."

A deep sigh belied this stoical soliloquy. Her eyes were moistened as she held up the flower that Evelyn had given her, but quelling this tenderness, she directed her thoughts to the future. She thought of the fantastic aunt at whose house she was to tarry a while, and in whose coach she was rapidly approaching that presence she so particularly depreciated. Between Sara and her father's sister, there was a depth of antagonism usually occurring between a noble and a mean mind. Yet Mrs. Bedford stood well in church and state. She was simply one of the many who live a lie—an actress of incomparable art on the stage of life, mimicking a thousand virtues, possessing none. Many spoke of her as a lovely woman. Of these, some were influenced by family pride, anxious to prop up an honor to their race; others, because they feared to dissent; some, to win praise of themselves. The politic chose not to speak ill of a popular actress, however deeply they pierced her character. The charitable feared to be unjust, and whatever they detected behind the mask, were unwilling to expose it.

Sara sifted this chaff right speedily, and finding naught but chaff, with her usual audacity and impolicy, informed her aunt that she knew just what she was, and she might as well throw aside her stage dress at once, for it would not do with her at all. As a natural consequence, her aunt perceiving that her own character was visible to her niece through the counterfeit she assumed, allowed Sara to have the full benefit of her discovery, and appeared so hateful as herself, that Sara did not scruple to meet her in battle array. Therefore, whenever they met, it was as mortal enemies. Old as she was, Mrs. Bedford found her match in the young stoic she was hourly expecting, and had she not been influenced by certain pecuniary transactions with her brother, this niece would have been compelled to meet the cars in another conveyance than her coach, and to find a different halting-place than her house.

As the coach drew up at the old-fashioned, aristocratic dwelling, Sara tied on her bonnet, and if possible, colder than ever, in appearance, stepped like a Duchess from the equipage, and

entered the vestibule as though to throw down her glove to a mortal foe.

"You are late, Miss Sara," said her aunt's Abigail, as if expecting to be bit, and retreating a step after speaking.

"Then, Patty, you will have less of my company. How is Mrs. Bedford?"

"Not well, nervous like; she bid me give you her compliments and excuses. She is really not able to see any one to-night. Shall I show you to your chamber?"

"Not so fast, Mistress Patty. I have had no supper, and we have come several miles to-day. Where is the housekeeper?"

"Retired."

"By especial command of her highness, my aunt, I suppose. I can find my way in any part of this house, and have a right to every nook of it, inasmuch as my father virtually owns it. So, Patty, no spying. Be off to my aunt without compliments or excuses. I shall storm the but-tery."

Conscious that resistance was hopeless, the supple tattler withdrew. Sara took a lamp from a bracket, and proceeded to her chamber without the society of her aunt's reporter. Having performed her ablutions, she descended to the buttry; but as she passed Mrs. Comfit's door, that timid, but worthy dame, peeped out of her den, and touched Sara's hand with the key of the buttry, and slipped back as Sara grasped it with a chuckle.

"Now is it not a *bonne bouche* to be so feared?" said the young lady to herself. "There's my aunt drawn up in her citadel, Mrs. Comfit guarded by Patty, and the valorous guard, trembling in every limb, perceives not that I am able to attack the best part of this forlorn castle. Even old Juba slunk away as soon as he had launched me on the door-step. Oh, Evelyn, if you were here to mark my triumphal march, your laughter would make the old walls vibrate."

The buttry was always well stocked, but at present it bore traces of unwonted care.

The kneading table was drawn to the centre, a snowy cloth falling in glossy folds around it, and a good array of viands laid out upon it with scrupulous regularity.

"Dear Mrs. Comfit," said Sara, "she is indeed one who 'doeth good by stealth'—because she dare not do it openly. Here's to her health in this cup of warm tea. How my aunt would hiss, could she see me now. She would simmer like this goodly urn, but thanks to the door at the head of the stairs which I locked as I came

down, Mistress Patty will not be able to survey my operations with her owl eyes."

Sara was one of those admirable beings to whom every species of employment, however new, becomes immediately familiar. After her repast she arranged all the apparatus of the table with a nicety that would draw down eulogiums from even Mrs. Comfit. Tired as she was, her first thought was to repay in a measure the housekeeper's kindness. The table was put back in its niche, the cloth neatly folded in the same creases, and the crumbs brushed into the pan. After assuring herself that she had spared Mrs. Comfit any trouble, she retired to rest.

Renovated for the meeting, Sara descended to the breakfast-room, to the presence of her aunt, who sat in great discomfort on a lounge to receive her unwelcome guest.

With a *congé* that struck her aunt as being as respectful as it was extremely graceful, Sara stood before her to receive her salutations. It would have pleased Mrs. Bedford better to have overwhelmed her niece with the warmth of her reception, for she was accustomed to fondling people that she hated, but in this instance she dared not. She therefore bowed, and invited her to sit beside her. Sara preferred an ottoman by the window.

"I am sorry to perceive by this paper," said her aunt, "that your friend Evelyn Grey has lost her father. Was not Rudolph Grey, of Roseville Manor, her father?"

"He was," replied Sara with difficulty, for the shock had sent the blood back to her heart with a force that benumbed her senses for a moment.

"Here is his obituary in full," said her aunt, delighted to make her niece feel.

"I must return to Hollyhill," said Sara. "My poor Evelyn is an orphan now."

"It is useless," said her aunt, "Evelyn went on in the six o'clock train, it is now half past eight. Juba saw her father's man on his way to the school yesterday, as he set out for you, but as he had only Mr. Height's lame Dobbin, he must have arrived there just after you left. I suppose the Principal sent her on in his two horse conveyance, for at ten last evening Patty saw his equipage dashing past to the Hotel below. You know her window looks out upon the turnpike. Juba went down at five to the cars for the paper, and as he was leaving, he saw Mr. Grey's man and Evelyn entering the six o'clock train. I hope she did not know how tragically he left the world, for she could not bear the railroad again."

Sara longed to know, but did not choose to

ask the manner of his death. She knew her aunt loved to play with her, as a cat does with a mouse. So she patiently awaited whatever information her aunt chose to impart.

In the laudable endeavor to pain her hated guest, Mrs. Bedford allowed the breakfast to cool, while she conned other parts of the paper, and having satisfied her zeal for knowledge, folded it deliberately, thrust it in her pocket, and sat down to her morning meal. It was as well for her equanimity, that she did not perceive a small roll of paper fall in Sara's lap, thrown in at the window, which reached to the floor, nor observe her niece step out on the verandah, to read a column cut from another paper by Mrs. Comfit, who from behind a large syringe had thrown the roll to Sara. Rapidly reading Mr. Grey's obituary so opportunely flung to her, she resumed her seat unsuspected by her aunt.

"I was thinking, Mrs. Bedford," said Sara, "how fortunate it is that Mr. Grey was instantly killed. The boy who was in the carriage with him when the locomotive struck it, lingered several hours in his agony."

"Very fortunate," was all the astonished lady could reply. She involuntarily felt for the paper in her pocket. It was safe.

"Here is an account of the tragedy," said Sara, "it may be more minute than yours."

She laid the roll by her aunt's plate.

The cup trembled in Mrs. Bedford's hand, but she was silent. Before twelve that day Sara was on her way, speeding to that southern home she loved so well, and although she would confess it to none, her heart was lighter with the thought that she should soon meet Evelyn, whose plantation joined Mr. Lee's.

"Thus it is," thought Sara, "with all human prospects. A few hours ago, Evelyn wept at the prospect of a year's separation from me, yet when I arrive at Drayton, she will be there to welcome me. Fragile Evelyn, may I always be near thee to support thy weakness."

Drayton, with its sweeping trees and green verandahs, soon appeared to the delighted gaze of its mistress, who, cantering up the long avenue on the favorite pony that met her at the station, seemed another Sara from the cold being who so proudly refused to weep when parting from Evelyn.

Her father stood on the lower verandah admiring his only child as she approached him, with parental fondness, conscious that they possessed kindred traits, and that she was but a more polished image of himself. He kissed her brow, held her out at arm's length to admire her

graceful form, then drawing her arm within his led her to the saloon.

She was soon seated by him, giving a graphic account of her supper in the buttery, and of the terror of the lady and her retainers at the castle. Her merriment soon passed away, as she spoke of Evelyn.

"Mr. Grey has been laid in the family vault," said her father. "Evelyn and her aunt are at home, we will walk over whenever you wish."

Sara wished to go immediately. They were soon at Rosehill, and Evelyn met her friend with mingled joy and sorrow. "I am not to return to school," whispered Evelyn, "so we shall not be separated again, dearest Sara."

"I wish it may be so," replied Sara, "but if it is best for us to separate again, let us conclude to submit with fortitude to our fate. We must lay aside our childishness, now, Evelyn, we have a position to fill and support, each in her own home."

Evelyn shook her head: *she* was sure she could not bear it with fortitude. Seven months after her father's death, Evelyn stood in the porch of that mansion equipped for a journey. But sixteen, lovely and beloved, she was leaving her home as the bride of a young Kentuckian, and in his far away home was to learn to forget Rosehill, now the property of another. Sara stood calm and pale beside her, so pale, she seemed like a piece of statuary. She had performed her part as bridesmaid, she had seen one whom she loved for the first time, united to her friend. She had introduced them, for in one of her visits at her aunt's she met him there, and he accompanied her home. He called at Drayton soon after their return from Hollyhill, and found Evelyn and Sara together making bouquets for a Fete Champetre. He lingered at Drayton, attracted as every one supposed by Sara, but in fact fascinated by the lovely Evelyn. He respected and admired Sara. Her magnanimity and truth won his esteem; but an ardent admirer of feminine softness and weakness, he saw too many masculine traits in Sara ever to be enthralled by her personal charms. Evelyn's beauty and dependent delicacy were more congenial to his taste. He was hurried into proposing to her, by the sudden suspicion that her noble friend was becoming too partial to his society. Utterly unconscious that Sara could love their young acquaintance, Evelyn informed her immediately of their engagement. It fell like a thunderbolt on the heart of Sara. She bent to pluck a sprig of laurel, and the marble basin the tree shaded reflected one look of agony, and all again was cold

and calm as usual in her countenance. As Evelyn whispered her plans and hopes, Sara listened with a smile, a sincere smile, for she glad that her friend was happy. It did not pass unnoted that Evelyn spoke not once of their separation. Absorbed in this new friendship, she forgot that old friend who had been her support in every feeble hour. After Evelyn's departure Sara's first impulse was to sink on a lounge and weep, but this impulse was quelled. She stood resolutely by the laurel tree, and looked at the affair boldly. After a long, deep meditation, she ascended to her room, opened an ebony cabinet, took out a small casket, and touching a spring, revealed a cluster of pearls, pellucid and pure as her own lofty soul.

"This legacy of my uncle's," said she, "shall be my bridal gift to Evelyn. The casket I will keep in remembrance of him. Oh, Evelyn, my friend, this annihilation of our happy love is terrible; but God be praised, it is unstained by falsehood, and not darkened by remorse."

She laid the sprig of forget-me-not, so faithfully preserved, in the place once filled by the pearls, and transferred them to another casket. As she knelt and invoked the blessing of God upon the approaching nuptials, a deep peace rested upon her soul.

Strong and pure, Sara returned to the parlor, bearing the casket in her hand.

Philip was there waiting for a message to Evelyn, as he was on his way to her house. Sara met him so calmly, and looked so happy, his suspicions were dispelled, and when he took the casket which she sent Evelyn, and wished them every blessing, he marvelled that he ever deemed it possible that she could love.

"True and noble she is," thought he, "but cold as an icicle. 'Tis well, however, that peoples should know by whom I am attracted to this spot."

Thus passed away Sara's dream of love—passed away to give place to stern reality. For several years she was the joy of her father's heart. She saw him laid in the family burial-place, and left Drayton forever. The sale of the place scarcely covered her father's debts. Her aunt, with herself, was left penniless. Sara visited that humbled lady, this time as a friend. With her usual energy, she obtained a lease of her aunt's place on very favorable terms from one of her father's creditors, and commenced a boarding school. Pleased with her resolution and business tact, the first pupils of the establishment were the daughters of those to whom her father had been debtor. Her aunt was thus enabled to remain in her home, and the rooms appropriated to her

were those she had been most attached to. She continued to act, but no longer tormented her niece, whose moral courage and activity elicited her wonder and admiration. It must be owned that her inferior soul was never troubled with a sense of dependence; her aim was to conceal from the world how much she owed to her niece, so that many really believed the obligation to be equally balanced. She went down to her grave in blissful unconsciousness of her danger, and left behind her the character of a most lovely woman, who had advised Sara well, and benefited her niece by her counsels.

Sara's school was well managed and popular. She sometimes heard from Evelyn, who felt that she ought to do something for "poor Sara," she knew not exactly what. The correspondence soon languished, and at last ceased. Sara foresaw all this; she made every allowance for increasing cares, but she felt that Evelyn supported their separation with great fortitude.

Possessed of a modest competence, owner of the pleasant dwelling in which she had been the instrument of so much benefit, assisted by Mrs. Comfit in her daily cares, and happy in the society of four little orphans she has adopted, Sara feels no regret for the past, no sorrow for her fleeting dream.

Her hair has lost its glossy blackness, her brow bears the marks of toil, but her eyes beam with serenity, and the scornful expression of her lips has been displaced by one of pensive sweetness that wins the regard of all who know her.

It must be confessed that there have been times when Philip felt vexed at Evelyn's helplessness, and when she heard his reproofs for neglected duties, with passionate tears that brought no amendment of character, he was fain to declare mentally that after all, a few masculine traits were not amiss in one, destined to fill the high duties of wife and mother.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FILLED is Life's Goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
And see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn

With a solemn voice and slow:

No purple flowers—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as this mantling passes round,
With fennel it is wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun embrowned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plant it towers,
The fennel with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness;
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress,
New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
Which from its brim may overflow—
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips of misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.

BY HON. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

ALLOW me to dwell for a few moments on one great duty of Christian morals, indispensable for youth, and efficient for all valuable progress and lasting achievement. It is the duty of *truth*. Knowledge has been called power, and so has mind, and money, and labor; and rightly too, all of them after their several orders. Let us now weigh the force of a kindred apothegm: Truth a power; and especially as I desire to exhibit it, in the light of a conscientious punctuality.

Your college course of study has been professedly devoted to the investigation of truth. Nothing less should satisfy a scholar; and nothing less can meet the wants and relieve the anxieties of the restless and inquiring spirit within us. I here mean truth in all its relations, as it is written on the track of the stars, on the rays of the sunbeams and the shadows of the evening; truth, as inscribed on all the works and providence of God, the laws of matter and motion, on the operations of the mind, and the certain results of human character and conduct.

To refer to a part for the whole: the works of God, and the order of his providence, confirm in us the conviction of the excellence of truth. The heavens declare his glory; and in no one manifestation more beautifully than in the regular and certain course of their motions. "The sun rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race;" and for the six thousand years of its course, not one moment too early or too late has it ever risen or set, or failed to mount to its meridian, save when, at His command who planted it and bade it rise, it once stood still and went backward on the dial of Ahaz. Thus, too, every planet that circles through immensity, and every comet in its seemingly wild career, are true to a point in their coming and departure.

And the creatures of God move also by a certain and established law. "The sun knoweth his going down; the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." And when has the God of providence ever

failed to be faithful to every promise of his word? All have come to pass in the selfsame day appointed for their fulfilment. So true is it all, that the hopes of the Christian and the calculations of philosophy are alike stable as the lasting hills. And in this we may learn the secret of all that patience of toil and of hope with which the votary of science plies his researches. Truth is his aim, and he knows that investigation will find it though it may be long delayed; and should his efforts even fail, the labor itself rewards him. To pursue the truth is profitable and pleasant. Convulsions may shake the earth, and overturnings confound the nations; thrones may fall and crowns crumble, but the rock of ages stands firm. Expectation is never defeated, and hope should never faint, when they rest on the providence and Word of God. His truth is unchangeable; and blessed is the confidence and precious the supports of that faith which relies upon it. Then, in your humble measure, cultivate an inviolable reverence for truth.

The Redeemer's example is held up for a model to guide us. We must be like-minded with him. And as we survey the bright path of his pilgrimage on earth, we learn that he was scrupulously faithful to every engagement. The only shadow of complaint ever uttered, the bereaved sisters of Lazarus, who had sent to him of their brother's illness, intimated, when with a little seeming impatience they said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here our brother had not died." But he had not promised to be there in person. He was purposely absent, the more strikingly to magnify his power and comfort their hearts, as they soon rejoiced to find. He never disappointed an expectation that he had raised; he never failed to be there when he had promised his presence. Truth shone on all his footsteps; true to his word, to his Father's honor, and to the best good of his people.

The whole spirit of the Scriptures is imbued with this pervading element. God is recorded, early in Genesis, as saying, "While the earth

remaineth, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease;" and referring to this afterwards, they speak of it as *God's covenant* with day and night, and the ordinances of heaven and earth: "If my covenant be not with day and night, then will I cast away the seed of Jacob and David, my servants." It is a blessed argument, bright with the sunbeams of truth. I have said day and night shall not cease, and I have built the heavens and ordained them, of purpose to establish and perpetuate their succession, according to my covenant. "Hath he said, and shall he not do it; hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" Whatever else may perish, my word shall not pass away; not one jot or tittle shall fail. So that creation and grace, the works and the promise of God, are all upheld, illustrated, and commended by the everlasting stability of his truth.

This is the rock never to be moved. Heaven and earth shall pass away, time and nature run out, but this shall be an everlasting foundation. Oh, my young friends, lay your heads and hearts upon it, and never rest satisfied until you have found rest in the security of that covenant which has been sealed with the blood and ratified by the oath of God. And the martyr at the stake is a witness for the *truth*. It is this that fortifies his soul to endurance. A *word* would put out the fires. No, he perishes joyfully, resting on the *truth*. And Paul gave illustrious testimony of like import. Driven, persecuted, stoned, and despised, Paul could say, "None of these things move me." "I can suffer the loss of all things, if I may but win Christ." The truth as it is in Jesus was his consolation and his glory. Here he could say, I can smile at death and upon it, venture what death cannot disturb—my immortal soul's well-being. From all this we can, in a good measure, judge of the nature and guilt of falsehood, in all its varied forms of chicanery, fraud, double-dealing, disregard of promise, and contempt of punctuality. It shows itself to be at war against creation; against the light of the sun, the very bloom of the flower, and the song of the birds; all witness against it as treason, that would rob God of his glory, and man of his hopes, and every living creature of its right to be cheerful and joyous. Could it triumph, it would bring the pall of despair over the whole created universe; as it is now its joy and confidence, that God cannot lie, and will forever shut out of heaven—with "dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters—whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

Paradise was a happy abode, where all nature smiled, and the affections of the heart rose in harmony with the praises ascending from the works of God to his name. A lie found place in that delightful spot. "Ye shall not surely die," said the tempter unto our first parents, in impious defiance of his Maker; and they believed the father of lies; and discord, crimination, and death came to deprave, and degrade, and destroy.

There will be no time for enlargement on this most interesting theme; I purpose to spend a few thoughts on its relations to punctuality. I grant that this is often regarded as not among the highest duties, but I hope you will feel that it can take no subordinate place, and that to lower its claims would in the end seriously, if not fatally, disturb the foundations of society.

Be true, then, to all your appointments in your family, in your studies, at the public convocation, in the closet, and at the altar. Never try or tamper with the hour; but, like the sun that measures time, or the clock that indicates it, let it find you at your place when it strikes. Never calculate after your word is given. Settle it among your fixed principles that nothing can repay a broken faith, and that the time of fulfilment or performance is no longer yours, but another's. Avoid that loose reasoning that will urge, What great harm can there be in a few lost minutes? and if a little behind, who will gauge time so rigorously, and scan so zealously? A lost minute is a lost treasure; such make up life. And the loss will not be yours alone, but often many suffer with you. It is a deeply solemn thought that God gives us but one minute at a time; no man has two, and while we speak, the one is gone for ever. The habit grows by indulgence; the neglect of minutes prepares for the neglect of hours and days, and, next and worse than all, of duties. Conscience is impaired and becomes sickly, and one bad habit opens the door to a legion.

Perhaps in no single respect could you more happily strengthen and enlarge your moral influence than by a conscientious punctuality. It will be your living testimony for truth, and of the price you set upon a clear conscience. The world will from this take their lessons, and learn your standard of virtue. Thus your light will shine and your influence be greatly enlarged. There is a short, conclusive logic grows out of it, like this form: "There is the man I can trust. He is true to time, he will be true to me; he keeps minutes, he will keep his word."

We can hardly over-estimate the influence of example. It may be silent, unnoticed and forgotten by the many, but it holds a light which never goes out. It shines on; and, by one of those laws of the mind ordained in the benignant counsels of God, it cannot be lost. Conscience and memory and association preserve it, and, whether for good or for evil, it is effective and long-lasting. The Word of God affords us instruction here: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, and a companion of fools shall be destroyed." And this gives us the great law of social influence, and how example moulds the character and often fixes the doom of those who come within our companionship.

And as a duty, it is enforced by still higher considerations. "Let your light so shine before men that others may see your good works"—and what then?—"and glorify God." The fruit is certain. The light is to shine so as to be seen; not hid under a bushel; not concealed under mere good wishes, and high resolves, and warm sympathies, but it is to be seen in good works of charity, uprightness, and punctuality; light set on a hill, so that all around may partake of the illumination. And such service all can render. We can show our sacred reverence for the word of promise, though to our own hurt it may be sometimes. Yet, if it find us sternly faithful, the world will bow to the authority of such a principle; they may hate the rebuke it reads to them, but they must in their hearts respect the steadfastness that vindicates the claims of an unfaltering fidelity in all its forms.

A well-settled principle in morals brings to our theme unspeakable encouragement; that not only is every virtuous faculty improved by exercise, but the faithful cultivation of one virtuous propensity strengthens all other tendencies to virtue. The man who, in a struggle against a temptation to be untrue or unfaithful, holds on to his integrity, is a stronger man for resisting all other temptations. Strength for one good purpose is strength for all good purposes. He that dashes away the tempting wine-cup to-day, can repel a severer trial of his virtue to-morrow. He that turns away from the halls of thoughtless revelry, can the more easily pass the fatal door

of the betrayer, whose steps, God warns us, "take hold on hell."

Oh, what incentives to virtue! God smiles on the feeblest effort; he pours light and power into the soul that supplicates his almighty aid. The first pulse of a gracious desire after good, he meets with the influences of his Spirit, and sheds into the soul the strength which it needs. Thus it is that the righteous hold on their way and wax stronger and stronger. The law is universal. He that is punctual in a mere business engagement, we may hope will stand by his word to his country and to his Maker. He will be trusted. The community will look to such an example, and will repose on such fidelity, as a reliable foundation. An atmosphere will rise around him that will cast its healthful influence, far and for many years, in furtherance of those hallowed principles through which a merciful God designs to lift up and save our race.

It is related of Mr. King, when a missionary among the heathen, that his reverence for the truth attracted their special wonder, so that they distinguished him as he walked the streets, and when they saw him, would point to him, saying, "There goes the truth-teller." My young friends, be this your high ambition; covet earnestly this among the best gifts—a sacred, inflexible, life-lasting regard for the truth. And may all who know you have good reason to say of you, living and dying, "There goes the truth-teller."

Amid the uncertainties of the future that often alarm and distress us with anxieties, there is one blessed certainty—God is true and faithful; and if we seek and secure his favor, no perils, nor change, nor power, in this or any other world, can do us harm. Admonished by his Word and providence, urged alike by your duty and interest, strive with all the energies he has given you to find a sure refuge in that everlasting covenant which reveals to our fallen race the pledge of hope and salvation.

And now, as we part, let me leave the best wishes of the Faculty that God may prosper you, guard you from the dangers that surround you, and, when life's cares and duties are concluded, in his rich mercy bring you to his holy dwelling-place, to rejoice in his presence for ever.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY J. F.

THE bright and laudable examples which are recorded on the annals of history, and that of others who now grace the stage of this present life, afford the clearest demonstrations of the truth, that Woman may attain eminent usefulness. We are aware that the great mass fail of attaining any elevated post of moral distinction, owing in a degree to prominent defects in parental training, or perhaps more properly to the absence of a conviction, that by personal effort each may satisfactorily, in a great measure, shape their own destiny, and by a wise improvement of the facilities within their own reach, compass objects heretofore unequalled. Insignificant and sensual aspirations doom their victims to disappointment. With no high and commanding motive the many press forward in all the vivacity of youthful ardor, buoyant with hope, to seize an imaginary, a delusive phantom; but the sequel always shows how futile and unreasonable are all fanciful expectations. Neither is public good promoted, nor real happiness secured, by chasing the shadows of life. To be gay with the giddy—thoughtless with the inconsiderate—to seek the plaudits of those in reputation to secure the laurels of successful competitors, guarantees to none permanent happiness, nor affords promise that they will become benefactors to their fellow-beings.

While fledging for an immortality of bliss or woe, moral beings should be swayed by holier and loftier considerations than excite the multitude to action; nor should they shrink from that severer discipline so fitting for those who would endure hardness as good soldiers of the Cross. Let the young female entertain the precious sentiment that life must be spent in praiseworthy pursuits.

In bespeaking the attention of those who wield such an influence over the destinies of our race, I design to sketch for notice a few praiseworthy aspirations or objects of desirable attainment, as *hints* which may in measure prepare the young aspirant for a station of usefulness, and educe the evidence of "a life fulfilling life's great end."

Make suitable exertions to reap the advantages

of mental discipline, and to enlarge the boundaries of practical knowledge.

It is of high moment to enrich and expand the powers and faculties of the mind, to toil for a *solid* and a *finished* education; and it is certainly both expedient and lawful to be literary in the most appropriate sense of the term. If discreet in laying the foundation for future acquisitions, and you possess a mind susceptible of improvement, you can gather knowledge almost without limit from the vast store-house of the universe. As certain as "knowledge is power," so certain it is wisdom's dictate to employ it in securing the most valuable ends. In proportion to its real attainment and happiest use will your influence be joyful and salutary in the pathway of your life.

You have the most promising encouragement, that by a prayerful and studious effort you shall obtain the fund of knowledge that has poured substantial happiness around the paths of others that have preceded you. The mind and also the heart may be improved by observation, reading and hearing instruction, and by mental digestion, which is emphatically study. You should occasionally compare the new ideas you have gathered up, and weave them into practical life, if in any high degree you would enhance your usefulness. It was a sacred rule among the Pythagorians to review thrice the actions and affairs of the day, that they might sensibly improve their conduct, rectify their defects, and make rapid progress in the paths of virtue and true wisdom. The fragments of time should be fully marshalled into the important service of improving the mind, and storing it with practical knowledge. I need not say that this is the course by which others have woven their wreaths of literary honor, and the only way to make satisfactory advancement in the sure path to fame.

The Poet's valuable sentiment should command your notice, "The proper study of mankind is man." The *novice* in the study of human hearts wields but a limited influence, but a *proficient* holds in his possession a *lever* of untold power.

Search, then, the circuitous windings of thine heart, discriminate thine own feelings and emotions, and you may scrutinize with more profit the actions of others, whether brought to notice by history or personal observation. You may thus advance in the bright path where truest wisdom sheds its effulgence, and cherish with heartfelt satisfaction the lofty emotions it excites.

The cultivation of the mind, and the acquirement of knowledge, is by no means incompatible with that wisdom which Solomon pronounced "the principal thing." As therefore *Religion* is the truest wisdom, the crowning excellence, of all the admired charms, you must, "with all your gettings, get *this* true understanding."

It is affirmed on authority for our consolation, that the "wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament;" and the beautiful poet has in the following lines more than paraphrased this sublime sentiment:

"The wise man, said the Bible, walks with God,
Values his soul: thinks of eternity,
Both worlds considers, and provides for both.
With reason's eye his passions guards; abstains
From evil; lives on hope—on hope, the fruit
Of Faith; looks upward, purifies his soul,
Expands his wings and mounts into the sky,
Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house,
And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss."

Aspire to know definitely the full measure of your responsibilities.

There is great advantage in understanding well the position you occupy, and the duties obligatory. If penetrated with a deep sense of your solemn obligations, you can but engage with a quickening impulse in discharging the duties of life. Immortal, intelligent, and active beings must aim with steady purpose to learn the real nature of those obligations which press continually upon them. Seriously inquire, for what end am I created? How can I best enlarge the sphere of my usefulness, bless my fellow-beings, and serve my God? Am I a debtor to the wise and the unwise, to the bond and the free, to my kinsman and countryman? How shall I discharge these obligations, and

"Pay the debt of love I owe?"

These comprehensive questions should burden the mind, and call your every power into vigorous action. How carefully should beings born for such a high destiny, survey the *height, depth, length, and breadth* of their multiplied obligations. With minds enlarged, with such soul-moving thoughts, they will be less amused with the glitter of the tinsel and the eclat of worldly preferments: then will they be more prompt to respond to His claims whose favor is life, and

who justly demands our services as a most reasonable offering.

Such desire to know the extent of duty fixes impressions on the tablet of the heart, which tend to soften its asperities, and transform its moral affections, and to qualify for successful labors in the great vineyard of the Lord. Aspire to know the age in which you live, the blessings it confers, the motives for action in the moral enterprises it presents. Talents should never be conferred in vain—an active mind, cultivated intellectual powers, a knowledge of the way of life, facilities for usefulness when objects of benevolence fruitfully multiply, should excite the desire to

"Four blessings round thee like a shower of gold,
And make thyself of worth."

Cordially cherish the common virtues, contentment, moderation, purity of manners, prudence, and discretion. They will have a most salutary influence in ripening your faculties for the severer duties of life. Their conjunction will ennoble the mind and improve the heart, while they form their possessor's crowning excellence. How safely will they guide thy judgment, and preserve thee from the numberless mortifications to which imprudent extremes subject the multitude. Though suspicion's cold hand has tarnished the moral beauty of the most spotless innocence, these graces will conspire to shield your name from being evil spoken of, to establish for you an irreproachable character, and honor you with an unblemished reputation amid the various circles in which you are called to move. It would be pleasant to dwell upon the advantage of an early exemplification of each of the above virtues, as happily designed to promote your highest interest, your respectability and usefulness, but I forbear.

Aim to be firmly established in good principles. Stability, that charm in a well-formed character, is exhibited in a firm and unwavering adhesion to whatever is praiseworthy and of good report. Let your friends and the world witness and admire your unbending attachment to sound Christian principle in the achievement of all your laudable enterprises. Being a free moral agent, there is an important sense in which you are the master of your own fortune; as such your friends and benefactors who have most assiduously sought your highest good, would realize the consummation of their fond hopes, by seeing you aim with steady purpose to fulfil the great end of your earthly being.

In forming habits by which you will wish to abide, you will not shrink from self-denial, or

the subordination of every passion and affection to wholesome laws, to the recognition of all the divine precepts. Well knowing that gay and thoughtless amusements harmonize not with the songs of the heavenly choir, that unholy mirth unfits the mind cheerfully to look beyond the limit of the present to the future, you will shrink from unholy alliances, and rush from folly's ruinous vortex as from a burning volcano.

The admirer and victim of the goddess pleasure cannot think of the solemn realities of eternity, unless roused by conscience to a sense of guilt and ruin, and then how difficult, even when the heart has been *renewed by divine grace*, to undo corrupt habitudes which, like a strong man armed, have taken the citadel. It is no small task to new-mould the character once formed, and begin anew the moral superstructure for life; but good habits early cultivated will fortify the heart against the incursions of the enemy, and give boldness in adhesion to righteous principles, while threading the beaten paths of a checkered life, and almost imperceptibly approaching the unseen realities of the future.

The heart is a moral garden, which we are appointed to cultivate and dress; on which we are untiringly to labor, till we destroy the noxious plants that deface its beauty and disrobe it of its

moral excellence. What an earthly paradise might be cultivated within, were it not so crowded with the rank weeds of unholy affection! These must be rooted out before it will bring forth fruit unto holiness. Shall not the intrinsic worth of the heart, the moral affections, secure your most vigilant attention to defend it from the assaults of alien intruders, to keep it free from defilement, that it may prove a dewy, fertile, sacred inclosure, where may be nurtured the fruits of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance?" These are plants of immortal worth, that speak thine especial care, each of unequalled beauty; not of like admiration to the transient observer, not returning like precious odor to the stranger's careless pressure, but enshrined to compose for the pure in heart an unique and an unrivalled chaplet for the delighted gaze of the great Husbandman. These may constitute thy diadem, and enrich with admirable qualifications to sway to some purpose the sceptre of thy influence.

"The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

PARTING WORDS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a dying maiden,
As on her couch she lay,
Spring's early flowers beside her,
And the birds upon the spray—
The birds, whose warbled melodies
Fell richly on her ear,
Prelusive of that angel choir
She was so soon to hear.

The joys of youth were round her,
Love made her pathway fair;
And hope, from cold reality,
Had felt no blight of care.
Yet from each fond allurements
She calmly turned away.
And spoke of *praise*, to those who mourned
Her premature decay.

List! list! her pale lip moveth;
Bow down to catch its tone,
Faint as the breeze that stirs the flowers:
"Praise God when I am gone"
Yea, praise Him for her spotless life,
In meek submission blest,
And for the beauty of its close,
So like a cradle-rest.

And though the wintry hearth-stone,
The vine-encircled door,
And all the cherished haunts of home,
Must know her never more;
Yet, as a sacred signet-ring,
'Grave ye that parting tone
Deep on the tablet of the soul:
"Praise God when I am gone."

A NIGHT VISION.

BY MISS C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

It was on a calm, clear, star-light evening, that Mr. Weary-of-the-world sat by the window of his chamber, looking out upon the scene so calculated to tranquillize the mind, which had been chafed and irritated by the various events of the day.

But the mind of Mr. Weary-of-the-world was not tranquillized by the scene. During the day, as often before, had he suffered from the selfishness, the envy, and the evil-speaking of his fellow-men. The wounds inflicted were even now rankling in his bosom. His mind long remained too much engrossed with what was passing in the stormy world within, to take note of the calmness and tranquillity which reigned without.

But at length the eye of his mind turned from the inward to the outward, and its ear was opened to Nature's voice, speaking of truths so pure, holy, and elevating.

His earnest gaze was fixed upon one bright star which had but just appeared above the horizon. As he gazed, the star seemed to come nearer, and increase in size, while it glowed with a light so pure and holy that its rays penetrated his inmost soul.

"Tell me, beautiful star," he exclaimed, "if those who dwell in thee know anything of selfishness, envy, and detraction? Thy very beams which penetrate my soul with their calm and holy light, seem to answer no. Oh! that I were a dweller there."

A rustling sound broke in upon the perfect stillness which had reigned around, and Mr. Weary-of-the-world soon became aware of the presence of a celestial visitor, who gently murmured in his ear the question, "Do you sincerely desire to become an inhabitant of yonder star?"

"Yes, truly I do," replied Mr. Weary-of-the-world, "if its inhabitants are free from the sins and follies which daily manifest themselves in the conduct of those with whom I now mingle."

"You will not be annoyed by these things in yonder world," replied his celestial visitant. "Only the purest affection and most disinterested love is manifested in the intercourse of its inhabitants."

"Take me there, then, I pray you, kind angel, will you not?"

"It shall be as you wish," replied the angel. "I am commissioned to conduct you there if such is your will."

After safely conducting Mr. Weary-of-the-world to his far distant home, and introducing him to the scenes and society there, his angel guide prepared to take his leave; but before doing so he called him aside from the new companions to whose love and kindness he had commended him, and said to him,

"If you are happy here, you need not expect to see me again; but should your heart be sad, very sad, even here, then may you look for my return."

Mr. Weary-of-the-world was at loss to comprehend the parting words of the angel. How could his heart ever be sad, very sad, in such a world! "I must be happy here," he exultingly exclaimed, as from every one he received the glad welcome which welled up from the heart as from a pure exhaustless fountain of love. It seemed as if he could look quite down into the clear depths of each soul, and find there only truth, purity, and love.

But with this discovery came the consciousness of secret feelings in his own bosom, which he should not be willing to reveal to his companions as the inmost depths of their hearts were revealed to him. He resolved to hide deep in his own soul every thought and feeling which he was unwilling should become known to his pure and holy companions. But this was no easy task. He felt that there was constant danger that his secret would, in an unguarded moment, be revealed.

Soon after his arrival his companions had appointed him to fill a vacant place or station, as a token of the cordial brotherly welcome they extended to him. He had not filled this station long before he began to imagine that there was one among them who, wishing for it himself, was not satisfied that a stranger should occupy it. Full of this thought, in an unguarded moment, he communicated it to one of his companions.

"I think," said he, "that such an one envies me the place I occupy."

"I do not understand you," said his companion, with a look of inquiry.

Mr. Weary-of-the-world now recollected that there was no such word as envy in their language, and that he must use other language if he would make himself understood.

"I think," said he, "that he wishes for the place himself, and therefore regrets that I should occupy it."

"You are most certainly mistaken," replied his companion earnestly. "It cannot be; for such feelings would be a violation of our law which commands us to love each other as we love ourselves, and this law was never broken here."

Mr. Weary-of-the-world shrank away from his companion abashed; but though he resolved to guard with more care than ever the secrets of his own bosom, he often found himself in a thoughtless moment uttering language which betrayed the existence of selfishness, jealousy, or envy in his heart.

At such times his companions would look upon him with astonishment mingled with something like compassion, and he would shrink away from them guilty and condemned.

Burdened with such feelings, he often stole away from the companionship of these pure spirits, that in solitude he might seek relief from the sadness which daily grew more oppressive. On one of these occasions when even more sad than usual, he recalled the parting words of the angel. "I did not understand them then," he exclaimed, "but alas! now I do. Oh that he

would come and conduct me back to that world of which I was once so weary!"

He had hardly ceased speaking when the angel stood by his side. "Is it your wish to return to the world from which you came?" he inquired.

"Indeed it is; kind angel, take me back, I entreat you."

"But do you wish to return to the selfishness and unkindness which caused you so many hours of sorrow?"

"Yes, I would return and strive to bear patiently with the exhibition of these in my fellow-men, remembering the truth I once overlooked, that the world, with all these evils, is good enough for the residence of one who carries in his own bosom the germ of every evil of which he complains in his fellow-men. I would return, and meekly bearing the trials and sorrows of life, strive to become *fitted* by its discipline for the society of the pure and holy."

"You have chosen wisely," replied the angel, "and your wish shall be granted. You shall return; and to cheer you in the long and sore conflict which is before you, with evil in your own heart and in the hearts of others, know that I am your guardian-angel in yonder world; that I shall watch every struggle, and rejoice in every victory; and when the conflict is ended, I shall be commissioned to bear your pure spirit to a world of perfect holiness, there to dwell forever."

A moment more, and Mr. Weary-of-the-world found himself again seated by the window of his chamber, gazing upon that same star. Had he been there? Or had his guardian angel been permitted in a vision of the night to convey to him the lesson he needed to learn?

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right, as the law directs,
For such is the rule of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and his Word
Nor wander, though folly allures;
Keep to the right, nor ever be hurled
From what by the *statute* is yours.

Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, and harbor no doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, and hold to the true
From morn till the close of the day.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY H. HURLBURT.

I HAVE in my mind's eye a model of a pastor's wife, which I shall describe for the benefit of those of your readers who are striving to be proper helpmeets to their ministerial husbands, as well as for those theological students and young ministers who are "looking out" for future companions for life.

This model wife, in the first place, is a woman of deep, devoted, warm-hearted piety. She has learned to put a proper estimate upon the vanities of the world, and has set her affections upon things above. She is no cold, heartless professor. Her whole soul seems poured out in the effort to serve her beloved Saviour. The interests of the Redeemer's kingdom occupy a controlling place in her heart. She delights to talk about the cause of Christ, the state of the church, the spiritual condition of her friends and acquaintances. She is intensely anxious for the salvation of the souls in her husband's flock. She prays much and fervently for them. Never does her enthusiasm rise to so high a pitch as when pleading for their eternal welfare and the prosperity of Zion. Deep humility and lowly-mindedness characterize her disposition. She has passed through the furnace of affliction, and her spirit has been subdued. She sympathizes with suffering in every shape, not wasting her feelings in vain regrets, but making active, hearty efforts to relieve the distressed. Her meat and her drink is to co-operate with her husband in his labors to promote the glory of Jesus. She loves Christ, she loves her husband, and she loves the work God has given her to do. The Bible is her constant companion, and often does she steal a few moments from her other duties to commune in secret with her Father in heaven. Hers is that cheerful, earnest piety, which is so necessary to encourage the desponding minister. Levity has been banished from her character, but hope and vivacity still remain. She appreciates the trials of others, but strives, by looking upon the bright side of things, to prevent their being too heavily felt. When her husband seems almost broken down by the weight of his cares and responsibilities, when tempted to give up his charge and retire from the desperate battle he must fight, she gently administers words of comfort, she realizes how harshly the rough scenes of his ministry grate across the keen edge of his refined sensibilities, she repeats the precious promises of Scripture,

she points to spots here and there where his labors seem to have been abundantly blessed, she upholds him by her humble but strong faith in God, and, with the blessing of the Almighty, drives away despair and spurs him forward to energetic, hopeful zeal in his Master's service. She drops a useful hint and suggests a profitable train of thought when his mind seems perfectly barren and the expected sermon is found wanting. She mingles her heartfelt prayer with his for strength and grace. She holds sweet communings with him of heavenly things. She causes him to have a foretaste of heaven's pleasures, and to bless God for his great earthly treasure. She assists him in his pastoral duties. Her winning manners, her superior tact, her power of adapting herself to the situation of those around her and making all to feel perfectly at home in her presence, does wondrous things in the pastor's behalf. She soothes the care of many an anxious widow, pours the oil of consolation into many a disturbed heart, directs the dying to the Lamb of God, and comforts the mourning in their severe afflictions.

Her intercourse with the world is equally happy. She is of "good report" with those without, which is a very important consideration. Not too reserved, not repulsive, she still upholds the dignity and purity of her position, gives no countenance to worldly fashions and follies, but wins the admiration of all and the love of many by her unostentatious refinement and her simple, earnest piety. The anxious sinner comes to her for direction and the young convert for encouragement.

Her household affairs she conducts with wisdom and discretion. Thoroughly versed in the science of domestic economy, she can provide comfortably for her husband and children, and yet leave a little of the small salary for the benefit of her husband's library. Her house is in neat and excellent order, and cleanliness and comfort pervade every apartment. She can make very good bread, and can prepare a plain dinner in an unexceptionable manner. Her own appearance, even in the midst of her work, is always tidy, and she feels no embarrassment in running directly in to receive a morning visitor, and prevent her husband from being disturbed by unnecessary calls. She takes care of her good man's outward apparel, always sews the buttons on his shirts, and has "a change of linen" ready in case he is called away

to preach in a neighboring village or to attend an ecclesiastical convention. She commands the respect of her domestic (she can't afford to have more than one), and often drops her a word of spiritual truth. She regards her children as candidates for eternal misery or everlasting blessedness, and seeks to aid their father in training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. With all her engagements, she yet has things so well arranged, that she is seldom absent from the female prayer-meeting, the missionary sewing circle, or the Sabbath school, where her influence and worth are fully felt.

Her intellect is strong and discriminating, with a very large admixture of common sense. Her education has been good, and her acquirements are very respectable. She converses with ease and animation, entertaining and profiting all her visitors. She has a congeniality with her hus-

band's studies, and often affords him great assistance in his pulpit preparations.

In person her face and form would perhaps not satisfy the critic. Hers is the beauty of a mild and lovely expression, stamped with the impress of refined sensibility, of Christian purity, of womanly dignity, of sanctified sorrow, of heavenly hope, and of firm faith in God. Hers is the calm, the pensive eye, that tells of unworldly thought, that penetrates the soul and reads the inner life of man. Hers is the light and buoyant movement that bespeaks the fervent energy of her character. There's something hovering about that form that strikes and impresses the beholder. Religion has left her mark there. The cross has cast its shadow over her whole demeanor. This world is evidently but her temporary field of usefulness, and she is submissively waiting till she can depart and be with Jesus.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

THE scene is sweetly soothing now,
The moon is shining fair;
Its shadows dance upon my brow,
And tremble in my hair:
Its astral beams so brightly fall,
They ought to make me gay,
And from my moistened lashes call
The starting tear away.
'Tis not a night on which to weep,—
And yet this silent sky
Has wakened thoughts and feelings deep,
And summoned to my eye
A drop that dims my reaching sight,
And all my vision mars
With such distortion, that the night
Hath thousands more of stars
If from amidst those worlds that blaze
Majestically fair,
The hand that lit them should erase
The faintest trembler there,—
We would not miss one lessened ray—
One scintillation gone,—
While yet within heaven's radiant way,
Such myriads sparkled on!
I walk this earth with countless forms
Repassing at my side,
In each of which a spirit warms
A temple deified,—
Where dwells a life whose mystic light
Was kindled at the shrine
Of God himself,—an effluence bright
That stamps the source divine.
Though I have part and portion too
In gifts so strangely high,—
'Twill lightly matter, but to few,
How, when, or where, I die:

The vision that would fail to mark
Stars, lost from heaven's broad scroll—
Would fail, as well, to miss the spark
That twinkled from a soul!
I must content myself to pass
As a receding wave,
Or one among the blades of grass,
That fade upon my grave;—
To die as summer blossoms die,
Beneath the frost-breath hoar,—
Yet *they* shall come again,—but I,
I can return—no more!
No more—no more—to bid them wake
Old memories fond and deep,
Nor of my spirit-presence make
Them conscious—save in sleep:
Could I be in their midst again,
And their sweet brows have kissed—
'Twould be a sense akin to pain,
To find—I was not missed!
To learn that in the heart whose love
Was once my proudest store,
The place I held all else above,
Was held for *me*—no more:—
To see some other idol's place
On what was once *my* throne,—
While not a single memory strays
To her beneath the stone.
—With sadder'd musings such as these,
I've dimmed the moonlit hour,—
How vainly!—spirit-mysteries
Are heedless of the power
Of earth-bound ties: if Heaven will give
A trust serene and high,—
'Twill matter not, if thus I live,
How—when—or where, I die!

DRYBURGH ABBEY,

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BURIAL-PLACE.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

“The love
Of mighty minds doth hallow, in the core
Of human hearts, the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous.”

SOME seven hundred years ago, a certain great personage, of a line of great personages, now, we hope, nearly extinct, one King David—David the First of Scotland—gave command, and a fair abbey was built on the banks of the Tweed. Thirteen years before, he had built a sister abbey at Melrose, a few miles distant, and the twain now lifted their massive walls, day and night, in the service of the Most High. So they thought, that king, those monks and nuns, and those simple people of the old time.

For Dryburgh is a beautiful place for rest! He lay there, a boy, in the summers that are gone, the dear old summers of his youth. Around him frowned the walls. They smile now! Over him waved the trees, and sung the birds; the bees hummed in his ear, and the wind lifted his hair; and far above him stretched the infinite blue sky, where journeys the golden sun. Journeying to-day as in the ages gone, that golden sun looks down upon his ashes now. Sleep on in the ruins of Dryburgh; a ruin no more, but one of earth's proudest and most imperishable temples and pillars of renown. Thou wilt be remembered when Dryburgh is crumbled to dust; when thy ancient soldiers, and monks, and nuns, and that royal personage, King David the First, and many other royal personages, are forgotten;

“For thou art gathered to the kings of thought.”

“Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:

Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,

While the suns burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.”

By day, masses and anthems were sung in its aisles; by night, prayers were said in the silence of stony cells, over beads and tapers, and before the sorrowful Virgin and her Divine Son. Whether they could not have worshipped the Most High as well in the fresh green world, under the blue eye of day and the many stars of night, never once occurred to these simple-hearted men.

Whether the mutter of the wind was not as sweet as a mass, or the deep silence, the *implora* *pace* of the great earth was not as saving as priestly prayers, never came into their loving, credulous minds. But days, and years, and ages passed away, and found them and their ceremonies still reproduced. * * * * *

But with the ages came a change: For one day Dryburgh Abbey was peopled with soldiers and roisterers, instead of monks and nuns. The priest and his attendants were driven from the altar out into the world; the pictures of the saints and martyrs were torn from their frames; the organ was hewn to pieces, and the gorgeous stained windows were shivered into fragments, making the sea of rainbows to ebb, while a thin gray mist, the common light of day, flowed coldly in its channels over and around the melancholy walls.

* * * * *

Dryburgh Abbey was given up to spoil and decay; ere the first was finished the last began. The walls gave way, piece-meal opening in rents and gaps, blackened by smoke; the pillars crumbled; base and capital and the heavy fretted dome fell, block by block, till there was no roof left but the azure above.

But Nature loved the waste, and strove to hide it with fresh and beautiful ivies, “never sere;” and whole rivers of grape vines, which run around the rent walls, and around the crumbling pillars, almost overthrown again with the clusters which they supported. And the mist and rain beautified the sward, and the stars twinkled, and the moon drifted its snow whiter and thicker than ever. Spring came with whole handfuls of buds, Summer with golden light and emerald foliage, Autumn with sheaves and ripe fruit, and old melancholy Winter with his moon-like snow.

* * * * *

So things went on, till one eventful day about

seventy years ago, when a young lad might have been seen walking in its ruins; a delicate, pale boy, some eight or nine years old, no way remarkable, save that he was lame. He was the son of a gentleman and lady in Edinburgh, and had come down to visit his grandfather, who lived at Sandy Knowe, a town hard by. He had a fancy for wandering, this lame boy, and having exhausted the old tower of Small Holm, which was close to the grandfather's farm, the brawling Tweed, the magic Eldon hills, the work of Michael Scott, the wizard, he strolled over to Dryburgh Abbey to see the ruins there. He has read a deal in old books of poetry and romance, this lame boy, and rather likes old ruins, they are so pleasant like! He can lie in the shade of Dryburgh, as he does now, day in and day out, thinking of the old books that he has read, making up stories the while to tell the boys when he goes back to school. It is a capital place, this Dryburgh, and he loves it more and more; loves the grapes on the vines, the ivies on the wall, the flowers in the grass, the trees around, the stars and moon, and, if it be day, the glad golden sun, so joyous and heavenly. And one can dream such fine dreams and see such fine sights there; old soldiers, and monks, and nuns, and good King David, and Bruce and Wallace, and all the great dead of the old time. A capital place, this Dryburgh Abbey, and no longer a ruin; for the lame boy's fancy rebuilds it and makes it whole again. He has a sort of immortal carpentry and masonry in his thoughts, and goes about rebuilding ruined abbeys and decayed towers, a strange, romantic, dreamy boy!

But while we gaze he is gone, and we see him there no more, till he returns again some fifty years after, and about twenty years ago, when he comes back in pomp and state, with the waving of plumes and the tramping of steeds. In the mean time he has become a man, a sheriff, and a poet, (poets and sheriffs are often together, but seldom united, as in him!) has been busy in the world, and has written sundry poems about

old abbeys and monks and soldiers, and such like shadows of the past—shadows no more, but as real flesh and blood as ever lived and died. Go where you would in those days, you would have heard of that pale lame boy, now a man, a sheriff, and a poet. Everybody reads his books and admires them, and everybody is sure that he is the author of some wonderful tales which were then startling and astounding the world; that he is the Great Unknown. But the pale lame boy denies the imputation. But what says Dryburgh Abbey, dear old Dryburgh, that listened to his stories years before; and what say the ruins far and near, and every wood, and loch, and glen to which he made *raids* in his youth; and what his friends, those who know him best and closest? All cry, "Thou art the man, thou art the man!" And so says the world. Meantime he purchases many broad acres on the Tweed, not far from Dryburgh, and builds himself a noble baronial mansion, where he lives in state yet unpretentious, and in simplicity entertaining innumerable visitors, poets, peers, princes, and, for aught I know, kings,

"Himself not least, but honored of them all."

Everybody comes to see the lame boy of Dryburgh, now a Sir and a Baronet. And he is very happy there at Abbotsford, that noble, gifted man, and very miserable, too, in the end. For it turns out to be a dream, that baronial mansion, not much more substantial than the abbey rebuilt by the boy's fancy stone and mortar, and thousands of pounds of hard money are sometimes as unsubstantial as mist. Care-worn and gray does he become, "the Great Unknown," (for he owns himself now;) pallid, weak, sick, almost mindless; a ruined, broken man. He goes over sea to sunny Italy, but is no better; comes back to Scotland again, and is no better; and now—it is twenty years ago, in 1832—returns once more to Dryburgh, the dream-land of his youth. And now and here he is better; ay, well, quite well again!

YOUTH AND AGE.

I THREW a flower on a stream,
And saw it borne away;
It did to me an emblem seem
Of youth's bright passing day,
When borne upon the Stream of Life,
So buoyantly it sped,
Ere it was touched by waves of strife—
Ere the bright dream had fled!

I found the flower withered, dead,
Upon the pebbly shore;
Faded was its once bright red,
So beautiful of yore.
Yet still it had a partial scent,
Although its beauty fled,
Its sweetness was not wholly spent,
Although 'twas nearly dead!

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

A SERENADE.—In the still quiet evening, or at midnight, how mellow the tones of the soft guitar, or the sweet strains of vocal music. The unbroken stillness of the season excites peculiar emotions upon the unstrung and nervous sensibilities of the care-worn and weary.

Music is ordained to subdue the commotion within, and to refresh the drooping spirit of those who languish and mourn for real or anticipated trouble. In the depth of the stilly night, how charmingly falls upon the air the voices of the sweet serenade. As the first note breaks on the stillness, the soul goes off in pleasant dreams to the fairy land, and hours of bliss wrought by angel melodies, as the disembodied spirit ranges the beautiful fields and groves of elysium, are crowded into a single moment; for, though hours of spiritual existence have elapsed, it is but a moment of time, when the spirit returns and awakens the body to partake of the delight—awakens not to the gross sensations of worldliness, but the deep feelings of heaven within; and we seem transported bodily to a world of harmony and love.

We have felt these sensations when anxiety and toil were corroding, in a measure, the bright buds of promise, or the joys that were clustering around the path of the diligent and faithful.

The swelling music of the serenade stole over our slumbers like voices of mercy from spirits of love, telling us of a better life and a happier home. Go not then to the abode of the proud, the haughty, the aristocratic; but go to the home of the poor, the care-worn, the distressed; and thy messages of love shall calm the troubled spirit and infuse new life and hope into the despairing soul.

THE AMERICAN BOARD met at Troy on the 7th inst., and from the attendance there must have been a similar sensation to that produced the year they last met at Norwich when so large a sum was raised to relieve the embarrassment the Board was beginning to feel from a heavy debt. It now enjoys unusual prosperity, and it is hoped there will be no cause for the opposition which some good men have felt it necessary to entertain in former years. The American Missionary Association, doing a similar work, we learn, holds its anniversary in Bangor in October ensuing.

BACCALAUREATE.—The Baccalaureate of Mr. Frelinghuysen is so worthy of republication, that

we take the liberty to do so. It contains some instruction for a large circle of our readers, and the style is so easy and inviting, and so agreeable, that it will be read with the greatest pleasure, and we hope the thoughts contained will not be forgotten. We commend the address to the careful perusal of the young.

HEALTH OF WOMEN.—Too little do women consider their health.

Physicians and physiologists have done a good deal of preaching in their day to the ladies, and especially American ladies, with regard to fresh air and out-door exercise. They ought not by any means to relax their exertions in that direction. Our travellers in the old countries are very apt to take up the burden, on their return home, and to urge it with what force they may upon the attention of their countrywomen. The comparison which they necessarily draw between the robust constitutions which they meet abroad, and the enfeebled ones in their own land, impresses the subject with so much force upon their own minds that they feel impelled to give a note of warning. Here are some observations upon the subject by a recent traveller which will be found readable and useful:

"I sat down with a lady lately, and, out of a wide circle of acquaintances in every part of the country, we attempted to reckon the healthy, and we could not think of more than three really healthy women. What is the rule in Europe, seems the exception here. The ladies come before one here as more fine, more delicate—yes, generally with more of a certain graceful beauty, than in England or Germany—but with far less robust health. There are so few full, healthy complexions or vigorous forms. Those who are well are so plainly weak, with constitutions which the first rude shock of pain or exposure will shatter. And this does not seem confined to one class. Indeed, it is even more true of the village than of the city. The pale, worn looks of the mechanics' wives, or the sickly faces which you see in so many a farmer's household, show it sadly enough. It is very seldom, indeed, one passes through a village here, where the ruddy complexion, the bright glance of health, the full-developed form meet the eye, as they do so invariably in the European villages.

"There is no country in Europe, I believe, where women take so little exercise in the open air as they do in this. In England, on many a day when no lady here would soil her shoe out of doors, I have walked with ladies miles and miles through mud and snow, or heavy mist. In Berlin there was never a bright winter's afternoon in which we did not make up a skating party on the 'meadows,' where, indeed, all the 'belles' of the city were collected. In Hungary, a horseback scamper over the plains, or a walk in the gardens with the ladies, was as common as the meals. And

throughout Southern Germany, Italy, France, even where there are no more vigorous exercises, an afternoon's promenade in the parks or on the bastions has come to be almost a necessary of life. It seems as if all the people of those countries delighted in the sunlight much more than we. The ladies read, sew, eat, in the open air, in arbors and gardens, far more than is ever the custom here. Then, in the lower classes, the women are obliged to work much in the fields—in some respects a thing not to be approved, yet on the whole by no means so degrading a custom as we often think in America. It brings as one happy result at least, the full, cheerful health which God 'designed' to be the natural accompaniment of life. There is an unnatural delicacy among all our women about exposure. If people only would learn that rain, and frost, and snow, are not half so much poisons as the close, vitiated air, which streams all day within heated walls! An English lady, with her stout boots and shortened skirts, makes no more of a mud or snow walk than of the pleasantest ramble. The walk becomes as much a necessity as a dinner, and there is soon a real pleasure in breasting the rough weather."

NONCHALANT.—It was said by some man, perhaps Dr. Johnson—it certainly sounds like him—that he had but one thing against a certain lady who was known to be his greatest annoyance, and that one thing was, that she was *insufferable*. We have known a few persons, of both sexes, of the same kind. Perhaps they are not unlike those whom Dr. Chalmers describes in a paragraph which we shall quote. At any rate, only let such characters as set for his picture be finished off with undue *self-esteem*, and they will be among the most unbearable characters on the face of the globe. This may be expressing it pretty strongly, but it is the truth nevertheless:

"There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though well versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and the gayety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint."

HOME.—How many sweet and beautiful associations and recollections does the simple word HOME bring before our minds! With how many pleasant, delightful, and soothing thoughts is it indissolubly linked! It is a word that finds an echo in every human heart, no matter how caloused it has become by the wear and tear of

the business routine of life, or how hardened and seared by long years of crime or misery. Many a noble heart struggling in the great contest of life, would have retreated, disheartened and broken-spirited from the seemingly hopeless strife, but for thoughts of home; but the magic influence of that thought has inspired them with fresh vigor, nerved them with additional strength, and sent them again to the field "conquering and to conquer." Many a young man who has gone forth into a strange city, to carve out for himself, a name and a position in life, has been rescued, even in the very jaws of temptation, from almost certain ruin, by thoughts of home and the loved ones there. Even from the hardened and blood-stained pirate, the criminal of a thousand crimes, who laughed to scorn all the ideas of love, mercy, religion, or any of those tender feelings which elevate the human race, as ridiculous and exploded chimeras,—even from this man of sin have thoughts of home and its associations drawn tears, and melted him for a brief moment into an humble and remorseful man.

It matters not how humble or how lofty our home may be, the effect upon the mind is the same. With sickness and sorrow, affliction and misery, comes the same yearning after home, whether in the lowly mud cabin, or the gorgeous palace. But to the traveller in a distant and strange country, where the customs, costumes, and manners, are diametrically opposed to his own, where, in place of the sweet and familiar dialect which he hears in the streets of his own land, a strange, and, to him, unmeaning jargon falls upon his ear, the thoughts of home are most inexplicably sweet and delightful; everything he sees, hears, and meets, brings up before his mind the idea of the infinite superiority of his own land, in the same things, and the thoughts of home grow sweeter and more delightful, in exact proportion to the difference between it and the land of his sojourn, and the distance which divides them. Nor is it on account of the real superiority of his home, considered in the scale with which we usually measure the relative superiority and inferiority of various countries, but simply because it *is* his home. The negro, in the midst of civilization, sighs for the rude pleasure of his barbarian home; the Indian, taken at an early age from the squalid huts of his tribe, and educated in the highest order of enlightened education, not unfrequently deserts the scenes of his civilization, and hastens back to the semi-barbarism from which he had merged; for that was his home; and he cheerfully relinquishes all the advantages he has acquired for its sake.

SPEECHES.—In looking over the long speeches of the day, so full of words, as many of them are, we sigh for one great mind among us that will show the foreign concourse of spectators, that there is at least one American who knows how to be silent. There is sufficient proof also in many of these, that the "blarney stone" is not indigenous to Ireland, or the faculty of vituperation confined to billingsgate. Many men, and alas! some women, talk themselves hoarse only to prove that ideas, as well as gold, can be so beaten as to cover a most incredible space. Yet the fineness of the texture causes fragility, and in the effort of stretching great rents are often made, through which anything is visible.

LUNATIC WRITERS.—We live in the nineteenth century sure enough; here is one of the evidences of the fact; one of a pleasing, hopeful nature, too—a Magazine edited by the patients of a Lunatic Asylum. The state of things with regard to such institutions reminds us of light and advancement as well as Telegraphs and Crystal Palaces: how different is the present "system" from what it was even a few years ago,—a change which humanity rejoices over.

Many strait-jackets, outside the walls of asylums, have been cast off from the human mind during the last hundred years. The magazine referred to is called "The Opal," and is published at Utica. The management of some other publications, not unknown to the public, might be transferred to the same editorship with advantage.

In the preceding paragraph we have made mention of a publication edited by the patients of the State Lunatic Asylum. Alluding to the anniversaries of the benevolent societies in New York, it says: "The chief interest, however, centres in the two great Societies—the Tract and Bible. The speeches of these Anniversaries are good. Talented and pious persons who greet each other, old friends and schoolmates who, separated far in the journey of life, meet at the metropolis as a sort of cross-road, where they pause to refresh themselves with some awakening reminiscences of departed happy days. We wish them well, as imitators and exemplars of virtue, whose hue is born in heaven."

"The Tract Society was projected in the parlor of Mr. David L. Dodge, a rich importing merchant of New York, and the Bible Society with Mr. E. Boudinot, who gave ten thousand dollars for its formation, and was its first president.

"The Bible Society was instituted in the Court of Sessions Rooms, at the City Hall, in 1816. Judge Platt, George Griffin, Dr. Nott, and Mr. P.

A. Jay were the speakers. Earthly prospects may fail, friends may drop into the tomb, but the Almighty never forsakes his friends."

"Seas may waste, skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
But fixed His words, His sovereign power remains,
His realm for ever lasts, His own Messiah reigns."

"NEAR HOME" is the title of a new work just issued by the CARTERS. It contains a description of things, manners, customs, and religions, of different countries, somewhat geographically, very instructively. The attempt is made at every turning to instil religious instruction, to establish good principle, and to show that the world which God made ought to be governed by the Book which he wrote. "To desire to know, to glorify God, is religion." We can commend this book for Sabbath School libraries as altogether valuable.

A short extract will show the style and spirit of the author:

"The Irish say they are Christians, yet most of them will not read the Bible. Is not that strange? The Bible is the word of Christ. Why do they not read it, if they are Christians? Because their ministers tell them not to read it. Why? Because these ministers or priests teach them a great many wrong things, which are not written in the Bible, and they do not want the people to find out the truth.

"These priests tell the people to worship the Virgin Mary; now it is very wrong to worship any one but God. These priests say that they can forgive sins; and none can do that but God. The religion they teach is called the Roman Catholic religion. It is a kind of Christian religion, but it is a very bad kind.

"If you were to go to a Roman Catholic church, you would see a basin of water near the door. What is it for? It is called 'holy water,' because the priest has blessed it. Everybody dips his hand in this water, and sprinkles himself with it, and thinks that doing this will keep him from Satan. O how foolish! Then there is an altar at one end of the church, where the priests read prayers. On that altar there is a plate of bread and a cup of wine, and the priests pretend that they can turn this bread and wine into the very real body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. While they are pretending to do this, a bell rings, and everybody kneels down and worships the bread.

"I will now tell you of a poor young woman who would not believe what the priests said.

"She was a maid to a good clergyman, and she heard him read the Bible at family prayers every day. Catherine had never heard the Bible before; she thought it very beautiful, and she found out that the priests had taught her wrong when she was a child. When she went to her Roman Catholic church, she saw the image of the Virgin Mary, crowned with flowers, and she saw people bowing down before it. She did not like to kneel down before it any more. She saw the people go into little seats, covered up like boxes, where nobody could see them, and she knew they went there to confess their sins to the priest, that they might be forgiven. But Catherine had heard that Christ alone can forgive sins. At last she determined never to go to the Roman Catholic church again, but only to the

church of the good clergyman, that is, to the Protestant church.

"But when the priest found that Catherine came no more to confess her sins, he cursed her before all the congregation. It is very dreadful to hear a priest curse. He wears a black dress, and then he curses the nose, and eyes, and all the body of the poor creature, and then puts out the candles one by one. Catherine was told that the priest had cursed her; but she knew that his words could do her no harm.

"Though words could not hurt her, blows could. One day when Catherine was going on a message for her master, a wicked man who hated her for Christ's sake, suddenly threw a large stone at the back of her head, and knocked her to the ground; then beat her on her back, and threw more stones at her, till she seemed quite dead. Then he left her. But some kind persons found her lying bleeding on the earth, and they carried her to her master's house. There she came to herself; but she felt a great deal of pain, and could not move. Catherine did not get well, and she wished to go home to her father's cottage. There she lay, year after year, not able to walk, or to work for her living. But was she unhappy? No; she said her Saviour comforted her heart. She was happier on her bed of pain than she had ever been before, because she felt sure that Jesus loved her, and that she had been ill-treated for his sake. Many kind people sent her money, and now and then a friend went to see her."

RELIGION OF THE AGE.—The present age boasts of its *religion* as a part of its progress. With many, religion is a mere philosophic speculation upon truth connected with man's soul. With others, it is the seemly discharge of all relative duties. With others, it consists in admiration for the Bible, as a book of literary excellencies. With others, it is the adoption of a creed, or connection with a church. With others, it consists in bustle and outward zeal. In all, it lacks life—that deep, intense, glowing life, which so marked it in earlier times. Its root is not in the conscience, but in some other region of the soul, which does not bring us into close and living contact with Jehovah himself. It is a thing of the imagination, or of the intellect, or even of the affections, but not of the conscience. There can be no religion which has not its seat there. The hindrance to living religion is the want of a "purged conscience;" and till the conscience has been purged from dead works, there can be no real religion, no true service to God. How little is there of conscience in the religion of the day! Hence that lack of simplicity, of freshness, of serenity, which we should expect. Hence its hollowness and noisy shallowness.

The religion of the day is (as we have seen) an *easy-minded* religion, without conflict and wrestling, without self-denial and sacrifice; a religion which knows nothing of the pangs of the new birth at its commencement, and nothing of the desperate struggle with the flesh and

with the Devil, day by day, making us long for resurrection deliverance, for the binding of the Adversary, and for the Lord's arrival. It is a *second-rate* religion; a religion in which there is no largeness, no grandeur, no potency, no noble-mindedness, no elevation, no self-devotedness, no all-constraining love. It is a *hollow* religion, with a fair exterior but an aching heart, a heart unsatisfied, a soul not at rest, a conscience not at peace with God; a religion marked, it may be, by activity and excitement, but betraying all the while the consciousness of a wound hidden and unhealed within, and hence unable to animate to lofty doings, or supply the strength needed for such doings. It is a *feeble* religion, lacking the sinews and bones of hardier times; very different from the indomitable, much-enduring, storm-braving religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. It is an *uncertain* religion; that is to say, it is not rooted on certainty; it is not the out-flowing of a soul assured of pardon, and rejoicing in the filial relationship between itself and God. Hence, there is no liberty of service, for the question of personal acceptance is still an unsettled thing: there is a working for pardon, but not from pardon. All is thus bondage, heaviness, irksomeness. There is a speaking for God, but it is with a faltering tongue; there is a laboring for God, but it is with fettered hands; there is a moving in the way of his commandments, but it is with a heavy drag upon our limbs. Hence the inefficient, un-influential character of our religion. It does not tell on others, for it has not yet fully told upon ourselves. It falls short of its mark, for the arm that drew the bow is paralyzed.

SYSTEM.—A place for everything, and everything in its place; a time for everything, and everything in its time;—in the observance or non-observance of these two plain mottoes, much will be accomplished on the one hand, or fail of accomplishment on the other hand. Better be occasionally driven from a system, than not to have any system.

It is said of Dr. Carey, the distinguished missionary to India, who accomplished a vast amount of labor as a translator and writer, as well as preacher, that his whole plan of labors might be reduced to this simple habit of his very long missionary life, namely, whenever he had anything on hand to do, he immediately went about doing it; and that this prompt habit is the true key to solve the question, how he was able to perform so much labor in a hot Indian climate. And still such a statement of his biographer, or editor, does not preclude the idea that he observed some

plan in the hours which he devoted to preaching, to study, to translating, and to other pursuits. Rev. Albert Barnes has accomplished a very great amount of reading and writing in the work of preparing his Commentaries, during the past few years, in addition to all the pastoral duties to his people; and he has been able to perform so much labor by his rigidly observed plan of devoting his morning hours to that great work. It may be that he has applied himself so closely as to injure his eyes or his health otherwise; but however this may be, it will readily be acknowledged, that if he had studied and written without a systematic arrangement of his time, so as to make the most of it, he could not have done so much. The same is recorded of most men who have accomplished a great amount of intellectual or Christian effort.

INFLUENCE OF TRUE GOODNESS.—There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child, is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and to raise those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world and bring everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.

THE INTERCOMMUNICATION.—The iron links of fraternity as well as the golden links of love, now bind our Canadian friends to us. We enjoyed a beautiful excursion lately, over the Hudson River Railroad to Troy, thence to Rutland, thence to Burlington, St. Albans, and over the line to Montreal, the city where the French, the English, and the Americans, mingle in the busy scenes of life. We admired the excellence of the management over the whole route. The superintendents are men of progress. New improvements are adopted, and every expedient is

employed to facilitate the wants of the travelling public. Who, ten years ago, could have believed that in the brief space of fourteen hours the traveller from New York could reach Montreal? that he could breakfast here, and on the same day take his tea many miles beyond the line of Vermont? Thousands are travelling; the whole world is ajog; or this road has a double share of patronage. It is worth one's while to see the world, so much of it at least as is to be seen on a flying excursion toward the north pole.

The noble Hudson and its living burdens, the banks so gorgeously arrayed with artistic but more especially with divine skill, the beautiful and hospitable city of Troy, the city of taste, of refinement, of pure morals, of sacred associations, and joyous hearts; the winding streams, the fertile vales, the Green Mountains—ever green, the flourishing towns of Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans; the intervening villages; the odd scenes of French life; all, all, are profitable to be seen, and worth the time of the visitor. The courses of travel will change; they will turn more toward the north, toward the Green Mountains, and the British Provinces, or toward the White Mountains, the lakes of New Hampshire, and their sublime surroundings. There is ease and convenience, and beauty of landscape scenery, on the northern routes; and we do not fear to predict that the undeveloped resources of Vermont and Northern New York will greatly augment the business and the travel of the Hudson River Railroad, and swell not a little the business of this Empire City.

THE WIDE TRACK.—We all want room enough, whether our movements are zigzag or straightforward. We like room in the cars, room in the cabin, room in the parlor, room wherever we are, and wherever we go. We like safety in travel, as well as room to travel. The wide track of the Erie Railroad is a happy hit—an idea which the travelling public endorse as good. It is considered safer and pleasanter. The romantic scenery of the Erie, the sinuosities of the route, the sublimity of the overhanging and high-soaring mountains, the majestic slopes of valleys, the gently gliding silvery streams of water, and the growing and prosperous towns upon the way, invite attention and induce the traveller to go this route to the West. But the cheapness and rapidity of the passage from the London of this Western World to the great lakes of the West, afford other and stronger inducements to the multitude. Success to this great result of American enterprise, skill, and prowess. The Erie

Canal has done wonders for our metropolis; but the Erie Railroad will accomplish ten-fold more for our commercial interest, and for the expansion of this now great and flourishing city.

PITTSFIELD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.—We have before had occasion to speak in terms of commendation of the character and management of this favorably located and excellently conducted Institute. We present the view of the Interior of the Gymnasium as our second plate for the month, which we consider adapted to our objects, and beautiful to the eye of taste. This, taken in connection with the steel engraving of the whole cluster of buildings which conspire to make up the Institute, exhibits a fair exterior show; but the reality, as perfectly as is consistent, justifies the high-wrought expectations of all who offer their patronage.

It is now a commonly received opinion that the physical, intellectual, and moral, must be combined, in giving a complete and practically useful education. The development of the physical, aids materially the mental and the moral. A sickly frame, an unhealthy constitution, is seldom advantaged by lectures and by motherly or professional advice. Every Institute should have its place for exercise in cold and stormy weather as well as in dry and fair. There should be no neglect, hesitancy, or irregularity, in giving vigor to the body, for want of the conveniences of healthy exercise, any more than there should be in imparting intellectual food and vigor to the mind, or moral and spiritual to the affections. Is food needful for the body? are books and study needful for the improvement and development of the mind? Equally important is the arrangement for the healthy and vigorous development of the physical faculties. We earnestly hope the subject will receive the attention it merits, and the present generation of females be better prepared to assume the responsibilities of their stations.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS FROM "THE PURE PLEASURES OF PURE MINDS."—A good book falls from the press occasionally; not like a lump of lead, as a dull one does, but rather like a ball of caoutchouc, that springs up and about as though it had life in itself. Reader, you may have that comparison gratis.

There are some books that come forth to the world cold and dead enough. But their corpses are galvanized into unnatural life and contortions by the praises of the press. This is, however, an expensive process, using up in a short time

the galvanic *pile*; in consequence of which down goes the mass again, without a struggle or a groan.

It must not be forgotten, by the way, that other books there are, destined to be stars of the first magnitude in the system, which evince to Mr. Public, with his thousand sharp eyes, no sign of vitality at their birth. The critics feel of their pulse and say all is over. But by and by they begin to emit sparks of light and life which are seen and felt; and rising rapidly towards the zenith, shed their light over the world.

Our extracts are from the 2d and 3d chapters of "HEARTS UNVEILED," a work which has been favorably noticed in this Magazine. It may be mentioned that Helen, previously to her removal to her cottage home, had resided in the city of Brotherly Love, where she had lived in a style which the very wealthy only can attain to. As it not unfrequently happens with persons placed in circumstances so prized by the world, she felt that her position was impregnable. She had no expectation that riches, in her case, would ever take any wings. It came to pass, however, with her, as it has with others, that the identical event which was unlooked for, occurred. And the effect is, that Helen commences a new life with her aunt in Salem. She found it hard falling from her high position, and came down only stotically at first, as related in a previous chapter; but resignedly and gracefully at the last, as will be seen by reading what follows in her own words:

In a neat and rather commodious cottage in the suburb of Salem, I was received by my new companions with a tender welcome. The family of the late Richard Burleigh consisted of two daughters and a son, who were living with their grandmother, Mrs. Carlisle, to whom the cottage belonged. My first impression, on my introduction to this family, was, that in keeping myself aloof from them, the loss had been entirely my own. I at once felt how ill my own forward and fitful manner compared with their respectful courtesy and quiet self-possession. Mrs. Carlisle received me as the child of some dear friend, with a civility in which there was much of endearment. My cousin Sarah called me the "new nestling," in so sweet and so soothing a tone, that I melted into tears, which Amy, the younger, perceiving, she endeavored to cheer me, calling me by my Christian name—Helen. "I have always," said she, "associated embroidery and other beautiful accomplishments with that name."

"Helen Burleigh is a name that I shall love," said Willie, a lovely lad of little more than ten years, "and she shall be my own dear pretty *tuzzen*." In saying this, he had laid one hand on my shoulder, the other on my knee, and bending his face near to mine, looked musingly into my eyes, as if to meet a return of his proffered affection. I felt that I was surrounded by loving ones; and folding this sweet boy in my arms, bedewed his innocent face with my tears. I believe this day was the first in which I could say that I ever truly loved anything. My heart had been previously encased in the cerement of selfishness.

I entered this family not without fear of annoyance from the strict observance of religious formalities; but the apprehension gave place to a favorable impression with my first experience. When we assembled at our evening meal, the first I had partaken with the family, Mrs. Carlisle made a slight inclination of the head toward Amy, who remained standing until we were all seated, and then laying her fingers lightly and reverently on the table, said the usual form of grace. It was truly beautiful; and I felt the worth of a pious example in so young a creature. I afterwards found that it was the practice of the members of the family to perform this duty indiscriminately.

Helen finds Mrs. Carlisle's humble residence a charming one, and that hospitality largely abounds within its walls. Those persons to whom it became a home were called "standing guests." Helen was not the only one, as a Mr. Lysander whom she found there was of the same class, but who called himself the Poor Scholar.

In the domestic management of the house, the young ladies took charge, with the assistance of a single hired servant; the general orders only, being from Mrs. Carlisle. They attended to the kitchen, the order of the rooms, and the useful occupation of the needle. These were their morning exercises; while Willie spent the same hours in some light labor in the garden in summer, and in making fires in winter. Mr. Lysander would sometimes proffer his services in the garden, but being a theoretical rather than a practical gardener, he never used the spade or the rake without leaving something for Willie to undo. The child, however, was confident that he received many useful hints, especially with regard to the 'adaptation of soil,' from his fellow-laborer. So would Mr. Lysander often clear the parlor grate of a cold morning, and fill in the coals, with the kindlings at the top, still believing in the possibility, yet never succeeding, in propelling the heat downwards; and notwithstanding that Willie was invariably called upon to remove the coals, and begin the fire anew, the breakfast hour, on such occasions, was enlivened by learned disquisitions on the nature of the element of heat; and Mr. Lysander received the acknowledgments of Willie for imparting views so clear and rational on the subject.

For six months nothing seemed to mar the happiness of this amiable family. I, alone, had a worm at the heart—the absence and estrangement of my father. I had now seen and learned to appreciate domestic harmony and love; and an affection, the existence of which I could not have been previously aware, absorbed all my desires, or concentrated them into one, that of again seeing my dear parent—under circumstances of reformation on my part. Little did I care whether poverty or wealth be our lot; to be with him, and to be happy in promoting his happiness, was the burden of my prayer, and the motive of my application to books. The wild chimeras in which I first indulged, on a knowledge of our misfortunes, had all left me, and given place to more rational views of happiness.

One morning, letters from London were brought to Mrs. Carlisle. The bearer was said to be very ill at a hotel in town, where he arrived the evening before. The letters proved to be from Mr. Seabright, the brother of Mrs. Carlisle, and of whom she had received no intelligence for a good number of years; but now, recalling to mind the pet sister of his early days, he had resolved to visit her. He met with a stranger, by whom his dispatches were sent, at a hotel in London. He was a pious young man, but seemed to labor under some deep

disquietude, on account of an estrangement from the friends of his heart. A thin partition separated their rooms, and Mr. Seabright was often induced to give attention to his prayers, and to his mournful soliloquies, of which he took notes, on one occasion, and transcribed them into his letter.

Mr. Seabright obtained the confidence of the unhappy gentleman, whom he found suffering from ill-health as much as from depression of spirits; and an intimacy, so far as intimacy could be obtained with so melancholy a person, continued while they remained together. He often expressed a strong desire to visit the United States, his native country; and was not without the hope of finding there a relative and a friend. Mr. Seabright encouraged the desire, and offered to make him the bearer of letters to his sister; and promised to follow him in the course of a few months. He warmly recommended him to the favor of Mrs. Carlisle; and if he had the misfortune to find no other friends or relatives, he begged her to supply their place.

"How is the stranger?" asked Mrs. Carlisle of Mr. Lysander, who had one morning been sent to visit him. "Ah," said he, "the dear fellow is very low, having suffered much during the voyage from general debility and sea-sickness. He is now in a high fever; and I was told that, in his delirium last night, he asked repeatedly for you."

"Attend to your studies," said Mrs. Carlisle, "I will be back in time for your recitations."

But we could not study. The thought that my own father might at that very moment be sick and destitute among strangers, filled my mind with grief. And my cousins would only think and talk of their uncle Seabright, whom they had thought long since dead, and of the stranger who had actually seen him and brought the assurance that they would see him too.

Mrs. Carlisle returns with the design of giving the invalid a home under her own roof, for during the interview she had become greatly interested in him; more so, as she affirmed, than she had ever before been with any person that was not a member of her own family. So at once Willie's comfortable room was got in readiness for the welcome guest.

Willie rubbed his hands for joy at this arrangement, and Mr. Lysander was no less happy. Hourly did one or another of the family go to the hotel to make inquiries after the sick man, Mr. Lysander remaining with him as his nurse. Every wish of the interesting invalid was immediately acceded to. He seemed to have a childlike confidence in the care and attention of Mrs. Carlisle; and that lady gave orders that she should be sent for, either by day or by night, whenever he expressed a desire to see her.

In about ten days we had him removed. Mr. Lysander remained with him the first night; and the next morning he assured Mrs. Carlisle that he had not slept with such composure for many years; and he ascribed it to the satisfaction he felt on being "at home."

As no allusion had been made to the means of our new inmate, either in the letters of Mr. Seabright, or by himself, we rather considered him as being partially in want. This opinion was the more confirmed from the circumstance that the apartment which he occupied, at the hotel, had formerly been a servant's sleeping-room, and was in a very dilapidated state,—by no means so good a one as the house afforded. Some arrangement must therefore be made to meet the additional expense which would be likely to

occur from an accession to the number of the family. And if ever true joy, pure and unallied, entered my heart, it was at that moment—when I resolved to become a teacher of music for the general benefit, and for the sake of independence. The thought was sudden, but not the less exquisite. In music lay the forte of my accomplishments. And I knew that I should succeed. A teacher had just been advertised for, in Salem, and I immediately went out to engage the situation.

As I approached the seminary, my heart fluttered and sunk, and then fluttered again. As I touched the pull of the bell my breath grew short; and when a colored manservant opened the door, I half forgot my errand, until he asked, 'Whom do you wish to see?' 'The person who advertised for a teacher of music,' I replied. 'Ah, well,' said he, 'perhaps they may have some one engaged, so many have applied. But walk in, I will speak to Mrs. M—.'

I was ushered into a room, where were pianos and other musical instruments, and there desired to 'wait.' After an age, according to the computation of my impatience, an elderly lady entered, and introduced herself as the 'Principal of the establishment.' And after questioning me as to who I was, whence I came, and in what way I was connected with Mrs. Carlisle, and in what manner I had employed my time since I had been in her family, she desired me to take a seat at the piano. I did so, and waited for further orders. After turning over the leaves of a newly-bound volume of music, she placed before me a favorite Mexican march, observing that she was particularly fond of martial music. The recollection of the admiration which had accompanied my performance of this march, so difficult of execution, was like a sudden inspiration; and to calm the perturbation which I felt would mar my attempt, I asked that I might first prove the instrument. After running over the keys, for a moment, I moved the notes to the left, which was my usual practice; and then, I believe, in the true spirit of the composition, I commenced, and went through in such a style as I had never attained before. When I had concluded, my auditors remained silent for a moment, and then said, 'I will call some of the young ladies.'

It is sufficient to say that I was engaged at once, at a high salary, and was to enter upon my duties the next day. I then returned home. But there is sometimes too great a fullness of joy as well as of sorrow; and, as I entered the house, I threw my arms around the neck of the dear girl who first opened my heart to love by calling me the "new nestling," and fainted. When I recovered, I found myself in my own room, surrounded by my anxious friends. The events of the morning had bewildered me, and caused me to faint; but I now was touched with shame for having made such an exhibition of my weakness. When left to ourselves, Sarah sat down on the side of my bed; and taking my hand, said, "My beloved cousin, you must not feel that this addition to our family will give you the least annoyance, or deprive you of any portion of our attention; neither will it lessen any of the comforts which you have been accustomed to enjoy in our family. My grandmother lays by a small sum quarterly, for sickness, or other pressing necessity; and Mr. Lysander has, this morning, engaged himself as a copyist, in the ——— office. So, you see that there is no present cause of alarm." I tried to tell her of my own good fortune; but it seemed so incredible, that I waited to be certain that I had not been deceiving myself.

WALKING.—We are unable to give the authority for the observations on walking which

are annexed, but they evidently have emanated from no mean source; and to our mind have far more interest than the majority of "hints" usually have upon kindred topics—"health and happiness"—which are so numerous, and which, for aught we know to the contrary, are made to order. "Walking straight," morally, mentally, and physically, is a matter which our readers have an eye to—of course; and they will, perhaps, be entertained and instructed by reading how moral and physical pedestrianism react happily upon each other. The writer says:

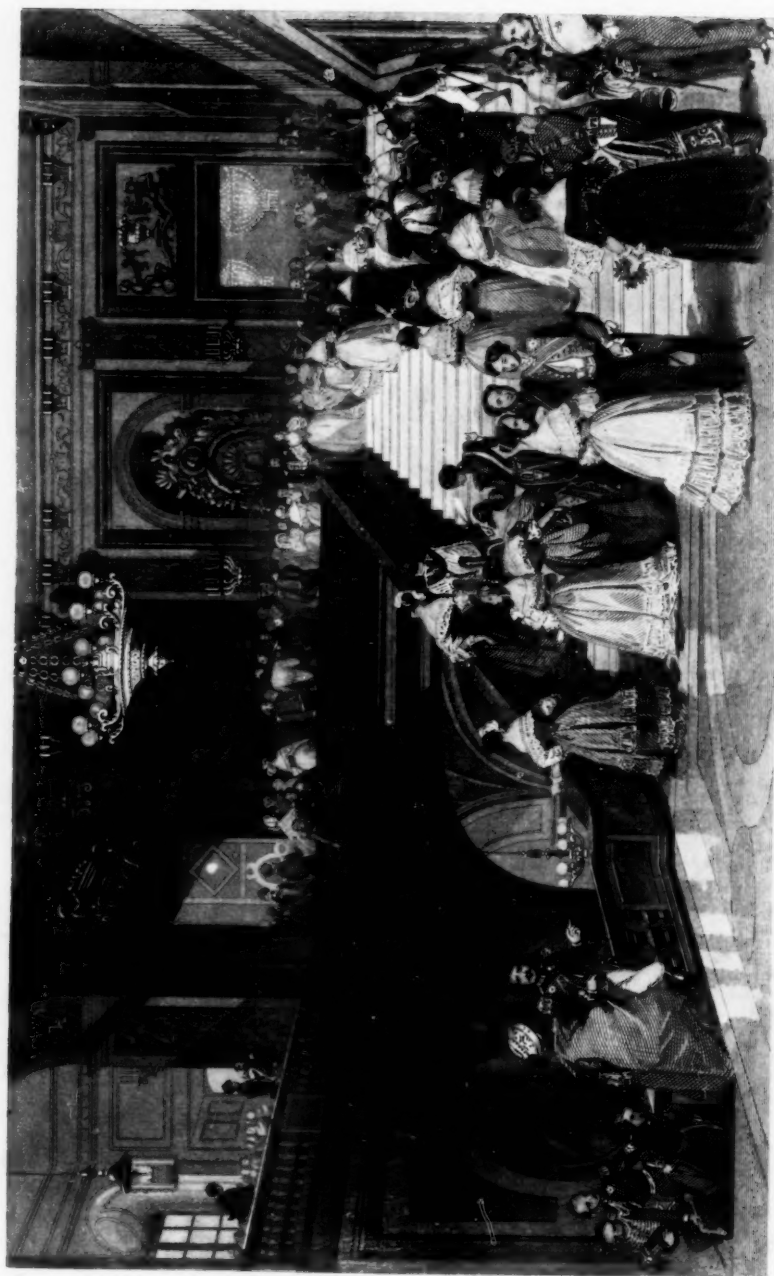
"Whenever we rise to walk, the whole body—the trunk, head, and extremities—should be thrown into a universal, but gentle tension; all lassitude, bending, carelessness, falling of the head, dangling of the limbs, bending of the trunk, and loose, irregular gazing, should be avoided; this general vigor brings all the muscles up to that state which instantly fits them for action. The same rule is practised by the whole animal kingdom whenever any extraordinary effort is required. At the moment of an affray, every combatant arouses the whole system, prepares the body for the encounter by giving force, tone, and energy to the entire body.

"It is a positive injury to the body to exercise when it is toneless, lax, flexible, and careless. Then the muscles are not fed with a sufficient amount of blood and nervous fluid; the nervous and circulatory systems are both then very passive, and violent or almost any exercise is then a tax upon unstrung muscles, which is injurious. During the act of moving the body, the muscles which constitute its motive machinery are excited to action by all the blood and nervous force; and when they are feeble, the muscular actions are also feeble; and conversely, when they are vigorous, the motions will be easy, ready, forcible, and beneficial.

"We here find an explanation of the opposite views of different individuals respecting the advantages arising from walking. If an invalid, a student, or any one walks with a careless, indifferent, loitering, awkward, lifeless, sauntering manner, he will experience an evil rather than a good; but if there is a little spirit, dignity, individuality, sovereignty in the trait, the air, the person will be invigorated, and feel much better for the walk.

"A second rule of great value in walking is, that the body (if not the spirit) must be perfectly erect. The whole body must be easily poised upon its own gravity, as the beam of the scales is upon its pivot. Then the various muscles acting upon the bony spine and upon the bony levers of the limbs and chest, will be freed from the labor of holding the body up, for that then will be done by the happily balanced skeleton, and they, the muscles, will be ready to move the various joints as the will of the individual may dictate. Ordinarily, the walkers throw their bodies so far from the centre of gravity, as to compel the muscles to not only bend the joints in the exercise, but, in addition, actually sustain the whole weight of the body. The erect position in walking is all-important; not only is it valuable to the corporeal system, but it begets an erect habit in the mind and the heart. No person can walk with a dignified, honorable, and executive mien, without feeling a mental and moral elevation.

"As an aid to this position, the eye should not strike the ground for many rods in the distance; the sight should run horizontally; this will prevent the head from dropping, the trunk from bending, and the joints from being lax and weak."



Engr. by W. L. Goss, N. Y.

GRAND FETE AT THE TUILERIES.

Eva's Parting.

Words Selected.

Music by ASAHEL ABBOT.

1. I must

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half rest, and then a quarter note G4. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively, featuring chords and moving lines.

leave you now, dear fa - ther, I seek a fairer shore, O

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics under it. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

might we go to - geth - er, That we might part no more! Nay,

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has lyrics under it. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a final chord.

EVA'S PARTING.

nev - er weep for E - va, The bless - ed calls me home, Nor

long shall we be part - ed, For I know that you will come.

2.

And, father, when I'm sleeping
In my quiet grave so green,
And my soul the Lord is keeping
In the world of bliss unseen,
You will give the boon of freedom
To the old and faithful friend,
Who has borne me on his bosom,
Where the white magnolias bend.

SCENE AT THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

BY ELIZABETH EMMET.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THIS brilliant fête, receiving its only permanency from the pencil of the artist, is one of those evanescent phases of life in the Tuileries, that have repeatedly darted meteor-like athwart the horizon of Paris to attract the wondering gaze of all for a while, then, sinking into obscurity, have left their path darkened by the clouds they helped to reveal.

When we remember the fate of Louis XVI., the agony his family endured in the apartments partially revealed to us in the engraving, and contrast the gay troupes wandering over the marble floors with the fugitives flying from room to room, pursued by a brutal crowd, brutified by long oppression, that came tramping up that elegant staircase, with instruments of death ringing at every footfall upon the marble steps, hitherto pressed only by patrician feet, we can exclaim with the wise man of old, "All is vanity."

Commenced, as this palace was, three hundred years ago, by an infamous woman, a scion of the notorious de Medici family, it would seem as though some of her infamy was ever to cling to the structure she founded. The same cruelty that animated her family, and her own heart, has repeatedly found victims in the Tuileries, long after Catherine de Medici succumbed to a mightier will than her own.

An enemy of Josephine's own household, one who ate salt with her in the Tuileries, was the first to whisper to his sovereign of a deed that Napoleon feared to speak of to himself. Jealous of her influence over the mind of the Emperor, the very few who hated her, under the pretext of love for the nation's good, urged a step that was to banish the Empress from the palace that could not protect Marie Antoinette.

Of all the passions, none is so deadly and unrelenting as jealousy. The innocent are oftenest its victims. It slew the Huguenots, sent Marie Antoinette to the guillotine, and divorced Josephine. Yet this passion sedulously conceals itself. On the one hand, it assumes the garb of religious zeal, and persecutes to honor God.

Again, it appears under the banner of liberty, mutilates, dishonors, kills, to give enfranchisement to the human race. Well might the exalted Madame Roland exclaim: "O liberty! what horrors are consummated in thy name!" Then too we have the monster under an aspect of disinterested love for the nation, who must have a king born to them. It professes to sacrifice all self-interest for the general good. Let us throw open the lantern of truth, that her broad ray of light may illuminate this page. Let us call things by their right names.

The piety of the Huguenots was a silent rebuker of the impiety, sensuality, and hypocrisy of the Romish priesthood. It gave the lie to every profession of that worthless clique. It stung the vicious clergy with jealousy, for there was never yet a heart so bad that it did not secretly admire and feel the force of virtue. Too indolent, too wicked to follow the example of such goodness, the clergy determined to crush it, so that it should no longer stand a stern monitor in their guilty presence.

Had Marie Antoinette been less beautiful, would not the women of the Revolution have been more merciful? Had she possessed beauty merely, without a masculine spirit and strong intellect, would not the men of that epoch have been more chivalrous? To her husband, much inferior in intellect and person, the dominant powers of both sexes were far more pitiful. That she was innocent is universally admitted now; that jealousy slandered her is a well-known fact. There were evil women enough in France upon whom to wreak vengeance for evil doing; yet they passed scatheless through this sudden outburst of pretended justice. The unfortunate Queen received the full retribution due their crimes; she who had no crime committed, whose only sin was a combination of lovely qualities seldom centered in one frail person.

Experienced as is the Tuileries in every phase of woe, its ancient walls witnessed no suffering so martyr-like as hers, who passed them for the

last time on her way to that guillotine which was so soon to revenge her wrongs upon its founders.

To the pleasure-loving Parisians, these are trite reflections, to be danced from the pavement of life, as are the chalk-marks from the floor of the ball-room. It is of little account to the fair revellers whether Philippe or Napoleon follows the Louis who gives such magnificent fêtes. It is enough that they are there to be happy for a while. As to the anguish once within these walls—bah! "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seems to be written on every wall of the Tuileries; and should another Louis unseat the present one, the same revellers will accept his hospitality as readily, and be as joyous, reckless of this new tragedy, as they are now of the old. But we belong to a different race. It is well for us to meditate upon these changes. The legacy, either of blood or example, left us by our Puritan fathers—a legacy fraught with all that is elevated and lovely—teaches us to ponder well upon the past, that we may be better prepared for the future; to glean this moral from the vices of the multitude passed away: that the

mass is composed of individuals whose one vice, cultivated or neglected, when added to the uncurbed passions of others, produces a legion of evil, devastating spirits, that no earthly power can control. Led on by a few master demons, who had long, under the form of virtue, been nursing to maturity the envy and jealousy of their fallen natures, the crowd of evil passions, attracted by, and mingled with each other, sweep over the fairest spots with death in their train, and crush the purest children of God under its beastly hoofs. Each of us may thus be adding daily, drop by drop, to this foul deluge. We may shrink in horror at the thought of ever being instrumental in bringing such devastation to our land; yet we are instrumental in bringing not only to our hearthstone, but to our country, results as fearful, if we do not tear out of our hearts passions that, allowed to grow to maturity, no power on earth can uproot and destroy. Whoever alleges the impossibility of destroying them at once, acknowledges his cowardice and inanity; for, with the help ever granted by God to the industrious self-improver, every passion of the heart can be made innoxious.

ON THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR NORTON,

OF YALE COLLEGE.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

CALL'D early!—*—* Gone, while yet his years were few!—
So counts the world upon her calendar;
But those there are, who bear the snows of time
Upon their furrow'd temples, and yet die
Younger than he, the great intent of life
Left unachieved.

Yet, hath he made his mark
On his own clime, and on the Mother-Land
Beyond the flood,—even in his youthful prime.
Yes, he hath made his mark,—

Yon classic halls,
In all their ancient pride, remember him,—
While 'neath their dome, a thoughtful student-band,
Who duly listen'd to his treasur'd lore,
Lament their teacher's loss.

Yea, and it seems
The earth remembereth him;—for well he knew
Her hidden elements, and sequences,—
How to call forth her full benevolence,
And make her children happy, thro' her wealth.
Methinks, even trees and plants remember him,
And pour on heavy winds a solemn sound,
From harp-like branches, mingling with the wail
Of sorrow, from his desolated home.

Life spread in strong array her charms for him,—
Young wife, and infant boy, to lip his name,—

Father and mother,—and the tender hearts
Of trustful brothers, joying in his joy.
—Saw ye beside his grave two matron forms,
Dear guardians of his parents' infancy,
Who now, in holy sanctity of age,
Wept for their lov'd one, like the flower of grass,
Falling beside them?—

The same hallow'd lips
That bless'd his hoary grandsire, when he took
His pilgrim staff to tread the darken'd vale,
Girded him, as he suddenly went forth
On his returnless journey.

List his words!
When with a brandish'd dart, the pale king sprang
Like basilisk, up from a violet bank:—
"Peace, and a steadfast hope!"

And then, he clos'd
His eyes, in solemn thought,—a little space,
Communing with his God—when lo! there burst
From those unfolding lips a light of joy,
And from the icy lips, a blessed sound,—
"Oh! glorious immortality!"

And so
He pass'd away:—while those who saw that scene,
Though grief's dire pang was wrestling at the heart,
Touch'd by the strong sublimity of faith,
That conquereth death, prais'd God, amid their tears.

ISADORE—HER MISSION, CONFLICTS, AND TRIUMPHS.

A FRAGMENT.

BY META LANDER.

THERE is a delightful variety in the world of nature, and each species of every genus, perfect in its kind, commands our admiration. The graceful and delicate lily of the valley is no less fragrant and lovely than the beautiful and brilliant rose.

This variety we find in the moral, not less than in the material world, and our judgments respecting many things depend on the question of their fitness for their own place. In our estimation of character, we must take this same general law into the account. As there are various spheres of action, so God fits different individuals for those various spheres. There are noble women, like Ann Judson and Mary Lyon, endowed by heaven with peculiar gifts for the fulfilling of some peculiar mission. For her heroic daring and martyr-spirit, the name of the former is embalmed in the Church as one of the most efficient pioneers in the Burmese Mission. By her unparalleled energy, directed to a single object, and hallowed by supreme love to God, the latter raised for herself a monument that shall last while the mind of man endureth.

There are others fitted by nature as by culture for a more retired, though not less beneficent sphere, and who none the less adorn that sphere. And yet the delineation of such a character, and that where the drapery of incident is almost entirely wanting, is a work of no ordinary delicacy and difficulty.

Isadore's character was from childhood remarkably well balanced, both morally and intellectually. Possessed of great refinement and sensibility, she was yet firm in purpose and persevering in execution. With very unusual powers of discrimination, she had great sweetness of temper and benevolence of disposition. All her natural impulses, sentiments and judgments were such as we rarely see combined. And her sweet, retiring modesty was the crown of these golden virtues. Lovely and attractive in countenance and manner, ardent, imaginative, and highly cultivated, she could not fail to inspire a deep interest in those who knew her.

But from the moment of Isadore's consecration to the noble cause of Missions, a sweeter, a purer light encircles her. We see a woman of lofty intellect, of exquisite delicacy and refinement, of acute sensibilities and ardent temperament, with a calm composure, bidding a last adieu to the home of her childhood and the friends of her heart. We see her with a singleness of motive, and in simplicity of spirit, enter upon her field of labor, and assume the duties of a large missionary household. We follow her in her course as with a sustained energy, and an all-pervading conscientiousness, she habitually, faithfully and cheerfully performs its arduous yet unostentatious duties. By nature she was so shrinking and sensitive as to seem unfitted for the trials and hardships of missionary life. This, with her want of experience in domestic cares, and her studious habits, rendered it doubtful how she would succeed at the head of such a household. But with all her sensitiveness, she had a resolution which, when there was a call for action, overcame her natural timidity, and was itself a preparation for almost any emergency. And together with an elevation and spirituality of views and feelings which seemed to be the natural element of her character, there was developed in her missionary life a practical common sense, which, with her habit of patient perseverance, gave her great executive ability, and supplied to her the place of experience.

Her truthful and conscientious spirit gained her the confidence of all who knew her, while her lovely and noble qualities of mind and heart won their affection. But it was in her family that her retiring and attractive virtues shone with their own peculiar lustre. Her devotion to it was quiet, but unremitting and unwearied. It was her world, and she was its presiding, animating spirit. Here she reigned by the power of taste, refinement and love. Her light step never flagged till all was done. Unfathomed were the depths of that loving nature, leading to a self-forgetting and self-sacrificing spirit, which continued till her dying hour.

In his arduous missionary labors, she ever cheered and sustained her companion by her warm sympathy and judicious counsels, exerting upon all around her an influence gentle, yet beneficent as the distilling dew.

Such was Isadore's mission, and nobly was it fulfilled; nor can we doubt that she received from her Master's lips the award of well done.

* * * * * In the prospect of death how did this affectionate wife—this tender and sensitive mother, contemplate the leaving her companion desolate, and her little ones motherless, and in a strange land!

From the first, she had felt that it might prove her last sickness, and under this impression she had experienced great mental conflicts. Vivid conceptions of God's infinite holiness pressed upon her. And as in the view of that holiness, and in the dawning light of eternity, she searched her own heart, her sense of sin, and her consequent distress for herself, were overwhelming. This, with the thought of her children, brought at times such agony to her soul, as threatened the speedy termination of her life.

Not alone for her children's sake did she desire recovery. In her view, her greatest usefulness and happiness seemed about to begin. The languages which she needed, by patient and protracted study, had become familiar to her. Her children were at a most interesting age to gratify a mother's love and reward a mother's care. She had also new views of the desirableness of living wholly for God and for heaven. She felt that she had been too much occupied with what was outward and prospective in the missionary work; and she longed to consecrate herself anew to that work. Thus she earnestly desired that her life might be prolonged, and wished her recovery to be made a subject of unceasing and fervent supplication, referring to instances on holy record, where prayer for the continuance of life was answered.

When she saw her elder children at times almost frantic with grief at the thought that she might never recover,—when she saw them spend many hours every day in earnest prayer for her life, her yearnings over them were indescribable. It seemed as if death *could not* invade such sacred ties. For the younger ones she felt a still more irrepressible anxiety, and her pleadings with heaven in their behalf were importunate.

Nor did prayer ascend from these aching hearts alone. Many were the supplications made for them by their sympathizing missionary

friends. Separated from them as they were, they yet seemed encircled by an unbroken bond of intercessory prayer. And although to a cold observer these petitions might seem to fall back as from gates of brass, yet not in vain did they besiege the ear of the Most High. At their importuning cries, the heavens were bowed down. Enclosed as they were within a fiery furnace, seven times heated, they were not consumed, for a form like unto the Son of God was with them in the midst thereof.

Long days of suspense passed slowly by,—the last hope of recovery died away,—the shadow of death was darkening around her. As the curtain shrouding the mysteries of the eternal world was solemnly raised before her, for a moment she covered her eyes, as if fearing to look within the veil. Unbelief wrestled hard with Faith, but the struggle was brief. She gave herself and her family, unconditionally, into her Heavenly Father's hands. Thus, through the strength of Christ, she made the very highest attainment which it is possible for the human soul to reach,—the entire abnegation of self. Such a holocaust is the most acceptable of all sacrifices, and secures God's richest blessing. Thus it now proved. Her agitated soul had found its centre, and it was thenceforth at rest. She had hid herself in the deep shadow of the Cross, within which no evil could come.

God's grace was now triumphing in Isadore. It was a truly sublime sight,—that anxious, and sensitive, and loving mother calmly awaiting her departure, and with her clear-sighted judgment making arrangements for the temporal and spiritual good of her dear ones. This thoughtful solicitude for their future welfare, when earth's scenes were fast fading from her sight, seemed a kind of demonstration of the immortality of the social affections.*

She was now treading the verge of Jordan, but the sweet serenity of heaven was in her heart and upon her brow. To her husband's

* One day, her eldest daughter stood for some time tearful and silent at the foot of the bed. As she went out, her father said, "You see how full her heart is, although she seems to have a Christian resignation to the will of God." "Yes! dear child!" she replied, "the Lord bless her and be gracious to her! The Lord comfort her in all her little sorrows, make her very useful and happy in life, and prepare her to live in heaven!" This was said with such peculiar earnestness and sweetness of voice, that her husband was entirely overcome.

At another time, in speaking of the children, she said, "When I used to feel such distress about leaving them motherless, I did not suppose it possible to feel as I now do. I have no desire that it should be otherwise than it is. I have resigned them into the hands of God, and I leave them there."

frequent inquiries she replied, "Peace! perfect peace!" Peace! what sweeter answer could have been given! What could the most pleading affection desire for her more? Peace! *perfect* peace! it was the dawn of heaven in her soul, and sin and Satan had power to disturb her no more. In the arms of angelic peace, she was borne through the dark valley, and now rests for ever in the bosom of infinite love.

Having trod with Isadore the thorny path of conflict to victory, we can but look back with admiring gratitude upon the discipline of her Heavenly Father in thus preparing her for Himself. Endowed by nature with many attractive qualities, it was the grace of God early engrafted upon them which made Isadore what she was. It elevated and refined what was before lovely:—it overcame the morbid tendencies of her mind, turning all her impulses and sentiments into a healthful and beneficent channel; it strengthened her for a self-consecration to the noblest of causes, and gave her calmness and peace in the hour of forsaking friends and country for Christ. It sustained her through all the various trials and perplexities of her first years of missionary life, as also in the arduous duties and responsibilities of its later years. All this it did, purifying and perfecting her sweet natural excellences, adorning her with the peculiar gifts and graces of the Spirit, and shedding over her whole character the lustre and beauty of holiness and heaven.

Nor was this all. In a conflict of soul, than which few ever experienced a severer, when the light of eternity flashed upon her, revealing God's ineffable holiness, and in contrast the sins of her own heart and life, how was the grace of God victorious! And in that agonized wrestling of spirit,—in those importunate yearnings of nature, which cried unto God day and night for life,—life in behalf of her weeping children, how does the grace of God hush those restless pleadings, and bring her into sweetest submission!

Thus had she been rising from earth heavenward, yet at times doubts and fears still oppressed her. There was a region not yet attained. Then did the Merciful Father undertake for her complete sanctification. She is led to the solemn gates of death;—the King of Terrors confronts her;—the awful curtain which veils eternity is lifting slowly before her. Now comes the intensity of the conflict. She closes her eyes as if to shut out the streaming tears—the agonizing cries of her clinging children, who, standing upon the shores of Time, would detain her there; she shrinks from the thought of so soon meeting

her glorious and Almighty Judge, now calling her into the mysterious spirit-land. Who can tell the fearfulness of that strife? But in this contest between the powers of darkness and the redeeming Spirit, the issue is not doubtful. She makes a new and full surrender of herself into the arms of her Saviour, and clasps His cross trustingly to her heart. From that moment the struggle ceases. Her surrender is accepted, and her faith attains assurance. God's promises are now to her yea and amen. She has no regrets for the past—no fears for the future. The minutest circumstances, and the many disappointments attending her sickness, she is enabled entirely to acquiesce in, as ordered by infinite love. Her soul has come into a close and indissoluble union with the great Creator. In this state of perfected love, she ascends into the land of Beulah. The dark river is illumined with celestial light. Overlooking the swelling flood, she beholds clearly the promised land spread out on the bright, eternal shore.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

The spicy breezes of the Heavenly Canaan are wafted towards her—its crystal waters sparkle in her eye—its celestial melodies fill her ear. Happy spirit! after long toils, and wanderings, and conflicts, she has found her eternal home. No wonder that though pale and quivering in death, the light of heaven irradiates her countenance,—that the serenity of the Holy One beams upon her brow. No wonder that peace rests in her heart and lingers upon her lips. No wonder that her weeping companion, in view of such a triumphant faith, forgets his own present agony and future desolation, and exclaims, "I would rather see her thus, pale and panting in the embrace of death, than to see her radiant in health, and the crowned sovereign of any empire on earth."

Faith! precious, glorious Faith! Ah! my sister, it was thy sweetest gift—thy richest adorning—thy priceless inheritance. That chamber darkened and gloomy in the shadow of death, it illumines with a serene and glorious light. To that dying bed it bears the angelic symphonies of heaven. That pallid brow it encircles with a crown of glory, the lustre whereof rays visibly around that attenuated form. Grim Death is changed into an angel of mercy. The dark grave is bright as the portals of eternal bliss. The battle is fought—the victory won. Even while lingering in that decaying tabernacle, Faith has well-nigh passed into fruition.

And shall we mourn for thee, my sister! Can

we shed any tears save those of joy in contemplating such a death—a death which is but an entrance on the full and eternal life! Let us rather meditate in silent awe in that hallowed room, and learn of her the sweet lesson of a trusting and triumphant faith. Her God is our God—blessed be His name! Attaining a like

precious fath, so shall we dwell in the serene air of heaven—our garments undefiled by contact with earth. So when we stand by the dark river's brink, shall it be all luminous to us, and on the eternal shore, shining ones in white will lead us triumphing up to the Celestial City.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THREE BROTHERS WHO WERE BURIED ON THE SAME DAY,
THE 15TH OF JUNE, 1852.

BY H. M. P.

The trio band of infant brothers
Has wandered from us far away,
Into a land more fair than this,
Where sunshine makes eternal day.
We sadly weep that they should die
While yet the dew-drops on each leaf
Were glistening in the morning rays,
Which shone so bright and yet so brief.

But was not God's own eye the while
Tenderly gazing unseen on all?
Did he not with his winning smile
The trio band near to him call?
Methinks that now those forms I see
In heavenly sunlight richly dressed;
With snowy wings they're soaring free
To reach the home of the pure, the blessed.

But now they're flying hither, see
What heavenly beauty is beaming there!
Those eyes have marked it now, may be,
That sister dear to be their care.
While in life's path she treads her way,
That trio band will hover near;
They'll watch o'er her by night, by day,
And carefully guard that loved one, dear.

In the still, the mystic hours of night,
They'll come to the lone mother's side;
Their snowy wings, so heavenly bright,
Will o'er the care-worn gently glide.
We will not murmur then that God
Has chosen for them a happier home;
And may the lone ones living, hope
To meet them there, and with them roam.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

You cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of that flower, is replete with social elements. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and the dew-drop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. And the earth took them to her bosom, and introduced them to the daisy gem; and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed "the wee canny thing" with an element

that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes towards the sky, they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the glossy leaves, and smiled as he passed on; and then, by starlight and moonlight, they worked on. And the daisy lifted up its head, and one morning while the sun was looking, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky. And all they that had silver-lined wings, and birds in black, gray, and quaker brown, came; and the querulous blue-bird, and the curtsying yellow-bird came; and each sung a native air at the coronation of that daisy.

WOMAN'S SOCIAL POSITION.

BY REV. EDWARD A. LAWRENCE.

WE have been told that the "subjection" of Sarah, and other women of the Old Testament, was a badge of barbarism, and not a mark of true womanly dignity; a vice to be reprobated by the women of this philosophic age, not an excellence worthy of imitation. It has been insinuated that the subordination of wives enjoined by the apostles is the same as the inferiority enforced by savage tribes; that in the tenth commandment woman is regarded as a mere *thing* or chattel, second in value to the house of her husband, wherein she may dwell. But we are also given to understand that these absurd and barbarous ideas about women are disappearing, that the true "philosophical view" is taking their place, and that the change in her dress beginning to be introduced is an "indication of independence of thought and action, and shows her future destiny to be full of hope."

Now, by far the most important bearing of these statements is upon the genuineness and integrity of the Scriptures. For if a few *mannish*, ambitious women, have concluded that in this social ascendancy of man the world is turned upside down, should mount the rostrum on a mission of reform, and if some *womanish* men should applaud the spectacle, pronouncing it quite philosophical and full of hope, we do not suppose it would cause many sensible women to covet such an emancipation, however certain it might be that their *curiosity* would lead them *just once* to go and witness the amusing exhibition. But when suspicion is excited of the credibility of the Bible, and the very foundations of our common faith are undermined, then the matter becomes one of serious concernment to all who accept the Bible as a revelation from heaven, and a safe guide in social and moral duty.

Some women have put the precepts of the Scriptures respecting the subjection of wives to the account of "the arrogance" of the apostles. What reasons they may have for such a valiant onset against this arrangement of society, we do not know. But when reformers find it necessary to charge the apostles with arrogance, and the clergy indiscriminately with hypocrisy and

venality, there will not be much doubt concerning the nature and spirit of their mission.

The subjection of wives required by the Bible does not imply *inferiority*. The people of a free government are in subjection to their rulers, but not necessarily inferior to them. Subordination is essential to order in the state, in the school, and in the family. That woman is physically weaker than man, all admit, although there are some women that have more physical strength than some able-bodied men. In the structure and qualities of her mind, she is *different* from man, but not, on this account, inferior. It is said that the distinctions of sex do not apply to mind. We repudiate this doctrine. It might as well be said that humanity has no sex. God made man *male* and *female*, the *whole* man, mind as well as body. The beauty and delicacy and fragility in the outward structure of woman, has nice and beautiful correspondences in the inward and mental constitution. These mark for her a sphere of action different from that of man, with the distinctness and certainty of the pointing finger of her Creator. Woman has one sphere and man another, and both together make the rich harmony in the music of life. This is the exact view which an impartial study of the Bible conveys. It is found in the history of the creation given by Moses.

The sacred writer does not represent God as having first made man in his own image, pronouncing him good, and, as an after-thought, created woman as a *servant* to him, from whom he withheld his approving benediction. This is inexcusable misrepresentation. In the first chapter of Genesis, in the work of the sixth day, we read: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created He him; *male* and *female* created He *them*; and God blessed *them*." Then, in order to introduce the divine constitution in regard to marriage, a particular account of the creation of woman, which *had already taken place*, is given, in which we see that the foundation of the conjugal relation was laid in the very *creation* of mankind. "He created man male and female." The union of the two in holy

matrimony constitutes the completeness of each, and makes the full and beautiful humanity. Neither is inferior. They are different, but equal. The subjection is an arrangement of order, and not of power. Man possesses authority as the head, but God gives him no power to enforce his will, except that of love and reason.

Thus the very terms employed by the inspired historian to denote the sphere of woman, also express it. The Hebrew word translated "*helpmeet*," signifies a counterpart, a just equivalent, or companion exactly suited to him. And the whole arrangement of this primary relation of human life is on the same admirable principle of social and moral fitness. The stronger sues for the more delicate and the weaker, and not the weaker for the stronger. It is he that shall "leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife." And the significance of the word *cleave* carries the idea of the cementing properties of a pure, refined, protecting, and enduring love. And the two shall be *one*, by the sweet bonds of social and intellectual fitness, and the ties of moral affinities. This is the moral arithmetic of conjugal life.

Be this account from heaven, or a fabrication of dark-minded men, its full analysis discloses a conception of this subject, than which none has ever been given to the world more just, and refined, and ennobling, even in this later and philosophic age. It excludes polygamy, which, like many other monster vices, soon began to make sad havoc of the peace of families. It gives to woman an elevated position as the attractive social and moral centre of the circle of real life.

And with this, the moral code of the Bible is in perfect harmony. Not one word can be found derogatory to woman. If the apostles interdict to her the arena of public, political, and religious debate, it is for the same reason that universal common sense withholds her from the command of armies, and the manning of ships of war. By her personal charms, she might often gain her object in eloquence without argument, and win her auditors against their better judgment. It is only when woman steps out of her own proper sphere into that which belongs to man, that she sinks to a substantial inferiority.

No woman can make anything more than a third or fourth rate man. She may dress like a man, and try to speak with a voice like a man, and smite with the fist of debate like a man, but she only spoils what might otherwise have been a lovely and clever woman. Nature has fixed impassable barriers to this inverted ambition. She can never, in this way, become anything but a beardless, silly fe-

male, of whom the better portion of her sex will be ashamed, and from whose mission they will feel constrained to withhold their countenance.

It will be admitted that there is no part of the world where the position of woman is more elevated, her influence more powerful, and her opportunities for intellectual and moral culture greater than in New England. In the *family* she presides as the very head-spring of holy influence, as its central divinity. She supplies the largest portion of teachers in our common and Sabbath schools; and her milder and sweeter utterances may be legitimately heard as often as she will through the *press*.

Now, it happens that in no part of the world have the doctrines of the Bible concerning woman been more directly and fully applied to meet her needs than in this same New England. That her condition would be yet further improved by the more full appliance of the reformatory and elevating principles of the Gospel to her physical, intellectual, and moral being, is quite certain, as would also be the condition of every other class.

It has been said that Protestantism is more oppressive to woman than Romanism. This is not true, and it would be said by no lover of truth with even a slight acquaintance with history, or the smallest amount of observation on the condition of women in Popish countries. There is no true freedom in Catholic countries for man or woman. The Bible is a closed book. Their schools teach only the simplest elements, except in the dogmas of blind submission to the priesthood. The nunneries are little better than mechanical contrivances for dwarfing the mind, corrupting the heart, and crushing the will.

Protestantism lays no restriction upon the female mind. It places no limits to its development. It opens before it the fair books of nature and revelation. It gives it the fullest scope in all the departments of science and the arts, and lures it into all the avenues of employment and usefulness which woman is best qualified to occupy. Does she often find it difficult to obtain employment? While in this particular some changes may be desirable, there are many men who find it equally difficult. Is she unhappy as a wife? It may be that her husband is unhappy also. Are there some cruel husbands? And are there not also some unreasonable, turbulent wives? But does this unhappiness of woman result from her social position in society? If she is true to herself, no more than man's unhappiness results from his position. It is sometimes occasioned by discontentment with her lot, and

sometimes by a troublesome desire to *rule* where God and nature and custom teach her she should obey.

My fair readers, the Author of nature has intrusted to you a princely boon in your own mental and moral powers. They are capable of indefinite expansion. You are responsible for their proper cultivation and use. God's book of nature—the earth, the air, the sea—is alike open to all. Education comes by studying these not less than in studying books. Study also yourselves—your habits, your weaknesses, your faults, your sins. Study your whole character, the dark side as well as the light. Self-ignorance is incompatible with a well-cultivated mind. It is the mother of pride and vanity and presumption, all of which are odious any where, but are especially unlovely in the female character.

Life is your school-time. Always be studying something that will afford you substantial knowledge, and furnish means for future contemplation and usefulness. This will give you constant employment, and save you from the necessity of devising expedients for killing time in order to pass life with tolerable ease. It will give you resources within yourselves, and keep you from humiliating dependence upon society as the supporter of your life and joy. It will furnish you with material for thought, and prevent you oftentimes from talking when silence would be better than speech.

Let women eschew, as a class, the popular fictions and romances with which the world is deluged. They may give amusement, and so would the theatre, but neither gives instruction. They may make one sentimental, but never impart genuine sensibility. Many, indeed, learn in this school the *affectation* of all those intellectual and moral excellences, for the absence of which in their characters friends of sense and discernment are moved to pity them.

Much of the misery of woman's after-life may be traced to mistakes in her early education. She is led to feel that marriage, a good settlement, is the great end of life. She is taught a few accomplishments for the drawing-room, and still fewer for the kitchen; learns a little French and music, and less of mathematics and geography; completes her education at sixteen or eighteen, and *waits and waits*. What could such an one expect but disappointment and unhappiness in the real rubs of life? Her education has prepared her for this. She had a wrong end in view. Marriage is honorable in all, but it is not the chief end of man or woman either. It is noble to see a woman, married or unmarried, intent on her own intellectual and moral culture, that she may, by her pen or her tongue, be a messenger of instruction, of consolation, or of love to suffering humanity.

Such a woman will never be very unhappy. Every day brings with it some elevated duty, and the sweet reward of its performance. What though she be "in subjection to her own husband?" She wields the sceptre of a mighty empire over her children. What though she have no husband? She will command the veneration of all sensible men by the singleness of her benevolent purposes, and the devotedness to mankind and her Maker with which she executes them.

"Man does his mission; woman is herself
A mission, like the landscape. Her effect
Lies not in voting, warring, clerical oil,
But germinating grace, forth-putting virtue,
The Demosthenic force of secret worth,
The Pantheism of truth and holiness.
Her mission works with her development,
Her scope to beautify whate'er she touches,
Her field the world, now ripe for harvesting,
• • • • • and her office
To guide, reprove, enlighten, and to save."

CONTENTMENT.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

I clip high climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greatest honors slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear,
I bear so small and low a sail
As freeth me from fear.

No change of fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

AN ENIGMA.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

"On, for ever on!
Amid the weary wondering,
Heart-breaking, and sad sundering,
And this rude globe's rude thundering,
On, for ever on!"

MOTHERWELL.

It was no blind, brute instinct that actuated the heart of a lowly daughter of the Wilderness, when she determined to become a missionary there.

When the Moss first was, when it lifted its head in the great forest, a living thing, it found itself, as beyond doubt many among mortals have, in an ungenial home, perched conspicuously upon the summit of a great rough Rock; in a conspicuous, yet barren and unfortunate abode. In exceeding poverty, also, it found itself there among things created; unnoticed, loveless, and above all, "useless," in the ordinary acceptance of that poor abused word.

One had said too, passing by that ungainly piece of Rock, the dwelling-place of Moss, that it was indeed a profitless thing, (an odd word is that "PROFITLESS!") and if it had chanced to be really a hindrance in the traveller's way, doubtless many a curse had fallen on its luckless head. But happily it stood alone, apart from every path, and was seemingly so worthless that it escaped contumely and onslaught, and became, in so far as neglect could make it, a nonentity.

Notwithstanding, the day of the Flinty Rock was to come. Worthless, isolated, exiled, there was a dawn of joy for it at last! The Moss had birth!

The frail young child of Earth! the hard Rock's foster-child! A great heart gave it strength and vigor, as, though exposed through childhood, it grew, and could but grow, and strengthen mightily: for the Angel that gave it life there had given it for a purpose. It was not born merely that it might die.

So the young Moss grew, and strengthened, and began to creep about its home, and to attach itself by a thousand strong ties of affection to the foster-mother's heart. And the mother loved the Alien child.

And the story of the Rock, that it was an

Exile, came to the knowledge of the Moss. A whispering Wind, or some tiny Serpent that only knew to talk of evil, told the story with a hiss; or, it may have been some horrid Toad that croaked it in the ear of the fairy child; and then what came to pass?

Do you think that the Moss hurried away to the place where fine white lilies and blue violets blossomed—to the brook-side, where was always such pleasant company, such crowds of fashionable beauty, as at many another watering-place besides this of the Wilderness? The Moss might have done it with impunity. No trace of its parentage was to be found in the freshness and brightness of its beauty. Yet the daughter, though an alien, was not a prodigal, to rove abroad in search of gayer company than that so solemn, and so sad, to be found at home; was not ashamed for all the tale-telling, whispering, hissing, croaking, was not ashamed, was not afraid to abide with her poor foster-mother, the Flinty Rock. There she remained.

And it came to pass that her daily path about her home began to be like the path of Charity! Where dreariness and desolation had been, she left an evidence sweet as that of Sunlight. Where she was there was no idleness, no groaning, no complaining, no remorse—no, not remorse, for the work that went on under her direction forbade any such desperation. Aspiring to no great deeds, lowly, patient, plodding if you will, her life set forth this fancy, which embodied a fact that was more beautiful than any body's fancy ever was: She was ordained by Sponsorial Angels to a labor whose cause and event she knew!

And so, up and down, and all around, and through her luckless home, (as I called it before, though I confess it is not a very significant word to me, for I have no faith in Luck,) she laid and hung that tapestry, and beautiful embroidery, of

her own weaving and arranging, until the flinty, sullen Rock was no longer suggestive of desert and waste places; it appeared before the eye a broad and splendid field, where a hundred wayfarers might pitch their tent and make a dwelling-place. And it was not needful for either the Rock or the Moss to shout to the universe, that even here was

"A rest for weary pilgrims found!"

Somehow the fact was known without a proclamation!

Now, who that ever walked through that great Wilderness had so much as imagined that a result like this could have sprung from a cause so humble? Yet—humble!

The Angels had been with the Moss from first to last. But—yes, I will say humble, lowly, meek, or any other word that signifies what they signify, when I speak of the Moss, since I know these are high words and glorious in the kingdom of heaven, whatever idea they may convey to us on earth! We are only poor foreigners. We do not know yet, and, study as we may, we shall not know till we dwell among the Angels—all the exceeding richness of their language.

Once, one would have as soon looked for the garden of Eden in a desert waste, for Paradise in some island of the frozen oceans, as for a pleasant and goodly land upon that Rock! The work of the Moss! what had it been like? Perhaps some guesser of this Enigma, I mean some attempter at a guess, will say, it was like the work of religion in the human heart; since it had made of the flint a garden, where the moisture, the sunlight, and even the frost, could no longer fall without working for good!

High above the rock towered the mighty trees of the forest. And among the most conspicuous was observable a giant Oak: observable, because of a great peculiarity in the manner of its growth: not a limb turned towards the west! North, south, and east, the branches spread magnificently, but not an arm or branch directed towards the west. This was unfortunate; not because the Rock was left exposed to the eye of Heaven, for it was not: a Willow's drooping branches fell above it;—but a Lightning flash, the same that visited the Rock and cleft it in twain long ago, had shorn the great Oak of the crown of glory that it wore with an exceeding pride. And though the gazers from north, south, or east, could not perceive the Lightning's work of fury, if you stood beside the riven Rock and looked up towards the heavens, (alas! so mightily had it towered, that giant tree, that to see its misfortune you must look towards the Throne of

Purity!) you beheld the work of destruction, and knew that the monarch of the forest was disrowned!

Once, but that was a long, long time ago—no man could recollect the time, it was so long ago—the Rock had been a greater, far more noticeable thing than the Oak, for the tree was in the beginning but a tiny seedling; its greatness was a delicate embryo, which a touch might have destroyed; while, on the contrary, no one could remember when the Rock was less. But the Tree had grown up to be a mighty monarch in the forest; and it had learned how easily one may forget the friend that sheltered its tender youth from rough winds and fierce storms. And when afterwards it did remember, it was only to work a cruel wrong and a grievous woe upon the Rock.

The Tree was held in great account through all the Wilderness. For him, by a blast of his terrible trumpet, the Spirit of the Tempest announced his coming when he was yet afar off. The Sun smiled upon him, every Element did him honor, and at last the Lightning also did him reverence; but, in the same instant, it robbed him of his crown, and smote him in his pride!

What was a sad humiliation, and a source of constant bitterness, to the proud glory of the Wilderness, the Highest among many, was, as it proved, a blessing in disguise to the Outcast Inanimate, the poor, dead-hearted Rock, as people called it; for, as we know, the Angel brought thither the Alien Child: it was here that the Moss had birth.

As we are also aware, the young Home Missionary knew of the feud that had existed so many years between the Oak and her foster-mother; and from the day when she was old enough to make a resolution, or do a responsible deed, she had formed her plan of labor, and determined courageously upon her plan of work. And why? and how? The baptism of the Dew was upon her—the light of the Day-Star had shined upon her. She had heard that great Tree groan; she had seen him tremble; she knew that there was weakness in his heart; she knew that he was proud and wretched: that was knowledge sufficient for her. It could not fail to make one like her courageous.

How she contrived to communicate a knowledge of the truth that troubled her so much to the heart of the Rock, is more than I can tell. And I can moreover only judge concerning the nature and result of her petition by what followed.

It must have been a hard thing for that Rock to forget and forgive the past, especially when he that injured had not so much as asked forgiveness of the hurt, and forgetfulness of the wrong. Redeemed as it had been from vile unsightliness by the Alien's work of love, still it could not have been easy, in the Rock's case, to be generous; for generosity in this instance could not be mere outward show: it implied both heroism and magnanimity, and the highest kind of love.

Courageously the Moss went to her work. It had been a pitiful sight for her to see, whenever she looked up into the heavens, (she could but see it, there was no help for her,) a pitiful sight, indeed, the exposed weakness and dishonor of that great Tree; and gently, and with a delicacy that was truly beautiful, she set about the work of hiding as she might the disgrace to which the Oak had been subjected.

It was a hard task she had enjoined upon herself, and, at first sight, one that could not possibly be accomplished: and an ungrateful task, moreover, for though it was out of the Oak's power to repel her advances, she knew full well, by the manner of his reception, that he would annihilate her if he could. He was mightier than she—a great deal mightier in one way; but a good Angel had her in his keeping, and the Oak's mightiness she might well defy. Why, thinking only of himself, and the mystery of his being, knowing the point of life from which he sprang up to this manner of greatness, he might have reasoned his way to another conclusion than that he did arrive at, when he looked down on the lowly Moss that presumed to be his benefactress!

She worked for him, and he could not withstand her power; not that

"Her gentleness did win him who had made her desolate;" but because her labor was wrought in a manner that he could not understand, and therefore could not contravene. She arrayed him in glory; he was crowned once more; and still he could not, rather he *would* not, discern the reason of the reverence and renewed homage that the inhabitants of the forests offered him.

But one day the Moss went with lightsome speed into the very heart of the evil, corrupt thing.

It was indeed like storming a citadel of sin! How could she endure to labor in the dark there, through all that tremendous distance, over the rough, wild way? It was a grander feat than Napoleon accomplished when he conquered those mountains of snow, and pressed on in his path of victory. How was it that she worked so

fearlessly through all the darkness and corruption within! What is darkness? Probably, as some philosophers aver, it is a delusion—all in your eye! For her, at least, there was no darkness. Heaven's light came down upon her path; and when at times a sudden gloom, as in the momentary withdrawal of sunshine, circled around her, she was never in the least dismayed. Her soul—the soul of the Moss! though some heathenish, infidel creatures declare she had no soul—was "fastened so high," it beheld the glory of the Sun that never sets. But even had the gloom been continually around her, I know she would have kept on resolutely in her way, until the Shadow had of itself given place, from weariness or shame.

Ah, that great, strong, mighty Tree! Decayed at heart, but still in its own eye so very great; so strong and so mighty in the world's imagination! Little he dreamed, in all that assumed pomp of circumstance, of the power that was really endowing him with new life! Little he knew of the grace at work within him! What slaked the burning thirst, what killed the gnawing worm, what put an end to the inward decay, he knew not, he cared not. The sense of weakness that had oftentimes assured him that less than an earthquake could overthrow and destroy him, was gone; that was all he knew, or cared to know.

But it was not long before the day came when the Oak learned who and what was striving with him. He knew it when the length and breadth of his great corrupt heart was traversed, and another and still greener crown was placed upon his head!

And then he yielded! He was conquered, and he loved, and he acknowledged his lovely conqueror. And something bids me say, that if you walk within that great forest, as I trust you will, and if you see how miraculously the gnarled branches of the Oak spread broadly, and even beautifully, over the moss-covered Rock, and how the drooping willow-stems are pushed aside to make room for the strength of those great arms, while the emerald beauty of the Moss hides from sight both the rift of the Rock and the blasted summit of the Tree, you will not need that I should say, at the end of this Enigma, "Answer next month:" you will know what blessed Alien angel child it is that did this work; that goes so bravely through the Wilderness, still

"On, for ever on!"

Amid the weary sundering,
Heart-breaking and sad wondering,
And this huge globe's rude thundering,
On, for ever on!"

THE QUEEN AND THE SCHOOL-GIRLS.

A SCENE AT BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

BY CARRIE WILLIAMS.

WE were but young in years, and still younger in all else, when we were removed from our early home (a rural village near the British metropolis) to Brighton—a town the name of which, at least, has been rendered familiar to so many through the pages of a late work by Dickens. From our personal experience, and after recollections, we have reason to think that no more fitting scene could have been selected for the development of the characters therein represented to have lived, and moved, and had their being. The very genius of the place is peculiar, and would seem to be the chosen retreat for disconsolate Mrs. Wickams, and broken-hearted Mrs. Pipchins. Mr. Feeder, G.A., and his destined bride, Miss Cornelia Blimber, were decidedly the natural products of the sterile, chalky soil of Brighton. That the Doctor was not alone in his system of forcing the young mind into premature perfection, we ourselves can testify. Like “poor little Dombey,” we were consigned to a similar mental “hot-house,” in which, from day to day, and from month to month, we were compelled to “*resume our studies*” with unceasing diligence. We can lay claim to no personal acquaintance with the heir of “*the House* ;” yet, when marshalled in our accustomed order, we were marched to the beach, to take, as Miss Cornelia would say, a “*constitutional* :” we fancy we must have seen that “little old face” peeping from one of the many miniature carriages that frequented it. Those sad, earnest eyes must have met our own as they gazed off over the waves to the invisible region that lay far—farther away—beyond the horizon. Like Paul, we have breasted the window of our solitary cage, till *we*, too, would have emulated the birds that flew by us, and soared away. No wonder that small heart swelled with its unutterable thoughts and desires when there was nothing around it to satisfy its yearnings.

Brighton possesses but few attractions for such a soul ; the town is handsome, it is true, but state-

ly, and the infant cannot love stateliness. The dreary “downs” that stretch away to the North are desolate and wearisome when the young feet would fain stray, as they have been wont to do, amid green haunts and shady bowers. The surging waters of the channel, too, bounded by stern cliffs, but add to the dreariness of the landscape, while they suggest thoughts beyond the grasp of a child, as they roll incessantly over the hard, cold beach. It was natural that those earnest eyes should look beyond their restless surface for something of peace and beauty, since only in the deep and “true sisterly love” of Florence could the little sufferer find it on earth. We confess also to a profound sympathy with all the inmates of Dr. Blimber’s establishment ; and we feel indebted—as they must have done—to the salubrious climate for having been enabled to survive the effects of the system therein pursued. Whether, like Mr. Toots, we have come forth from the ordeal “*full blown*” is, we presume, of “no consequence.” During our residence at Brighton, many singular specimens of the human race served to arouse the small remnant of mirthfulness that was suffered to exist within us. A lady who, whether walking or riding, invariably wore a riding-dress, with hat, habit, and whip, complete ; and another, whose literal obedience to the command forbidding an undue regard to dress, caused her frequently to appear in the street with a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, were among the number. Every shade of orthodoxy and heterodoxy flourished in the genial air of Brighton, even to the fire-worshipper, who might be seen on the pier gazing intently up to the sky, where the object of his adoration—the God of Day—was shining in his noontide splendor. But Col. E., who bore the imposing title of “Master of Ceremonies,” was in himself a host. He made it his business to seek out strangers and introduce them to scenes of amusement. For this disinterested kindness a “fee” sufficiently compen-

sated him. He was as ubiquitous as Paul Pry himself, for, turn which corner we would, the Colonel was ever present. We well remember his tall, slim figure, clad in garments of the latest fashion, and his thin, pale face, surmounted by a hat which Genin would have declared faultless. Even the beggars were unusually importunate and audacious, not scrupling to carry slices of bread with them to be crumbled, and then eagerly picked from the ground on the approach of a passer-by. The annual flux and reflux of visitors to and from the town formed a variety in our monotonous life. Brighton was a place of much resort during the summer for its fine bathing and mineral waters, as well as for its bracing air. The Master of Ceremonies observed not more strictly than did we every fresh arrival, for an account was kept of each new equipage that appeared on the Parade. We were, of course, imbued with a strong principle of conservatism, for on this groundwork rested the very pillars of the forcing establishments. The splendid carriages, therefore, of the nobility were gazed upon with "reverent eyes," and the pleasure which the sight of one inspired was only exceeded by that awakened in our hearts by the scarlet coat of an outrider preceding the royal equipage. The Queen, at that time, favored the Pavilion with her presence more often than of late years, as she had not then given her preference to Osborne House. Her visits were indeed great events to us, and to catch a sight of her during her daily "*airing*" was the summit of our

worldly ambition. It happened once that we, like the young gentlemen at Doctor Blimber's, were indulging in the Olympic game of lounging up and down the Parade, in the prescribed order of rank and file, about the hour at which the Queen generally chose to ride. We had anxiously looked for some token of her coming, but in vain. The Marine Parade was more quiet than usual, and the waves murmured as ceaselessly as when the eager ear of little Paul strove to catch their mysterious meaning. The brief hour allotted to our daily walk was almost spent, and we were about to return disappointed, when we heard the sound of distant wheels. It came nearer, but, alas! it proved to be one solitary carriage containing only two individuals. We watched it—for we had nothing else to watch—and, as it approached, we fancied—could it be!—yes, it was the Queen, with the Prince, in a pony phaeton, riding unattended. There was no one besides ourselves on the same side, and we concluded her Majesty would turn in disdain from the advancing column of staving school-girls. Imagine then how our hearts fluttered and throbbed when we discovered that her eyes were upon us, and that they were both *bowing to us*! Instantly our heads bent simultaneously, as a field of corn waves before the wind, and the carriage passed on. We "*resumed our studies*" that afternoon in a state of such intense mental excitement, that from henceforth we were forbidden to "*bow to the Queen.*"

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY CAROLUS.

ELMIRA sighed:

And gushing tears cours'd down her pallid cheeks
Their rapid way. A struggling moment pass'd,
And all was calm. O'er her features sweet peace
Stole gently—joy ecstatic lighted up
That countenance, which erst bespoke dark gloom,
And wan despair. Lifting her glistening eyes,
Suffused with tears, yet bright with hope, to Heaven,
She meekly cried, "My Father, thou art good."

O! 'twas a blissful moment—

The heavy chains, which sin had thrown around,
To bind her down to earth, were sunder'd—
And she was free. In sin she long had stood—
Her duties cast aside, and her proud heart,

Insensate, rose madly up against her God.

But now that heart was broken—

Those wild affections, which too long had twin'd
Around the world and folly—which had clung
To earthly hopes and earthly joys—which had
The giddy round of pleasure whirl'd—in search
Of good, where good was not, but only trash—
Now turned to heavenly scenes—the cross of Christ—
The throne of God. * * * *

But, who shall describe the new-born rapture?
Who pencil out the bright, the joyous hopes—
Which pour their peaceful radiance through the mind,
And chase away the darkness from the soul,
That throws itself on Heaven?

GOLDEN VISIONS SUBSTANCELESS.

A RETURN FROM CALIFORNIA.

BY E. KENNEDY.

It was Sunday,—a bright, lovely, quiet Sunday:—so quiet that no “church-going bell” was heard to disturb the solitude.

The scene lay in the modern Ophir, and the actor was a young man who had seen other and better days. He was seated alone, on the bank of one of those teeming streams which, almost literally,

“Roll down their golden sand.”

It was the Sabbath day, as we have said, and the individual referred to had wandered off some distance from sight and observation of his “cabin” companions—for they were “gold diggers”—carrying in his hand a choice volume to beguile the hour in reading, and to help him to forget himself. He listened to the melody of the tuneful songsters as they opened their joyous pipes on every side, and in every tree and bush around him, and he wondered how it was that all animated creation could be so happy, while his own poor heart was

“Sae weary, fu’ o’ care!”

How differently was life in its reality beginning to appear to him, from that hey-day of existence which his earlier years had promised!

The poet tells us that

“Night is the time for dreams—
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife.”

Not only is “night” the time for dreams, but youth is also just such a season of idle and exuberant promise. That long, and, as we are apt to think it, wearisome period of juvenility is especially a period of dreams—day-dreams, which through the roseate hue of imagination certainly blends

“Truth that is, and truth that seems,”

into “strife” sufficiently airy, and fanciful, and “fantastic.” Boys often think whilst in their “teens” of the blessed future, and are impatient for the dull period, as they esteem it, to pass away, and for the advent of that coveted season of adult age. “O how I long to be a man!” many say,—perhaps all say at one time or ano-

ther of their juvenile term of probation,—happy probation, if they only knew it! These expectations, young gentlemen, are all vain,—are idle:—you will never be any happier than you are at this moment of your earthly existence,—nay, the chances are that you will never be so happy. As the *bud* is ever more choice and more attractive than the flower when fully blown, so is the halcyon hour of youth and of childhood, when hope, if she does tell a “flattering tale,” sheds, nevertheless, over the horizon of our dawning years the many-tinted rays of buoyant expectation and promise!

It is so ordered in this life by a wise and well-directed Providence that man should be happy; and the construction, yea, the very constitution of his mind is such, as to “bring forth out of his treasure things new and old.” When “old” things pall upon the sense and cease longer to lend any charm, then the rainbow of hope is “set in the clouds,” full of gorgeous colors, and dazzling with a short-lived brilliancy. Hugh Stanly, for that was the name of our California emigrant, was one of those over exuberant youths who fondly and vainly suppose that the “life that now is” will, in its fruition, fill up all the expectations of hope and of fancy.

Captivated by the all-alluring thirst for the shining ore, young Stanly had followed in the tide which had set in, and which was sweeping onward to the much sought El Dorado of the Pacific. Leaving behind him a most patient and confiding wife with her helpless babe, to pine and to sorrow in separation till his return, he had set sail, and after the usual wearisomeness of the voyage by way of “the cape,” reached the “land of promise,” of which his gilded and bewildered imagination pictured to him such visions as “Aladdin and his wonderful lamp” could alone have realized. We are amused with such overwrought fictions of fancy, and in these same dreamy hours of childhood we revel in those pages which treat of fairy grottoes and enchanted grounds,—of ingots of gold and heaps of rubies,—of chambers all glittering with diamonds, and sapphire, and dazzling

gems,—of palaces carried away by moonlight, and tenanted at will by fair ones more charming than the sun, more bright and lovely than the shining stars;—and this all is very pretty and very much to the purpose in “tales” where “Genii” preside, and where the fortunate possession of a cabalistic word, or the ownership of a “wonderful lamp” is alone deemed sufficient to summon up not only “dreams sublime,” but realities equal if not surpassing all the exuberance of a most lively and heated fancy.

Two years had elapsed since Hugh Stanly had set foot upon the shore of California,—two years!—and this was the first Sabbath day, the very first, which he had felt disposed to spend as he had ever been wont to pass the Sabbath in other and brighter days. Poor fellow!

Two years! and no fortune made yet! He had left home with a light heart, and with what, as we have said, was most peculiar to him, a hopeful fancy, expecting to return “rich as Croesus” within a twelvemonth: but the “flattering tale” had been told with a weighty emphasis upon his heart. He had, in these two years of desolation, outlived every one of his “bubbles.” One after another they had swollen up, before his entranced vision, full, and round, and shining, and glowing with many and brilliant tints, even like to the toyish *soap bubbles* of his childish days, and as soon as they had ripened into roundness and attractiveness, and he had reached out the hand to grasp them—they burst, they vanished, they were gone!

And yet his case was no uncommon one.

He had gone out to the shores of the Pacific with spades, and pick-axes, and shovels, and “revolving-pans,” and all the paraphernalia of tortured fancy, expecting “*hoc presto*” to reach the object of his fond wishes and desires. To dig and delve for gold! He a young and sickly student, pale and delicate in feature, and attenuated in frame, with no hardihood for toil, no power of bodily endurance, and whose extent of “labor with his own hands” had been in his father’s hay field when his boyhood days began! He had no strength of muscle for toil, having passed all the years of his youth and incipient manhood with his books, at school and college.

Besides this, that same unacquaintance with the “wide, wide world” had, as we have already intimated, entangled him in an ill-advised and over-hasty match. The fond alliance of fond hearts is ever too prone, as the worldly-wise ones tell us, to forget the past with its big bundle of experiences, and to look blindly upon the unventured future. Love is just such a meteor

as “leads to bewilder” those who become its subjects and its victims. It too is enveloped with *coulour de rose*, and like so many other of the bright visions and fancies of the spring-time of life, it very frequently “dazzles to blind,” whilst it “leads to bewilder.” The thoughtful mind often reflects upon the hazards and dangers of this same joyous period! The present—the sweet, promising present fills up the entire vista of the hopes of an enraptured youth. A single step there is for him to take—it may be an imprudent one, but he shuts his eyes, and closes up the “porches of his ear,” and takes that step. Our friend Stanly did the same, and now, in a distant and solitary land, far away from her whom he had so wedded and won, his fondest affections all wounded and stricken down, he had many a time in very bitterness of spirit thought of the lines of Burns:

“Had we never loved so kindly—
Had we never loved so blindly—
Never met and never parted,
We had ne’er been broken-hearted.”

Months, we say, even two full years had elapsed, and Hugh Stanly was not yet ready to return. He had made full trial of his speed at the mines, and he had found to his utter discomfiture that strength of muscles and hardihood of limb no more comes by nature than, according to the theory of honest Dogberry, “reading and writing” are acquired by the same. Stanly’s nervous fingers could wield a pen, and his well-instructed mind could coin sentences, but his poor untaught hands and arms refused, for any length of time, to drive the pick-axe and the heavy spade. Consequently there was no store of precious metal for him,—he was not “in luck.” Indeed, he found to his cost that he was a very novice in the heretofore despised but now coveted art of the day-laborer,—in this same ability to dig and to delve. Hopes and good wishes, or even a willing heart, when conjoined with an effeminated body, were discovered to be equally inoperative at the “wet diggings” as well as at the “dry.” It is the tallest pole that “knocks the persimmons,” according to the North Carolina adage, and Stanly, poor fellow, had come to a practical understanding of the truth of it. “Thews and sinews” were at a premium, he found, and Latin and logic were entirely below par. “The race,” for once in his life, he saw, must needs be “to the swift and the battle to the strong” in the business of gold digging. Others around him, men of coarse hearts and coarser hands, men of manners and of mould altogether different from his own, could burrow

stoutly in the earth, and could perchance reach the shining and the coveted ore, for they were used to labor, and they could dig on unwearyingly; but for our once hopeful adventurer there remained no such substantial evidences of "luck," and he was driven to sit down and sigh in utter and entire abandonment to despair, or else betake himself to menial employments to earn his bread.

There is something noble and self-sacrificing in the idea of toil when "gold" is the tempting bait, and when shining grandeur is the object to be reached, even when great success should crown the efforts of the day; and willingly have men, as in a good cause, put into abeyance their acquirements,—forgotten to be proud merely because they were learned, and have taken hold upon the implements of the miner's craft: they have thrown off the broadcloth, and have donned the "blouse," when precious "dirt" could be had for the digging.

But suppose a "change of cases;"—and when after discovering themselves unfit for such "enterprise" they find their condition not dissimilar to such one other who had "taken his journey into a far country," then it is they experience how hard it is to be "sent into the fields to feed swine." "The heart hath its own trials," says some one poetically, and this we conceive to be one of them, practically considered and without any gloss: and especially is it "one of them" when a beloved wife sits waiting in a distant land for the "spicy breezes" to waft abundance into the lap of her dear absent lord, and so to facilitate a speedy and most welcome return! And the pang of disappointment sinks all the deeper for the gorgeousness of the air-castle, that has for a while floated before the fancy, and then vanished into thin air!

Disappointments such as these had fallen to the lot of Hugh Stanly, and within the two years last past there had been many of them. But 'tis needless that we dwell on these and such as these, because they are a "customary cross:" neither shall we detail at large the hopes in which he had indulged himself, nor the many promises into which he had been beguiled. The end both to him and to his sorrowing wife was disappointment.

Young Stanly had not only failed in acquiring wealth, but he had lost wealth: he had failed to get gold, and he had lost a treasure of the heart. California, it has been said by some, is a land "forgotten of God and sold to the devil," being, in the expressive language of Scripture, "led captive by him at his will." Far off as it is

from the central influence of Christian faith, the weight of Gospel example, and the prevailing efficacy of public sentiment—that same public sentiment being moulded and tempered by the Word as preached from an open Bible—the land of modern Ophir is in just such a condition as to be "forgotten of God." Like those cheerless regions lying towards the pole, unvisited by the bright and warming sun with its directer rays, so does California at this moment appear in the sight of mankind. The efficacy of the truth cannot "shine in" upon the hearts of those whose God is mammon, and whose earth-born tendencies and aspirations are for gold alone. That Hugh Stanly had therefore "staggered at the promises," and swerved from his faith, is, or should be, when we take into account the frailty of mankind, a matter of no special surprise. Young, inexperienced, and ardent, he had allowed his mind to become filled with vain things, and these had all faded like a vision from his sight; and he thought, unhappy youth, that his God had dealt unjustly by him, and had not lent that sustaining aid so graciously vouchsafed. And so he forgot God! He "restrained prayer" before Him. He fell back into the world, and became like the world. His Bible was neglected, and his Sabbaths were all unhallowed and unsanctified days. He saw the giddy and thronging world crowding the streets of that new Bedlam of modern iniquity—a strange medley of many tongues is that same San Francisco!—and he, being mortal, was swallowed up in its overflowing, never-ebbing tide.

Reader, didst thou ever forget God entirely! Didst ever, after having "tasted of the heavenly gift," shrink thoughtlessly and negligently back, and forsake thine hold! Didst ever lose thyself within the whirlpool and the storm of many and divers temptations, finding thyself overcome thereby! Perchance thou hast not gone friendless and homeless to California, and been subjected to the many and peculiar trials which, even for the servant of God, there abound—but hast ever lived in the fold of watchfulness, with those about thee to check thy "wanderings," to "reprove each dull delay," and to urge thee forward by the all-prevailing force of wholesome example and pious care. And happily if such has been thy better lot, and *habit* has grown strong within thee to aid in the resistance to temptation, thou mayst esteem thyself "thrice blessed" indeed.

But suppose otherwise:

Suppose, with *habits* unstrengthened in the ways of gospel light and truth, thyself trans-

ported suddenly into a region of imminent danger from the open ungodliness of men,—a God-forgetting, sin-loving, “gold seeking” world about thee, and a multitude of snares, such as mortal flesh is but too prone to fall into upon every side:—then with disappointment and incipient despair as thine own abundant portion—a frowning and a darkened Heaven, it would seem, above thee, and a hopeless and a cheerless future to attend upon thy path,—suppose all this, we say,—and then what would become of thee!

There are those who with every strength of motive which early and prudent training can bring to bear, nevertheless feel their feet to slip from beneath them, even as David’s feet often slipped, and as Peter’s when he “deceived his Master,”—and such, we say it in sadness, was the misfortune of Hugh Stanly. He had been reared in the household of the “faithful,”—he had also had such an assurance within himself that God is a “hearer of prayer,” that he knew and was persuaded of its Divine truth. There were facts and occurrences within the circle of his own experience, making the evidence most sure that the Omnipotent was indeed his “father” and his friend, not only in the pardoning of his sins, and in the guidance and direction of that good Providence which had

“Led him up to man,”

but which had vouchsafed to him a personal assurance of “peace and joy in believing.” That God was true, even as His own Word declares, was a fact that stood out boldly prominent, and in advance of all other facts within the scope of Hugh Stanly’s experience. And yet, that same young man, “falling under divers temptations,” had shipwrecked his faith,—had come to forget and dishonor *such* a friend,—and for months and months of his residence in that far off land, he had been satisfied to live a heartless and prayerless, and so far, an ungodly life. How far he had travelled upon this “broad” road it needs not that we should inquire. We may presume that personal pride and the recollections of decency preserved him from a willing participation in scenes of open vice and downright profligacy, such as was practised with hideous abandonment by all around him; and that even the habits and tastes of his youth were also his preservatives here. But in heart and in spirit he lived on from day to day in forgetfulness of God, and more than half supposing himself to be forgotten in turn!

It *had chanced*,—if there be such a thing as

chance in the up-turning of events in this mortal life: *it chanced*—for so the world calls it—that one evening in San Francisco, a few months previous to the Sabbath in which he was introduced to the reader, Mr. Stanly had found his way into a very small assemblage of Christian people, mostly ladies, who had met together for worship. He had no particular object in view other than to pass away an hour of more than usual loneliness, for he had been disappointed that day in getting letters from home. The preacher was a stranger—one newly arrived—and he had come purposely to work in the “Master’s vineyard,” and not, led at the call of Mammon, merely to “get gain.” It was not with Stanly as with those of whom the poet speaks,

“And those who came to scoff, remained to pray!”

but he had ventured, or fallen in thither with motives scarcely definable. He had not “come” to worship God, that was quite certain, and that he “remained” to do so, is a matter equally clear and demonstrable. The words of the text were such as we read every day without special emotion: “*There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God:*”—but upon the present occasion they served as a seasonable messenger to one who as a “lost sheep” had “erred and strayed” from those heavenly ways:—and the simple text of Scripture delivered with weighty emphasis from the sacred desk, fell also with emphasis upon the ear and upon the heart of one poor wanderer. The discourse was warm and pungent. It set forth the law—the broken law, as well as the ever-blessed provision of the Gospel when accepted with a whole heart. The dread alternative was dwelt upon of a just and righteous God, when mercy should be able to plead no longer, and when, “life’s bustle o’er,” the soul should be called away to enter upon its “everlasting rest!”

* * * *

But it is high time to return.

The reader will call to mind that in the outset of this our sketch, we had left young Stanly, upon a certain Sabbath morning, to wander upon the banks, and to meditate in the shade by some running stream whose “golden sands” had brought wealth into the laps of any one else but himself. It was to read, that he had sat down there,—to read and to meditate. This was a peculiarly precious Sabbath for him, because new views, new ideas, new and other hopes and expectations were developing themselves before him. The events of the past few months were

such as to change the current of his thoughts and feelings; 'tis true his heart was oppressed in view of his prospects and condition,—in view of a wearisome separation from her he loved,—in view of the temporal future, but still there can be no depth of sadness in that heart which is staid upon God. It is the *privilege* of the believer to draw his consolation from an unfailing fountain. He knows that the "Judge of all the earth" will deal more mercifully than just to him whose heart is fixed in faith. That he will

"Forgive our errors past—
And give us strength for days to come."

During the whole morning's ramble there had been running in Hugh Stanly's head a half-remembered motto or maxim to this effect:

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

and often and anon as he thought of his blasted hopes and saddened prospects, the answer that was present to his "mind's-eye" was the same—

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

He recalled his waywardness, his departures from the faith; but even in all this he thought he saw marks of the Divine wisdom overruling it all for good. He breathed a prayer of hearty thankfulness to God, that he, even again, after many wanderings, and many backslidings, and many woeful departures, was restored, and was permitted to rejoice in the light of God's countenance; and he arose from this his prayer of renewed personal devotion and personal dedication, with a sweetness of satisfaction diffused throughout the "veins of his intellectual frame," such as he had long been a stranger to. Of a truth it is

"God's animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye."

He opened the volume to read: it was one that had lain in his trunk long neglected, and its pages seemed to be now instinct with living instruction; and whilst wondering that such things were so, and that such transforming changes could so come over the spirit of one's day-dreams, he chanced upon a little Tract which some one, probably himself, had put there as a place-marker. Perhaps at any other time he would have passed it by as a trifle hardly worthy of notice. But not so now. He took it in his hands, and his eye fell upon the title:

"A CALL TO THE MINISTRY!"

Strange that such a messenger should be sent to him at such an hour! He had just renewed

the personal dedication of himself to God,—offering and presenting himself, soul and body, a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice. Stanly was no novice, no mere catechumen: when once awakened to the truth and "converted," he knew that nothing short of an entire and living sacrifice, "soul and body," would satisfy the demands of the Heavenly lawgiver. He had made the surrender, and never before with more entireness and willingness of purpose; and at this juncture there came up the claim of the Gospel ministry upon him, to be pressed at the door of his conscience.

But it was no new subject.

Often and again, in other and distant days, had the topic been laid at the threshold of the heart of Hugh Stanly. Not precisely in the form of a present duty, but as a something wherewith the responsible and coming future might possibly be occupied. Whilst he was "in the spirit" and strong in the faith, he did not esteem it proper to thrust aside the *idea* from his mind; and the only form in which it pressed weightily upon him was as a thing of the WILL alone. To reject it altogether and to banish it from his thoughts, was substantially to reject the Saviour, and a solicitation, if not a "call" that He had made. It was, however, and ever had been a secret between himself and God who "seeth in secret." For the last two years, and during the period of his relapse into the "beggary elements," he had, as a matter of course, cast away the notion with something akin to loathing and scorn,—wondering in his very heart, what strange and inexplicable weakness could ever have taken hold upon him to gain such a consent as he was conscious to have formerly given. Nothing is more truly verified than that, in the light of the Gospel, "old things pass away, and behold all things become new!" The sight of a little religious Tract of half a dozen pages, at this present critical juncture of the young man's earthly existence, was sufficient to mould anew the current of his feelings, and to quicken the impulses of duty.

Was it a mere chance?—or was it not rather "God's opportunity" manifested in this his once erring but now repentant creature's "extremity?"

With eager eyes he ran over its warning and instructive pages: he recapitulated the arguments there adduced, and the evidences there presented, in what such a "call" consisted.

First, as to what it was not:

It was not an audible outward thing such as had arrested Paul on his "way to Damascus:"

it was not by signs and wonders, nor visions by night, neither was it even by any impression irresistibly fixed upon the mind, such as would draw him, whether he would, or whether he would not: it was certainly none of these things.

But then what was it?

It was a "still small voice,"—one that was hushed when "Amalek prevailed," but that was ever constant and solicitous when the "Spirit and the Bride said, Come!"—it was present in the shape and form of Providential favorings and furtherings of such design, not immediate perhaps, but prospective, sometimes in trials, sometimes in afflictions, and sometimes in "permissive" wanderings and strayings even from the fold of Christ. It was seen in the "hedging about" of one's ways, and in the hindering of earthy and earth-born occupations, and in the closing of the door against such successes and such engrossments of the heart as would wean off wholly the affections from God, and from the development of His plans. In a word, it was shown forth in a solemn conviction resting upon the conscience in favor of the ministry as a most sweet and comforting occupation,—such an one as that there was none other to compare with it, a "magnifying" of the office, and a rendering of it desirable, not so much for its privileges as for its opportunities, and feeling of settled resolve to be content with no other profession but this alone.

Hugh Stanly read the Tract fully through, and not satisfied with a single perusal, he read it again; and then he set himself to reflect, and to a comparison of his own ways—his own "experience."

"When I was young," thought he, "there appeared no occupation or pursuit in life that was really so distasteful as this, and which I should have been the last to prefer as my choice. And yet, strange to say, in the process of time, and when I was so long a Sabbath school teacher, I began to change my views, and to regard the ministry, even as a profession, with more favor than formerly; and from that I grew to love it, and to feel that I should love its duties. And then in recollection of its higher motives and aims, as having to do with God, and eternity, and the souls of men,—in recollection of these, and how immeasurably was the distance off from all the objects and 'inferior joys' of earth and mere earthly pursuit,—I could not hesitate, but chose, in my very heart, that this profession of 'winning souls to Christ' should be mine. 'Tis true also in my own case, there has neither been signs nor omens, nor has my mind been un-

varyingly and irresistibly impressed; for lo! for these two years of my 'journeying into a far country,' I have, figuratively speaking, been sent into the fields to feed swine, and have well nigh forgotten the Gospel or any of its claims upon me. But then again, now that God has mercifully restored me and permits me to walk in 'heavenly places' as before, immediately that same 'still small voice,' as formerly, appeals to me, and presents the ministerial profession upon my acceptance as a thing of duty and privilege rather than as an obligation imposed. And certainly have my ways been 'hedged about,' and I have been driven from one fond idol of the imagination to another, and my hopes and my expectations have been all blasted and withered. As for those ardent thoughts and fancies of worldly good, such as have possessed my imagination, and have brought me to this land of gilded dreams, I disown, I renounce them all: I feel that there is

'Nothing true but heaven!'

and I, this moment, entertain such a sentiment of the superior dignity, the exalted privileges of the Christian ministry, that my heart covets its duties whilst it disdains the low engrossments of earth."

Truly is

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity,"

and truly may it be said,

"A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home!"

The law of God differs from the law of man's devising in that it has to do with the WILL. In only one great crime, that of murder, does our law presume to invade the sanctuary of thought and motive, and to examine whether the deed was done with "malice prepense," being content to punish the overt act alone of all minor grades of transgression. But in God's "ways to men" 'tis different. He "looketh upon the heart," where man cannot look, and he judgeth according to the mind of the doer rather than of the thing done. In all enterprises there precedes *the thought* and *the will*, and these stand in the relationship of cause and effect. We *resolve to do*, and the thing is already more than half accomplished. "I'LL TRY!" said Col. Miller, when ordered upon a duty involving great difficulties and danger, in one of the battles of the war of 1812. The will to "try," and the resolve to execute, were very closely connected with the consummation of the enterprise, and was, in itself, an omen of the success which did attend and crown the effort. And so too in human

transactions generally, to which the ministry of the Gospel is not so large an exception as the world imagines.

Our friend Stanly was, for the first time in his life, now finally and fully resolved. He could do no other, God being his helper. Like Luther when he confronted his enemies and accusers at the Diet of Worms, refusing to retract, and declaring that he "could do no other," and like Luther too his simple prayer was,

"God help me!"

In the course of the week letters arrived from home. There was one from a former fellow-laborer in Sabbath school,—a man no longer young, but one of large experience of life in its attitudes and changes. He was now a student of Theology. He entered with a brotherly sympathy into the feelings and disappointments of his California correspondent, and strange enough, he too in this very letter urges Stanly to give to the winds all his doubts and distrusts, as well as his aspirations "of earth," and to return home, and enter upon the work of the ministry begun.

The letter concludes:

"You are very young, and you need a *weathering*: we all have to have it. A man is good for nothing, as I verily believe, who has not endured trials and 'all the host of them.' For my own part I have had for some ten or more years a severe seasoning,—a wife and family to support, and myself poor, and an undeveloped pulmonary disease hanging about me and threatening;—not able to pursue my profession and driven to my wits for a livelihood: '*multa jactata*,' as Æneas has it,—and all for my own especial good, and for my furtherance in experience, and in knowledge of the world, and of the ways and necessities of mankind. And you too, are *multa jactata*: but 'tis a part of the enterprise. Life is an enterprise, and hardships are set down in the catalogue. We pity you,—that is, we compassionate you—away from the wife of your bosom and from the child of your heart, poor, and in debt, and in discouragement—broken down in spirit and disappointed—I own 'tis painful; but I have had it all to go through, and many others have had the same. Don't you know the book says, 'through much tribulation!' Your objections, I perceive, are not so much to the ministry as to your own sensible short-comings, for its sacred duties, as if the sufficiency was in us! Some one, perhaps John Wesley, in his last moments, said, 'the best of all, God is with us!' So I say of you. 'Tis not

in our own strength that this work is to be undertaken, but in reliance upon Him: and if He has called us to the labor, be assured that He will smooth the way by the door of his Providences, so that we may venture forth like Abraham, 'not knowing whither,' but yet sustained and led onward. I perceive a marked and signal change in the tenor of your last letter, and I notice that your mind is passing through its 'transition stages' in order to return the more resolutely to its 'first love,' like the dove Noah sent forth from the ark, and which had 'no rest for the sole of her foot' until she had gotten back to that safe retreat again. Prayer and patience, these are the two. With them we may and must prevail, if, what is the best of all, 'He is with us.'"

The letter from his wife was, in its tone, particularly encouraging. Woman-like, she still clung to the hope which was grounded in love and true affection. For a long time she had fed her anxieties with something like a partial expectation of a golden success to reward her husband's efforts at last, but these were at last indulged in no more, and she joined in the united desire of all Stanly's friends that he should return and see if the door of a merciful Providence might not be opened at home, since nothing but disappointments and discouragements had been his lot from the moment of setting his foot upon that distant and delusive shore. She assured him of her undiminished confidence and attachment, and what was even dearer to him than all the rest, she dwelt largely and with a delicious minuteness upon the merits of that domestic prodigy, little George! How that from creeping he had advanced to the independent position of a child that could "stand alone;"—how that next he had been encouraged, timorously, 'tis true, to advance his little foot upon the floor and to take a step, and from thence to walking from chair to chair, and finally, how that he could trot across the room to bury his head in his mother's lap! The announcement of the first tooth had been made some time previously, and each successive, shining little grinder was duly, and with all the particulars, made the subject of lengthy paragraphs. His infantile vocabulary, too,—those "parts of speech" which the fond mother ever regards with such interest and fixed attention—these had received an elaborate notice and filled up many a well-devoured letter. The very first attempt at word-making was hailed as an epoch in the family, and was recorded with an especial "white mark," and when the little fellow could say "papa!" outright, nothing could exceed

the eagerness of the mother to make the interesting fact known, as speedily as possible, to the individual living upon the shores of the Pacific, who, it was presumed, would be equally delighted with the intelligence. The combination of words into a sentence, and that sentence the embodiment of an idea, was no less a matter of rejoicing to all concerned; and so the words "papa gone!" "papa gone away!" were deemed almost worthy of a telegraphic dispatch, had such a convenience for family chit-chat been yet established beyond the Rocky Mountains.

What could Hugh Stanly do with all this combination of influence staring him in the face? He could do no other than yield obedience to its bidding; and from this hour he renewed his resolution and his purpose to return home and to dedicate himself to the work and the study of the ministry;—and he was also refreshed with zeal and energy in order to possess himself with the means necessary to carry out these his plans.

The work of gold-digging in California is in many respects a complete lottery. Whilst the strong and able-bodied laborer can heave out more earth, and can consequently extend his examinations farther and deeper, his chances of success are increased, and generally speaking he makes "good wages;" though it is possible that even he may, for days together, be without success. Sometimes the glittering ore may be found in masses nearly pure. These are not unfrequently of the size of one's three fingers, or perhaps larger,—flattened, heavy, unshapen lumps of metal, bearing the appearance of having been pressed between rocks. Such masses of the costly metal, varying in value from one to five hundred dollars, are found either deep in the excavated earth, or in the bed of mountain streams when swollen by the spring rains, or after the waters have subsided. Advantage is also to be taken of unfrequented creeks and streams where such coveted treasure often lies upon the surface, and is to be obtained for the labor of the search alone. And after all, "chance," or "luck," or "good fortune," or the ordering of a kind Providence can alone determine who shall succeed and who shall not. Might not Hugh Stanly yet be more fortunate?

His arrangements were all made for departure homeward. His debts were "paid up" by means of certain "trades" and exchanges of property which he had effected:—for he had grown to be what is called a "shifty man," through the benevolent but rude teaching of those two good mothers of thrift, Necessity and Experience. And now he needed only a couple of hundred dollars

in cash to carry him upon the wings of wind and steam, and by the impetus of a strong latent affection, over the wide waters, until he should reach the welcome embrace of his family and friends,—and even the wife and child of his heart. Whilst pondering over these thoughts, and how it might or would be possible for him to "escape for his life" from this land of false hopes and deceitful promises, and take passage in the next steamer that sailed from the port of San Francisco, an event happened to him which in the vocabulary of some might be set down as an instance of "extraordinary luck," but which we who prefer rather to

"Vindicate the ways of God to man,"

place entirely upon the side of a providential aid.

The week was nearly through, and no success for five days' labor and upwards had attended his renewed efforts; and in a half-despairing mood he threw down his pick-axe, resolving to amuse himself for the remainder of the day with his favorite pastime of angling: and so, with rod in hand, he wandered off alone. It was a new region where he and his companions were then laboring, and but few had sought it out; indeed, at the period of our sketch California had not yet been admitted as one of the States of this Union, and the adventurers, although sufficiently numerous, were not such a legion as they now are. Half-forgetful of the distance he had strolled away to, Hugh Stanly found himself by the borders of a streamlet which came from the mountain far remote from the accustomed scene of their labors. Intent alone upon the finny treasures of the brook, he pursued his way onward, and quite forgot his cares and his anxieties in the amusement of the hour. As he sat watching the nibble of a tempting trout, he thought he espied something of an unusual appearance lying upon the pebbly bottom there before him. He looked again, and still his thoughts were not upon gold, but rather after some big-mouthed trout who should take a fancy to the bait presented to him. Laying down his rod, he waded into the stream to satisfy his curiosity as to what it could be shining so brightly upon the pebbly shoal. By means of a forked stick he reached after the object and drew it towards him, and soon he saw it to be no other than a lump of pure gold, which, without ado, plunging into the water, he seized upon and triumphantly bore away in his hands.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity,"

said Stanly, as he stood contemplating the lump

of treasure which had so unexpectedly been cast into his very lap—turned it over and over, and weighed it in his hands to estimate what might be its value: and his heart beat, and his eyes swam with joyous tears to behold the term of his wearisome probation now ended.

It proved to be the largest lump hitherto taken from the mountain driftings, and realized over three hundred and twenty dollars to our needy wanderer from home: being more than sufficient for his present necessities, and insured him a happy and a speedy return to those whom he loved better than even the treasures of earth. The next day after this auspicious stroke of "good fortune" was the Sabbath, and the young man's heart was no longer heavy, nor did there any gloom hang upon his spirits. It was a Sabbath spent in thankfulness to God for all his mercies, and in a rededication of himself, soul and body, to that "reasonable service" which now pressed upon him with the weight of responsibility.

* * * *

The steamer which sailed from the port of

San Francisco upon the Thursday morning next ensuing bore away from that enticing but delusive shore, our friend, Hugh Stanly, homeward bound. The return to his family was a most happy and joyous one, notwithstanding his many sad disappointments. Fortune had not smiled upon him in the bestowment of wealth, but it was just as well, being not, in its possession, among the real and positive blessings of life. A benefit, however, attended his "jack o' lantern" tour, as he ever afterwards styled it. It gave him a seasoning in trial, and an experimental knowledge of men and things. He arrived home matured in mind, invigorated in body, and sufficiently contented with his lot in life to apply himself with earnestness to the one object of duty which for him remained. He still calls to mind his temptations, and his former waywardness, and liability to err, and the words of his constant prayer are,

"O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more."

IN RUINIS HIEROSOLYMA.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL.D.

Lo! here the Destroyer his besom once plied,
And carnage and slaughter razed Judea's pride;
Here once stood the city of God's chosen race,
The seat of a nation, long since in disgrace!

Where now is thy greatness, thou pride of the East?
Thy splendid oblations and Passover Feast—
Thy priesthood so sacred, thy rites and thy laws—
Oh, tell me how cancelled, and wherefore the cause?

How dim is thy splendor and humble thy site—
Thine altars are crumbled, and gone is each rite;
Thy Sanhedrim sages and tribunal seats,
In all his researches, no traveller meets.

I see not thy Temple, and hear not the prayer,
Nor strains of sweet music once breathing out there;
But blasts of the desert come sighing around,
Like spirits of evil o'er ruin-struck ground.

Sure this was the spot where its towers high rose,
But gone is its glory: imperial foes
In cohorts and legions from Tiber's far shore,
Have trodden its beauty to rise never more!

Low laid are thy turrets and battlements proud,
The Genius of Ruin supplies thee a shroud;
Thy crimes have reduced thee, and just was thy fate,
Thou slayer of prophets, and Prince of the State.

Fair Lebanon's cedars, rich Ophir's bright ore,
And perfumes and spices—Arabia's store,
Once brightened thy beauty, once sweetened thine air,
But incense and altar no longer are there!

See! what are those yonder that linger the eye?
No lofty-roofed palace or dome rising high;
But mansions sepulchral, abodes of the dead, [Red.
Deep stillness reigns round them—life from them hath

But let me go view them while pilgrim I stay,
Perchance I may find where the Nazarene lay:
The minaret, crescent, and cross, towering high,
His tomb stand they o'er, as they rise to the sky?

How fallen thy glory, O Salem, once fair,
Once watched o'er of Heaven with tenderest care;
Jehovah restore thee, and build up thy fame,
Great city of David, for Peace is thy name.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE WISE AND THE GOOD.

BRIEF COMPILATIONS.

THE very *names* of the "good men departed," which are contained in these sketches, would have a charm for the pious, thoughtful heart, though unaccompanied by any record of their lives and deaths. It may, therefore, be supposed that the testimony here condensed, of so great a "cloud of witnesses" to virtue, will be received with approbation and pleasure by the good and wise of every name.

But, aside from their biographical character, they have this specific object:—To show that "good men in all ages and in all countries have felt the Holy Spirit in their hearts—have attributed their experience to the influence of that Spirit—and have sanctioned their testimony by *holy lives and triumphant deaths*. These witnesses are selected, not from among prophets, apostles, and divines only, but from among the most eminent characters of every walk of public and private life—in every branch of literature and science."

The subject of these sketches must necessarily be of profound interest to every reader; and a kindlier wish cannot be expressed in his behalf than that he receive a benefit from their perusal in proportion to the importance of their object.

SIR JOHN BARNARD.

Born, 1685. Died, 1764.

This able magistrate was born of Quaker parents, and educated in their way. He early turned his attention to religion and the Scriptures; and, not being satisfied with the principles in which he had been brought up, he joined the Church of England before he was twenty years of age, and ever after continued in that communion.

As to his temporal honors and character, suffice it to say that, being knighted by the king, he was elected chief magistrate of London, which he represented in six parliaments, and was also father of the city. The merchants erected a statue to him in the Royal Exchange, during his lifetime.

As a patriot and magistrate he ranked very high; but still higher as a good man and a Christian. He was particularly admirable for his mod-

esty and humility. In his old age, when he had resigned all his secular honors, a right reverend prelate, meeting him, congratulated him on the pleasure with which he might look back upon his former life. But Sir John replied, he could not think of looking there for consolation; but observed to a friend, that he considered himself as a miserable sinner, and trusted only in the merits of Christ: "Yet," said he, "the *little* Christianity I have I would not part with for the whole world!"

In his illness, which was long and painful, he complained of the distraction of his thoughts, and the corruption of his nature; and, being questioned as to the ground of his hopes, he replied—"I trust for acceptance with my Maker in nothing I have done—in nothing I can do. I renounce it all. I trust in the mercy of God, and the merits of my blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Sir John was remarkable through life for a strong attachment to the grand peculiarities of Christianity, of which the doctrines of the atonement, and of divine influences, are two of the most conspicuous.

REV. G. HERBERT.

Born, 1593. Died, 1635.

This gentleman was brother to the famous Lord Herbert, of Chatbury, of deistical memory. He was educated at Cambridge, and in 1619 made orator of that university. After this, he for some time engaged in a court life; but took orders before 1626, and rebuilt the church of which he was made a prebend.

At his induction to Bermeton church, he wrote this minute of his experience: "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what I so ambitiously thirsted for. I can behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud and titles, and empty, imaginary, painted pleasures; but in God and his service is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I beseech that God, who has honored me so much as to call me to serve at his altar,

that, by his SPECIAL GRACE, he hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions, so he will, by his assisting grace, enable me to bring the same to good effect; and that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my Master." This latter was the character by which he ever after distinguished the Redeemer; and, in consistency with these resolutions, he devoted his life to works of charity and benevolence, and exercises of devotion; yet, when any one commended his good works, he would say—"Yes, they be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ."

In his last illness, a Mr. Duncan visited him from his friend Mr. Farrer, to whom at parting he gave the manuscript of his sacred poems, with this charge—"Sir, I pray you deliver this little book to my brother Farrer, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies."

REV. ELIAS CORNELIUS.

Born, 1794. Died, 1832.

Emphatically may it be said of this man, that he felt he had a work to do—and he *did it*. Possessing great powers of body and mind, with profound humility, they were laid out in the service of his Creator and Redeemer.

He graduated at Yale College, at a very early age, in 1813; Agent for the promotion of Missions among the Indians, 1816; Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Massachusetts, 1819; Secretary of the American Education Society, 1823; Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1821.

As the agent of these societies he was pre-eminently fitted. It might seem that he was raised up in the Providence of God, at the commencement of our benevolent enterprises, as a model, to show what a public agent ought to be; as David was elevated to the throne of Israel, and Alfred to that of England, to be for subsequent ages the types and patterns of true royal dignity. In Mr. Cornelius there was a remarkable assemblage of qualities fitting him for his station.

One of the most important of these qualities

was his single-mindedness. He made the impression wherever he went, that he was laboring for his Lord and Master. There was a transparency of motive which could not fail of striking the most careless observer. He had no party, or sinister, or selfish plans to subserve. He kept his eye on the conversion of all mankind to Christ.

It can be said, with entire freedom from exaggeration, that Mr. Cornelius had *all* the qualities of an accomplished agent and secretary. The most impartial observer of his appearance and his actions will cordially subscribe to this declaration, high as the commendation is which it implies. He possessed uncommon muscular energy; a form at once commanding and attractive; a voice of great compass and power; courteousness of address and manners; the rich experience of a Christian pastor, and great ability as a preacher; comprehensiveness of mind and liberality of feeling; the union of ardent emotion and solid judgment; admirable pecuniary and business habits; extensive knowledge of the condition of the whole country; and a deep sense of dependence on Christ for success. His name will be cherished with respect and gratitude by future generations; and the Church of Christ, while she adores the profound mystery of God's providence in removing him in the meridian of his days, will, at the same time, bless the great Head of the Church for giving her such a leader.

The feelings of Mr. Cornelius at the great Niagara, as expressed in his journal of 1829, are interesting. He says: "A visit to Niagara is suited to lead the mind of a beholder up to God. * * * I have seldom, if ever, spent an hour in devotion with more solemn awe and delight, and the descriptions of God and his works in the Bible have never seemed so grand, as when I repaired one morning before breakfast to the staircase on the American side, for my morning devotions. 'And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings, saying, Alleluiah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' I read this, and other passages, with indescribable awe and delight. I listened, while God seemed to speak through the thunderings of the great cataract before me. Surely, great is our Lord, and of great power. His understanding is infinite. The 148th Psalm is unspeakably grand and beautiful, read at the foot of such a cataract. Still more so if read in the night season, during a lonely walk around Goat Island, when everything is hushed into silence as if to hear the fall of waters echo the praises of the Almighty, in a deeper and a more awful voice, while the full moon and twinkling

stars look down from the cloudless sky and join in the solemn chorus which earth and heaven are sending up to their Creator. 'Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights. Praise him sun and moon; praise him all ye stars of light. Praise him ye heaven of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord, for he commanded and they were created!' When the mind has been raised by such sublime passages, and the glorious exhibition of divine power made visible to the eye at the foot of Niagara, to some just conceptions of God, every portion of Scripture is read with corresponding emotion. The wrath of God against the impenitent appears more terrible—his love and condescension in sending his Son into the world more amazing, and the invitations of his mercy more melting."

On his bed of death he said—"I need to be washed from *head to foot* in the blood of atonement (this last was uttered with the most affecting solemnity), but I hope I may be saved through the blood of Christ. I feel that I can commit my immortal all to him; and here I wish to bear my dying testimony, that I go to the judgment relying on nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ. *Without that*, I should have no hope."

It is written of him, by one who was at his side at that solemn time: "He commenced a prayer for humility; to be emptied of self, to abase himself and place God on the throne, was the language of his heart, and this petition, like those which preceded it, seemed to be granted while he was yet speaking. O, what amazing progress in holiness was made in these few hours! The object for which he prayed—the evident answer to his prayer, by the manifestation of that grace for which he prayed, and the strong faith by which he took hold on eternal life, were to me most apparent and wonderful operations of the Divine Spirit. I cannot doubt that the Spirit of God was with him in a peculiar manner, any more than I doubt my own existence. You see that I have not so much to tell you of what he said to me, or others, as you might expect; but his prayers were the striking circumstances, and of these I can only give you the general account. At the time they seemed

to me like one gleam of glory; and I felt not only that the spot where I stood was holy, but that I was almost translated with his spirit into the immediate presence of God, my Judge, and that I longed to be washed in that blood in which his soul had bathed."

J U D G E H A L E.

Born, 1609. Died, 1676.

Sir Matthew Hale was educated to the law, under the patronage of Attorney-General Noy and Mr. Selden. His parts were quick, his memory good, and his application indefatigable; so that he attained, besides his professional knowledge, a considerable acquaintance with the civil law, several branches of the mathematics, history, experimental philosophy, physic, and, above all, divinity. His conversion was thus effected. During the time of his studies, being in some jovial company, a fellow-student of his drank to such excess, that he fell down apparently dead. Mr. Hale was so much alarmed at this circumstance, that he retired to pray for the youth's recovery and for his own forgiveness, vowing, at the same time, never more to keep such company, nor to drink a health; which he ever after religiously observed.

His excellent contemplations abound with testimonies to the truth of experimental religion in all its branches. In one of them, particularly, speaking of the Scriptures, he says—"The powerful Spirit of God works up in the soul an assent to them, and that of such a strength, as is no less convincing than science itself, which is faith. And, therefore, faith, thus wrought, purifies the heart as well as the life; and for a constant and unintermitted application, and reminding us of these truths, God is pleased to assist us with the continual *assisting grace* of his Spirit."

In another place, speaking of the secret guidance and direction of the good Spirit of God, he extends it to temporal as well as spiritual things, and adds—"I can call my own experience to witness, that even in the external actions of my whole life, I was never disappointed of the best guidance and direction, when I have, in humility and sincerity, implored the secret directions and guidance of the Divine Wisdom."

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

CONGREGATIONAL CONVENTION.—An unusually large assemblage of distinguished clergymen and others met, pursuant to call, at Albany, Tuesday, October 5th.

There were assembled the young and active of the Middle and Western States, and the sage and venerable of the Eastern, to discuss interests of great moment to the denomination. Seldom has there been congregated so talented and so dignified a convention for any purpose. Seldom has there been manifested such a spirit of harmony and mutual kindness between moral elements considered so antagonistic and various. It was proved that schism was not the order of the day—that disruption of sacred bonds was not anticipated—that rending of ligaments that united Congregationalists and Presbyterians was not particularly coveted.

The principal topics discussed were the "Plan of Union" once in use.

The building of church edifices at the West.

The intercourse between Congregational churches East and West.

The local work and responsibility of a Congregational Church.

The bringing forward of candidates for the ministry. And

The republication of standard theological works.

These various points were canvassed by able and good men, and conclusions arrived at that will give a new impulse to Congregationalism, and will, we trust, lastingly benefit the interest of religion at the West.

All seem to be disappointed as to the magnitude and excellence of this ministerial assemblage, the worth, the influence, and power of the men who engaged in the business for which they were called together, and also in the wonderful unanimity that characterized their every proceeding.

It is a new era in the history of Congregationalism in our country, and no denomination surely can otherwise than rejoice in these tokens of religious progress of a class of people who are foremost in all the great and benevolent operations of the day.

REV. H. W. BEECHER AND JOEL PARKER, D.D.—
A most unfortunate and painful controversy has

been entered upon lately by these distinguished divines. The different temperaments and predilections of the two named individuals are pretty generally known. They could harmonize well on many theological points, and systems of moral reformation; but on one they walk *wide-apart*. We have no doubt they would each have managed the delicate affair—the one for himself and the *New York Observer*, the other for his sister, Mrs. Stowe—of settling the point of right in publishing what was generally believed to be true, had not friends interfered. In looking over the whole subject carefully, we think there was only a misunderstanding between the parties. Then an undue sensitiveness on the part of one—perhaps increased by false advisers, who wanted an opportunity for retaliation and revenge—led to measures and to words which seem unchristian. If the matter was thought honestly to be settled, and the offensive language had been removed from the book by Mrs. Stowe, why keep up the idea of the opposite? Why array the Christian community in two oppugnant lines of conflict?

The verdict of the thoughtful and sober-minded will be given truthfully, without fear or favor.

There is space and need, we think, for repentance on the part of some who needlessly thrust the pure religion they ought to exemplify. We can but hope a *new card* will be presented by some mutual friend, which the above-named clergymen will sign, that a salutary and effective quietus may be given to this exciting subject. does not necessarily turn on the point of personal veracity, and can or should be adjusted without further exasperation; without any more cross-firing and recrimination.

CUBA.—An exciting theme of conversation is, the troubles anticipated between our country and this Spanish colonial island. A *Filibuster* experiment may be the seed of national activity and a thorough revolution. A change of some kind seems to be hastening to a final issue. Small infractions of national right often lead to most serious results. National pride in partisan hands is often thought to be wounded, and the thought made the occasion of retaliation and demand for redress. If the island is to be ul-
ti

mately annexed, as many are disposed to believe, the question of the moral and religious bearing of the result becomes one of great importance. Is the power of Rome to be weakened, and Protestantism to enjoy more freedom and bless multitudes bound beneath the yoke of superstition? Is Popery to be exchanged for slavery, and this extensive island to be annexed for other purposes than to give free toleration to all classes of religionists, and political freedom to the enthralled? Important questions are these for the Christian, and they must be settled at the proper time. May the GREAT RULER of events hasten on the happy time when political and religious freedom shall be everywhere enjoyed, prized, and improved.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BOSTON AND WORCESTER RAILROAD.—The traveller has a right to express his opinion of men and things if he fails not to do all justice. Every observing traveller must have noticed the pleasing and agreeable changes that are apparent in and around the Boston depot of the above railroad, and also the improvements on its branch roads. Mr. G. Twichell, the self-made man, who rose gradually, but surely, from a humble position, is the accomplished and gentlemanly superintendent, in whom the Directors have the fullest confidence, as a man of progress, as a man of wonderful executive faculties, as a man of genius, of grasping power of intellect, who has *cleared the track* of much that was useless, and introduced a system of things that has worked admirably for the convenience of the public and the welfare of the company.

This road has many branches, and the business is very complicated; but under such skilful management everything moves systematically and prosperously. The connection of this road also with the great Western, with the New Haven and New York, and with the Norwich line, demands wisdom and generalship to meet successfully the public wants. Under Mr. G. Twichell's management there is harmony of plan and operation, and a complete accomplishment of all that is desirable to facilitate the traveller who would go early or late from Boston to New York, or to Albany and Troy, or vice versa.

And now we give our opinion that the man who a few years ago became the telegraphic communicator between the western counties of Massachusetts and the Boston press has not yet reached the station of distinction which he is destined to attain. His noble qualities of heart may be known, but his intellectual stature and talent for business has not yet been fully tested

or developed. If the opinion should seem like a prediction, we care not, but wait for the future to reveal what is yet to be witnessed.

THE INFLUENCE OF MAN OVER MAN.—The world is filled with the countless and interlacing filaments of influence, that spread from each individual over the whole surface and frame-work of society. The infant that lies wailing and helpless in the arms of its mother, is already wielding an influence felt through the whole household, by its fretfulness disturbing, or by its serene smiles gladdening that entire home; and as with added years his faculties are expanded, and the sphere of his activity widens itself, his influence increases; and every man whom he meets, much more whom he moulds and governs, becomes the more happy or the more wretched, the better or the worse, according to the character of his spirit or example. Nor can he strip from himself this influence. If he flee away from the society of his fellows, to dwell alone in the wilderness, he leaves behind him the example of neglected duty, and the memory of disregarded love, to curse the family he has abandoned. Even in the pathless desert he finds his own feet caught in the thorns and entangled web of influence that bound him to society, and his cords remain wherever he was once known, sending home to the hearts that twined around him sorrow and pain. Nor can the possessor expect it to go down into the grave with him. The sepulchre may have closed in silence over him, and his name may have perished from among men, yet his influence, nameless as it is, and untraceable as it is, is floating over the face of society. As, in the external and visible world, the fall of a pebble agitates, not perceptibly indeed, yet really, the whole mass of the earth; thus in the world of morals, every act of every spirit is telling upon the whole system of moral beings to which God has bound him. No man leaves the world in all things such as he found it. The habits which he was instrumental in forming may go on from century to century an heirloom for good or for evil, doing their work of misery or happiness, blasting or blessing the country that has now lost all records of his memory. In the case of some, this influence is most sensible. Every age beholds and owns their power. Such men have lived.

The Church yet feels throughout all lands the influence of the thoughts that passed, perhaps in the solitude of midnight, through the bosom of Paul, as he sat in the shadows of his prison, an old and unbefriended man; thoughts which, lifting his manacled hands, he spread in his epis-

tles before the eyes of men, there to remain for ever. They feel the effect of the pious meditations of David while roaming on the hill side an humble shepherd lad; of the family piety of Abraham, and of the religious nurture that trained up the infancy of Moses. Every nation is affected at this moment by the moral power that emanated from the despised Noah, as that preacher of righteousness sat among his family, perhaps dejected and faint with unsuccessful toil, teaching them to call upon God, when all the families of the earth besides had forgotten him. And if the mind, taking its flight from the narrow precincts of these walls, were to wander abroad along the peopled highways, and to the farthest hamlets of our own land, and, passing the seas, to traverse distant realms and barbarous coasts, every man whom its travels met, nay, every being of human mould that has ever trodden this earth in earlier ages, or that is now to be found among its moving myriads, has felt, or is feeling the influence of the thoughts of a solitary woman, who, centuries since, stood debating the claims of conscience and of sin amid the verdant glories of the yet unforfeited paradise.—*Williams.*

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF LIGHT.—Professor Mitchell, in a recent lecture on astronomy, explained the singular propriety of the question as to the birth-place of light. How is it that the sun flashes forever such a flood of light, clothing all the planets with glory? He spoke of the immensity of the universe as developed by the velocity of light. At twelve millions of miles in a minute, we may be ten years in reaching the nearest fixed star. But we should then see the same universe, as much as one would see the same audience here, were he to change places with the person who now sits next him. Let us travel at the speed of light five thousand years, and arrive at the verge of our own universe: let us plunge through the abyss which separates ours from the next universe; and we may go on at this rapid pace for hundreds of thousands of years, and then be no nearer than when we started to the source of light. The telescope has penetrated space until it has taken in light which must have been in motion for thirty millions of years, at the rate of twelve millions of miles per minute! How incomprehensible, then, are these vast complications of systems innumerable, filling the realms of space on every hand, until the boldest imagination shrinks exhausted from the effort to comprehend even the millions of their number.

DEFINITION OF BIBLE NAMES.—*Elijah the Tishbite*—Signification—God the Lord, that turns back.

Ahab—The brother of the father.

Gilead—The heap, or mass of testimony.

Cherith—Cutting, piercing, slaying.

Jordan—River of judgment.

Zarephath—Ambush, or crucible.

Zidon—Hunting, fishing.

Samaria—His lees, his prison, his throne.

Obadiah—Servant of the Lord.

Jezebel—Island or dung-hill of habitation.

Carmel—Harvest or vineyard of God.

Baal—He that rules or subdues.

Jezreel—Seed of God, God spreads the evil.

Beer-sheba—The well fountain of the oath, or well of satiety.

Horeb—Desert, solitude, destruction, dryness.

Damascus—A sack full of blood.

John—He that is, or exists.

Elisha—Salvation of God.

Shaphat—Judge, or judging.

Ben-hadad—Son of noise, clamor, or cry.

Syria—Sublime deceiver.

Gilgal—Wreck, revolution, or heap.

Bethel—House of God.

Jericho—His moon, or month.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR JOHN PITKIN NORTON.—

In speaking of the death of Professor John Pitkin Norton, Professor Silliman says: "This much lamented man died of a rapid decline, Sunday, Sept. 5th, at 1½ o'clock, P. M., at the house of his father, John T. Norton, Esq., in Farmington. Professor Norton was appointed a few years since, by the corporation of Yale College, to a new professorship, that of Chemistry applied to agriculture and the phenomena of vegetable and animal life.

At two different periods, he passed nearly three years in Europe, under eminent professors, and was diligently engaged in preparing himself for the duties of his appointment.

Returning in 1847, he began his courses of both theoretical and experimental instruction.

A respectable class of diligent and interested pupils was soon gathered around him, and has been continued and increased in all the successive years.

Professor Norton has been also much before the public both as a lecturer and an author, on the subjects which he had cultivated; and, so high was the estimation in which he was held on account both of his talents and attainments, that his efforts were sought for in a distinguished city

of a neighboring State.* In the desire to meet that demand, and at the same time to fulfil his duties in New Haven, he performed winter journeys twice weekly, week by week, during the late severe season, giving a lecture daily, until his health failed in the spring.

A southern voyage and a residence in Florida, in March and April, gave his friends strong hopes that his health would be restored, and he commenced his journey homeward with fair prospects; but at Washington the measles arrested him, and his health, although at times improved, has fluctuated from that time, and for some weeks the hopes of his friends had been almost extinguished. His decline towards the last was very rapid, but his Christian hope sustained and cheered him in his closing hours, as it had been his solace and guide in health.

His character was every way most estimable and lovely, his manners mild and refined, and his conversation animated and interesting. He was eminently happy in his social and domestic relations, and was surrounded by everything that could make life interesting and valuable. By a mysterious Providence he was cut off at the age of 30, ere youth was gone, and in the hour of decided success in his profession.

He had already made a strong and favorable impression on the public mind; he had gained the confidence of *all*, and promised a long career of usefulness.

Yale College, in the short period of five days, has been deprived of two of its brightest ornaments—one in the full maturity of years, learning, and honorable fame—the other in the bright morning of hope. The excellent Governor Treadwell and the late revered Senator Timothy Pitkin were lineal ancestors of Professor Norton.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

A SISTER'S AFFECTION.—There is no holier, purer feeling on earth than the love of a sister for her brother. And how much the formation of the character of a brother, and his estimate of female excellence, depends on a sister. If I hear a man speak slightly of females as a class, I say within myself he had no sister, or, if he had, she was unworthy of that sacred name, or the memory of her gentle virtues would inspire him with respect for the character of woman. A true sister studies the comfort and happiness of a brother, strives to make home attractive, that he may spend his leisure hours there, and not be exposed to the danger of coming in contact with

evil and vicious society. She takes an interest in his studies, perhaps engages in the same, that she may bring her mind on a level with his, and they read the same works; for how much more do we enjoy the works of a good author when we have a friend ever near us who has read the same, and to whom we can mention any passage that has struck us as being particularly beautiful? Or if he is restless and unhappy she will sing for him her sweetest songs, thus soothing him and making him forgetful of his cause of unhappiness. But when we see one whose whole thought is given to dress, and the decorating of her own person, who cannot engage in a rational conversation, nor be prevailed on to let you hear the tones of her voice unless there is a beau or admiring crowd to listen to her, we do not give to such a one the name of sister. And we do not blame the brothers of such if they say woman is a heartless, trifling creature, fit only to gild man's hours of pleasure, but casting a darker shadow upon his life, should sorrow overtake him. Sir Walter Scott hath beautifully said, when Douglas weeps over his daughter, before leaving her to present himself before King James:

"Oh, if there be on earth a tear,
Refined from passion's dross and care,
'Tis those which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head."

And we would say:

Oh, if there be on earth a sight
To give an angel's heart delight,
It is to see a sister true,
Leading a brother to pursue
The paths of virtue and of truth,
During the days of wayward youth.

And we would say to all young girls who have brothers, particularly in cities, use every exertion to make home pleasant, that they may find there their greatest enjoyment, and not be tempted to roam abroad for amusement, where they may be exposed to the corrupting influence of evil companions. It is in the domestic circle that woman is most potent, either as mother, sister, wife, or daughter, but particularly as a sister, she has it in her power to give a charm to the household.

A HOLY LIFE.—The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a

* Albany, his native city. |

good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness, beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and to raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more to regenerate the world and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.

GUIDE THROUGH LIFE TO IMMORTALITY. By JOHN ANGELL JAMES.—The name of JOHN ANGELL JAMES is extensively and most favorably known to the Christian community, by his successful labors in the ministry of the Gospel, and his various writings of great practical excellence, which have been very widely circulated, and have proved eminently useful. Perhaps there are few living more embalmed in the respect and grateful affection of the various sections of the Christian Church. With his advancing years he is still "bringing forth fruit" by his active labors, and recurring publications from the press peculiarly adapted to do good. His works have been largely spread in Great Britain and America, and a number of them have been translated into several languages. The titles of the prominent ones at once recur to the memory, as "*The Christian Father's Present to his Children*," "*Family Monitor*," "*Christian Charity*," "*The Anxious Enquirer*," "*An Earnest Ministry*," "*The Church in Earnest*," "*The Widow Directed to the Widow's God*," "*Pastoral Addresses*," "*The Young Man from Home*," "*The Christian Professor*," &c. Several of these may be numbered among our Christian classics in their admirable adaptation to the ends they have in view, rendering their general diffusion desirable, while it would be hardly practicable to supply the place they occupy by any from other sources.

There is in all of the works of Mr. James a

transparent clearness of statement and discussion, a flowing ease of style, a felicity of illustration, an earnestness of spirit, and a pungency of appeal, combined with the soundness of evangelical sentiment, imbedded in deep experience and holy practice. These have imparted a charm and influence to them which have made them a blessing amid the Churches. This volume is the last one published by the esteemed author, and comprises the matter of a series of discourses preached by him from his own pulpit. It was issued from the British press in the latter part of the past year. On perusing it I was strongly impressed with its value as beyond any that I could recollect to attract the attention, and elicit the interest of the young men into whose hands it might fall, and prove profitable to them in reference to their best interests for time and eternity. Two of Mr. James's former publications had particular respect to the young, but he has here struck out a path with a wider range, bringing in the various circumstances and positions of life in connection with the formation of character and guidance through life. While the texture of the whole volume is interwoven with the delineation of true religion as the grand spring and safeguard of happiness, and holiness, and the salvation of the soul, the great interest of time in preparation for eternity, it is filled with the counsels and lessons of wisdom for the practical conduct of life. The titles of several of the chapters will arrest attention, as "*The Character of Joseph*," "*The Study of the Book of Proverbs*," "*Failing in Business*," "*The Young Man impressed with the Importance of the Age in which he Lives*," &c. As a whole it appears to me specially fitted for usefulness as to its object in view, the temporal and spiritual benefit of young men. Exposed as they are to a thousand snares in the morning of life, when the character is to be moulded and formed, how valuable would this volume prove in their hands, as a *vade mecum*, and referred to as a monitor and guide. It has been received with much acceptance by the religious public of Great Britain, and is very favorably noticed in the religious periodicals. I rejoice at its publication here, and hope it will meet with ample patronage. It is understood that Mr. James has now in preparation a similar volume addressed to "*Young Women*." We extract the following:

You remember, perhaps, the incident that is recorded of Xerxes, the Persian monarch—that when reviewing the mighty host, numbering more than two millions of men, with which he was then invading Greece, he burst into tears, upon the reflection that within far less than a century

not an individual of all those teeming multitudes would be alive. Pity he had not thought how many myriads of them his mad ambition was hurrying to the grave by the devastations of war. With like pensive, but more practical feelings, let us look over the population of our globe, and consider that according to the average term of human life, nearly a thousand millions of immortal beings pass from our world to their eternal doom every thirty years. What a conqueror is death! What an evil is sin that is the cause of this mortality! What a world is that beyond the grave, where all these countless millions re-assemble! And what a being is God, who is the Author of their separate existence, pursues each one through his whole individual history, and will not suffer one to be left forgotten in the grave nor overlooked in the judgment, nor left without his just and appropriate doom in the retributions of eternity! Are you in want of subjects for reflection and useful moralizing, what themes are these! Man is born to die: death is ever doing its work: and the tide of mortality is ever setting in upon the shore of eternity, bearing with it all that belong to the human species. In looking at the race of Adam only in this aspect of it—in seeing one generation follow another to the grave in endless succession, like the various vegetable and animal tribes,—we are ready to ask the question of the Psalmist, "*Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?*" And truly if there were no other state of existence than this, there would be reason in the inquiry, for apart from immortality, life is a dream, and man a shadow. Comparing the nobleness of his faculties, with the shortness and uncertainty of his life, and the vanity of his pursuits, he would, if this world only were the sphere of existence, seem to be a reflection upon the wisdom of his Creator, who had invested him with the powers of an angel, and the yearnings after immortality, merely to mind earthly things. But with the eternal world thrown open to our view, and its state of rewards and punishments disclosed to our faith, how momentous are that term and condition of existence which are granted us as a discipline and probation for immortality. With far other feelings than those of contempt or complaint, we now echo the inquiry, "*What is your life?*" Death is an agent that works by no rule or order with which we are acquainted; sometimes passing by the aged to take the young; leaving the sickly to seize upon the healthy; removing the useful and sparing the worthless. Published by A. D. F. Randolph, 6-3 Broadway, New York.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—The exhibition of American manufactured articles is rich and showy in the spacious amphitheatre of Castle Garden, and the crowds that call testify the increased interest of the masses in the inventions of our times, and the beauty of the external finish of the innumerable articles which we cannot dispense with.

Great indeed was the variety of articles and models of inventions that called for notice. The agricultural instruments especially were worthy of attention, and manifest the progress of American citizens in all that appertains to the plough or the soil. There were ear-ventilators of practical utility which we hope will come into general use, and ear-seats good enough for the invalid to recline upon, and the night-traveler to take his rest; there were specimens of draw-bridges for rail-roads, or

other purposes, to be submerged if need be, that vessels may pass over them.

There was quite a grand display of iron furniture, bedsteads, chairs, stands, tables, and iron also imitating the choicest marbles and the finest stones, for mantels, columns, table tops, &c. There were displays of jewelry, cutlery, glass, and silver ware, porcelain dinner and tea sets, japannery, gas fixtures, chandeliers, girandoles, &c., from the rich and extensive establishment of Allecock & Allen, 519 Broadway, manufacturers and importers.

There were beautiful and fine-toned pianos, from the manufactory of Howes, of Boston, for sale at 440 Broadway, also from Hallet & Davis' house in Boston, for sale by Gould & Berry, 298 Broadway. We were pleased to see on the long extended tables such a variety of luscious looking pears, apples, &c. Their fragrance in connection with the large quantity of flowers that emitted their odor was reviving.

The sewing machines were doing happy execution for the amusement of a large number who crowded around the ladies that turned the crank and directed the stitching.

But we cannot pass over the great quantity of quilts, wedding quilts and others, worked in the highest style of the art by fair hands and delicate fingers, to feast the gaze of admiring thousands, and to adorn the dormitories of many happy spirits, and not a few who will be unhappy, it may be.

The Millinery was considered unusually beautiful and splendid. The fine taste of many who keep up with the fashions, and even anticipate them, was in this department brought out to advantage. There was a great variety also of wearing apparel, of caps, hats, &c., and coats without seam.

There were many visitors from the country, male and female, to see what can be seen. Many merchants who came to examine and give their orders. On the whole, the Fair this year eclipses those of the preceding in the amount of receipts and the variety and richness of the articles exhibited. We think it well calculated to benefit the different classes of our American people, and encourage honest industry.

MADAME SONTAG.—The publisher of this Magazine having heard Madame Sontag in London in the crowded house where a brilliant audience was assembled, is prepared to speak in terms of approbation of the power and compass of her voice, and the excellence of her performances. Her success will doubtless be satisfactory to herself in this country.

BOOK NOTICES.

HOLIDAY HOUSE: By Catherine Sinclair. Carter & Brothers, New York.

Miss Sinclair is a pleasing writer, and takes care to mingle good counsels with amusing stories, so that her numerous readers may receive profit as well as pleasure from her works.

GRAY'S POEMS: Elegy in a Country Church-Yard and others of his choice productions. By Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway.

This work is most elegantly got up on superior paper, with a large number of finely executed wood-cuts, and will adorn any parlor table.

TRACY'S SERIES OF ARITHMETICS: consisting of three volumes, viz.: An Elementary Arithmetic for Slate practice; a Scientific and Practical Arithmetic, embracing all the ordinary subjects of arithmetic, and in addition numerous subjects of practical utility, not found in other kindred works; and a Commercial and Mechanical Arithmetic, a work of practical utility preparatory to a business life.

We commend these books to the attention of all educators, believing them in their connection to contain a more extensive and practical course of arithmetical instructions than any series of works as yet published. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers. For sale in this city by C. Shepard & Co., 152 Fulton street.

HEAVEN OPENED, OR THE RICHES OF GOD'S COVENANT OF GRACE: By Rev. Richard Alleine, A.D. 1665. Pp 388, 12mo. Price 50 cents.

A standard spiritual work of the seventeenth century. The theme, as the title imports, is the riches of the blessings given by God to his people in his Covenant of Grace. He gives himself, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the earth, the kingdom of glory, a new heart, a heart to know, love, fear, and obey the Lord. The book contains two glowing chapters from Rev. Joseph Alleine, author of the *Call to the Unconverted*, on the exceeding great and precious promises, and the believer's triumph therein, and closes with a solemn appeal to the unconverted, and to the people of God. The thoughtless reader may not be attracted by this book; but the serious, reflecting mind will find it indeed "a feast of fat things."

DAILY COMMENTARY: A Practical Exposition of Select Portions of Scripture for Every Morning and Evening throughout the Year. By one hundred and eighty clergymen of Scotland. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale at Mr. W. S. Martien's, 144 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

About a year ago the Messrs. Carter published a volume of prayers, by one hundred and eighty clergymen of Scotland; the present volume is intended as a sequel to that work, and is offered as a farther aid in ministering to the wants of Christian people in domestic worship. The reading of a portion of holy writ in the morning and evening devotions of the family is highly important, and the addition of a judicious exposition of it, with practical reflections, may reasonably be expected to add to its interest, and increase its benefit. We heartily rejoice in every proper effort to give efficiency to this important branch of

Christian duty, and cherish the hope that such help as this and similar works afford will neither be despised nor disregarded.

STORIES OF ANCIENT ROME: By F. W. Ricord. Published by M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel.

The mechanical part of this work is capital, and the pleasant, graceful style of the author makes it an engaging work. The *dry style* in which too much of ancient history is sent forth to the world, is a barrier to its perusal. This author renders this work attractive to the young, and profitable to all classes. The volume furnishes a complete account of the establishment and progress of Roman greatness up to the time of the expulsion of the kings and the foundation of the Republic. Another volume is in preparation, which will be entitled *STORIES OF THE REPUBLIC*, and will jointly furnish to the young reader a concise view of the Mistress of the World in by-gone days.

THE MUSICAL WORLD. New York: Dyer & Willis, Broadway, opposite the Park.

The object of this work is to furnish: 1. A weekly supply of new and choice Music; 2. A complete and new course of Musical Instruction; 3. Fearless and trustworthy Criticisms of Musical Pieces, Works, and Performances; and 4. Entertaining Musical Reading, together with a comprehensive synopsis of events and things musical, as they shall transpire; all which it accomplishes in a very able manner. The work has already reached its fourth volume, and we can safely recommend it to the homes and firesides of all our musical readers as a very pleasant companion.

FOOTPRINTS OF TRUTH, OR VOICE OF HUMANITY: with Illustrations by F. A. Chapman, J. Cranch, and Wm. Walcutt. By John Cole Hagen. Cornish, Lamport & Co., 8 Park Place, New York.

This volume is all that is indicated by its title, and gives us, in addition, the *footprints of the true poet*. That may be an unpopular assertion, as it is unfashionable to allow merit to poets of the present generation, much less to those who have the temerity to be born and brought up in our own land. It may be bad taste for one to draw his first breath in the western hemisphere, but then he should have credit for his redeeming traits, if he have them. The critic ought not to look upon this sin of his *youth* with such a dark, unrelenting aspect; and he probably will not in this instance, as these poems abound with so much that is cheerful, graphic, and beautiful, as well as poetic, that the clouds on his dark countenance must be dispelled. However, be this as it may, one thing we predict, that the poetry of our author will be popular with the multitude, with those who love the beautiful and true.

This is a magnificent volume outwardly and inwardly, as respects binding and paper. The author is more *handsomely* introduced to the public than any other poet we know of. If any other has the *real diamond* to set, he should call on these publishers.

EAGLE PASS, &c. G. P. Putnam & Co., No. 10 Park Place.

Let women but write such books as this, if they wish to rise in the estimation of their male peers. Let them eschew scandal, and throw off such graphic sketches a

these, that hold us enthralled until we finish the last page of the book. We dissent from many of her views, but cannot withhold our admiration for the knowledge, genius, and wit flashing from every page of Cora Montgomery's fascinating volume.

MUSIC.—We have been much interested lately in the growth of the young publishing establishment of Gould & Berry, 298 Broadway. They give the musical public some of the most choice and rare pieces of fresh music. Their warehouses are tastefully arranged with superior Piano Fortes, the sale of which is greatly increased of late. Some of their beautiful songs are comprised in the following list:—

THE REAPER ON THE PLAIN.
MY HEART WITH JOY IS BOUNDING HIGH.
MAIDEN, AWAKE FROM THY SLUMBERS.
JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO; and
TOM SOKER.

Firth & Pond have sent us some very good pieces which must please good judges. We can mention,

THE SISTER'S WEDDING,
BROKEN HEARTED. WEEP NO MORE,
WHEN I WOULD DIE.

We have received from Hall & Son also the following, which are pronounced excellent:—

MADAME ALBONI SCHOTTISH.
MY HEART WITH JOY IS BOUNDING HIGH.
MAIDEN, AWAKE FROM THY SLUMBERS.

LETTERS TO A MILLENARIAN: By Rev. A. Williamson. Published by M. W. Dodd.

These letters are written with candor and with a tolerable acquaintance with the subject. We think it a good work for families or for Sabbath school libraries. The conclusion the author arrives at is, that the only seed of Abraham now remaining, who can claim any of the legacies bequeathed to Abraham and his seed, are true believers.

THE SPIRIT WORLD, OR CAVILLER ANSWERED: By Joel H. Ross, M.D., Author of Hints and Helps to Happiness. Published by M. W. Dodd.

The writer of this pretty little volume hopes that through the instrumentality of this humble volume, Grace Divine may lead some immortal soul to ponder his prospects, scrutinize the foundation of his hopes, count the cost, estimate the danger and the guilt of living a single day in peril while an opportunity remains to lay hold of life eternal. We commend it to the spiritualist as a better mode of making progress in the path of spiritual life, than the proclaiming their own spiritual interviews or their revelations.

ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY, as Illustrated in the Early Events Connected with the French Settlement at Fort Carolina, the Spanish Colony at St. Augustine, and the English Plantation at Jamestown: By Joseph Banvard.

Mr. Banvard is a clear and conspicuous writer, and well posted on the subjects he presents for public examination and criticism. He excels, perhaps, in ability to cater for the young. Many incidents connected with the early colonial history of the Southern States are of a very romantic nature, and afford in this volume much entertaining reading. The author, with the panoramic power of his brother, causes to pass before the eye continuous pictures in their various brilliant and sombre hues, enabling us to see the trials and struggles of the early settlers of our country, who had their numerous struggles with the diseases of the

climate and the hostile Indians. This neatly got up volume deserves a rapid and extensive sale. For sale by Colby, 122 Nassau street.

OUR CORRESPONDENT: By Michael Burke Honan. Harpers.

A dashing, rollicking volume by the foreign correspondent of the London Times, a genial but astute Irishman, who seems to have seen all sorts of life in all parts of the world. Many were his manoeuvres to obtain matter for "The Thunderer," and many were the difficulties and dangers to which he was exposed in the Italian Revolution which he so vividly describes. Altogether he is a very clever fellow, and we like him and his book.

PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES. Harpers.

A *melange* of odd and curious information about the gayest city and the most mercurial people on the globe. Those who desire to know something of Paris and of the French *par excellence*, should read this little volume of sights, and pore over its numerous wood-cuts, many of which are dainty enough.

A STORY FOR FATHERS: By T. Gynne. Harpers.

There is an old adage, "It is hard to make a silk purse of a pig's ear;" its truth is the idea of this story. An English nobleman of a hundred years ago has an awkward but well-meaning son, who has always been brought up in the country. Returning from a foreign mission after years of absence, the aristocratic father is fain to make a fine gentleman of his plain plebeian son. He takes him up to London, shows him its sights, introduces him to the best society, and tries in fact to make him a rake and a scoundrel, but fails to do so in any degree; yet the son eventually loses his life in a duel, and through the persistent folly of the father. The moral of the book is, that all men are by nature fitted to occupy some particular station in life, and it is a folly—to call it by no harsher name—to attempt transplanting them to any other. The book is heartily written, and foretells better things from Mr. Gynne, whoever he may be.

DOLLARS AND CENTS: By Amy Lothrop. Putnam.

Dollars and Cents is what we, in our editorial capacity, are very glad to obtain, whether they come in the shape of hard coin, or in the shape of books like the two beautiful volumes under notice. Indeed, we hardly know which we prefer, for while one fills the pocket—provided there be enough of it—the other fills the brain and the heart. Amy Lothrop, the author of "Dollars and Cents," is a younger sister of Miss Warner. The Elizabeth Wetherell of "The Wide, Wide World," and "Queechy," and "Dollars and Cents," is not a whit inferior to those renowned stories. As a story, the book is excellent; the dialogue is natural and interesting; the descriptive parts fresh and life-like; and the whole tone admirable. We can commend Dollars and Cents to our story-loving readers.

GARDEN WALKS WITH THE POETS: By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Putnam.

Garden walks, and with the poets too! What can be finer in the cold November days? What if summer be indeed gone, here we have another summer, "a summer in the heart," a tropic of flowery songs from a multitude of sweet singers! Here we have wreaths and garlands unfading, and "ivy never sere." From William Shakespeare to Richard Henry Stoddard, from Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Clarence Cook, few are excluded who are at all worthy of admission into this rare collection. In a word, it is the very best of the kind, and that's all we can say about it at present.



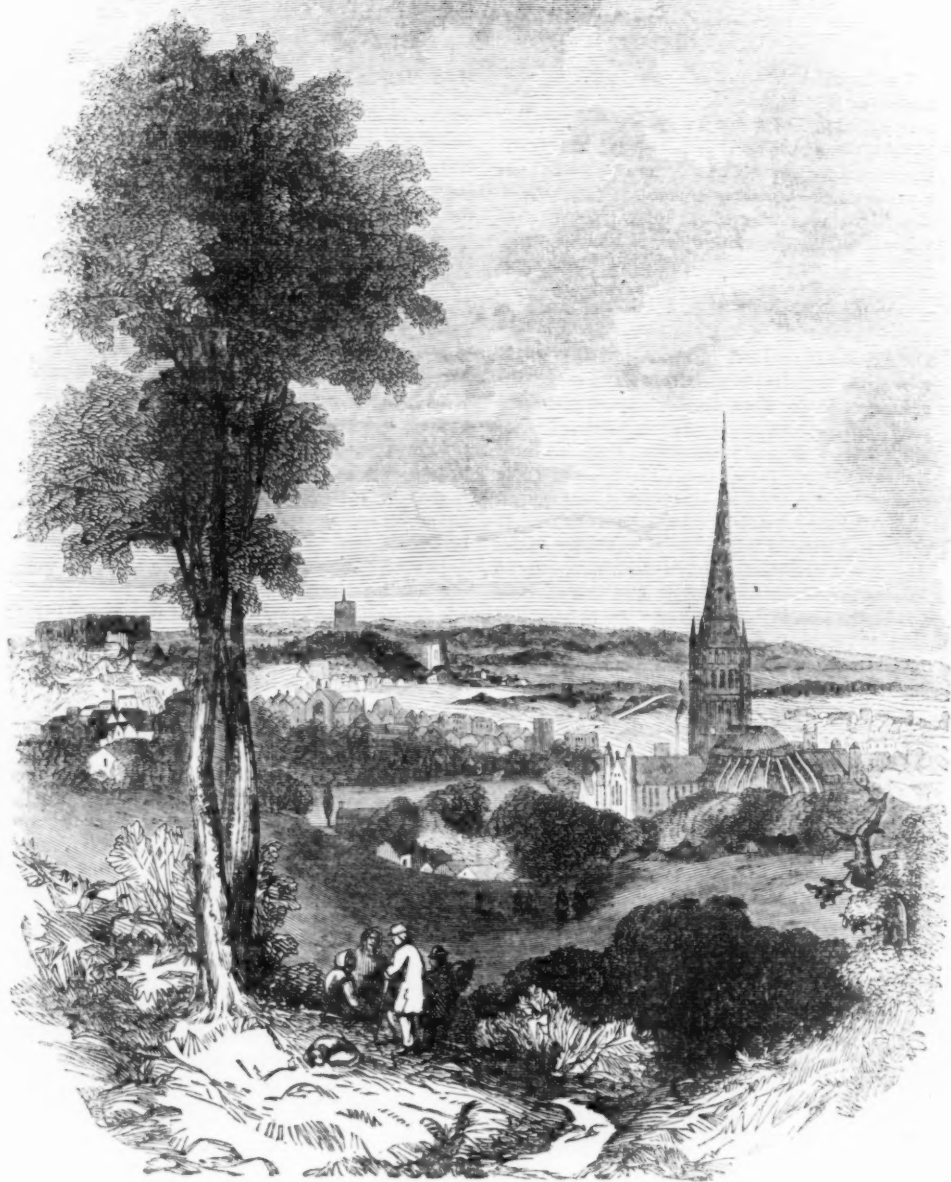
ENGRAVED BY J. S. S. THE ORIGINAL BY JACOT.

ALONZO RESCUING CORA FROM THE PALACE OF THE SUN.



THE VILLAGE OF ST. ANDREW.





NORWICH, ENGLAND.

NORWICH, ENGLAND.

THE beautiful picture of this most interesting and ancient cathedral town on the first page, will afford a very good idea of its appearance when seen from a little distance; we have, in former numbers, given engravings representing some of the architectural curiosities which abound in the place, and now give a general representation of the town. The view is taken from Mousehold-hill, which rises on the south-east. From almost any part of the hill Norwich has a striking appearance. Its great extent, the space within the walls being above a mile and a half in length, and a mile and a quarter in width, would alone render it imposing; but the manner in which that space is occupied renders it far more so. In every part of the city are seen groups of rich trees partly screening the forest of gloomy houses; while above every group of trees, and from every cluster of houses, a tall dark church-tower lifts its head. Close below the hill on which we are standing, near enough for its elaborate details to engage attention without interfering with its general form, stands the cathedral, a well-developed architectural object, with its lofty spire pointing to the sky. And over all, from the highest spot in the city, rises the huge square keep of the castle, frowning upon the more fragile buildings that crowd the lower ground, and crowning with an air of sober dignity the whole scene.

The position of the town is entirely commanded by the neighboring heights. Large fragments of the walls still exist, but no entire portion is left. Part of the fortifications consisted of forty towers, several of which remain, but in a ruinous and neglected state. Near Carrow-bridge stands two on opposite sides of the river, between which a chain or boom used to be stretched. The one on the east side of the river, commonly known as the Devil's Tower, is perhaps the most perfect remaining. Like all others, it is a round building, rudely constructed of black flints. On Butter-hill stands another in tolerable preservation, called the Black, or Governor's Tower. The city was entered by twelve gates, but not a trace of them remains now. Several were destroyed towards the close of the last century and the rest in the early part of the present.

Henry I. kept his Christmas at Norwich in 1122, when he conferred on the city its first charter. It

had previously been under the rule of the constable of the castle, but its government was now entrusted to officers chosen by the citizens; and Norwich obtained the same rights, privileges, and immunities, as the city of London. In 1174 the city was invaded and taken by the Flemish followers of Hugh Bigod, the constable of the castle, who had espoused the cause of Prince Henry in his rebellion against his father Henry II. The citizens had manfully withstood the besiegers; and the king, on the surrender of Bigod, marked his sense of their conduct by the gift of a new charter. Half a century later the city was taken and plundered by Louis, the Dauphin of France, who had come to England on the invitation of the barons. In 1272, the quarrels that had been protracted during many years between the monks and the citizens, arising from the immunities claimed by the latter under their charter, resulted in a serious riot. Many persons were killed on both sides; the priory was almost entirely destroyed, and much injury was done to other of the ecclesiastical buildings, while a large part of the city was ravaged. The city was in consequence placed under interdict by the bishop, and all who had taken part in the proceedings were excommunicated. The king himself proceeded to Norwich to adjudicate in the matter. The citizens of course came worst off in the settlement. Above thirty of the rioters were put to death by being dragged through the streets by horses; several were hanged and quartered; a woman was burnt alive; twelve of the wealthier leaders were condemned to forfeit all their goods to the king; while the city was fined in the sum of 3,000 marks, and £100 for a gold cup, and all its privileges were declared to be forfeited. In order to show something like even-handed justice, the king seized the manors of the priory, and delivered the prior, as the instigator of the riot, into the custody of the bishop. The bishop had, by command of the king, suspended the interdict; but, on the neglect of the city to obey the award, he speedily renewed it; and it was not till 1275, and after an appeal to the pope, to whom a deputation of the principal citizens was sent by the royal command, that the interdict was removed, and the city charter was restored.

THE COMPENSATION.

BY CAROLINE CHESBRO.

I LOVE to dream horrible dreams. They are my dernier resort; and they probably are of all unsophisticated persons who live in the country and lead humdrum lives—of unsophisticated persons who are not easily intimidated.

This is the day of small things, small hours, and so on—the day of visions too. We *all* have visions; but dreams and the dreamers seem to be out of date. We know this is a fast age moreover, let the man who travels his thousand miles to-day in a railroad car say what he will to the contrary. As another writer* has proved, there is no such thing as old age known in the land; and it was the aged who were to dream the dreams. Therefore the mortal that confesses to a dreaming habit hazards much—of that I was aware before I put pen to paper in consideration of this article—to say you love to dream, and that you *do* dream, is equivalent to an admission that is shocking to the nervous.

I have made the confession—dreams to mine own soul are compensatory and in proportion to their horror. They are a magnificent compensation! for, notwithstanding our balloons, and telegraphs, and steam-cars, there are such myriads of obstacles which none of these accommodations can overcome, or rather come over! obstacles in the shape of time, for instance.

Because, oftentimes, and not entirely without reason, we, quiet people of the country, find ourselves, in spite of all our "opportunity," envying and longing for an "experience" of those other opportunities which our revered grandams enjoyed. Woman may, in some future age—or if the word *age* strikes any reader as disagreeable, I will say *time*—woman may, in some future time, for aught I know to the contrary, find herself called upon to fight the battles of her country and the world. It may be "but power within her tether," and her "Right" and "Duty." Of that I say nothing; but what chance has a woman of the present day, who lives this side the Rocky Mountains, for any of those hand-to-hand conflicts, hair-breadth escapes, flights through the wilderness, which made *active* the

lives of our daring progenitors, the noble "pioneer women?"

Alas! the only Red men I have ever seen (besides the fanatic opponents of the Maine Law) presented themselves in the garb of civilization, and sang psalms from a book of such, at a concert, or by courtesy an oratorio; with the exception of two savages anything but warlike in their disposition, who, blanketed, and painted, and feathered, walked quietly as tame natives through our village streets one day; and with the still farther exception of a beautiful squaw who had located herself one summer afternoon in a very artistic manner on an island at Niagara, at work there with her beads, which, I will say in passing, was quite the most appropriate natural disposition of objects I have had the happiness to look upon in my time.

Now, considering that Indians are the hieroglyphic poetry of wilderness worlds, what a false and lamentably prosaic position would they of necessity assume in my mind, were there not terrific dreams by the score to which my memory may recur! Dreams by no means ever to be forgotten—dreams which stand in bold relief before my spirit of thought, confronting those tame, psalm-singing, bead-working natives, as they actually appeared to my sense of vision.

Let a foreigner ask me to describe these same romantic poems, and I will not be guilty of portraying such a beggar, or such a thief, who appealed yesterday to my charity; he shall have instead the gloriously terrible heroes, the mighty warriors who pursued the frantic child, "that's me," with upraised club, and cries of fury that rivalled "the cannon's opening roar"—who pursued me through interminable forests, past the dens of the serpent, and of the wolf and bear, until, breathless with terror, I leaped from that precipice over which the foaming waters dashed, and fell—fell—the spirit of my dreams alone knows to what awful depth and fate!

It is glorious for one who has only sailed upon the tranquil lake or river, to dream of storms at sea—to watch the gathering clouds, the rising and the roaring of the waves—to be swayed to and fro by the mighty swaying of the ship—to

* Grace Greenwood.

hear "deep calling unto deep," the voice of the distant winds—their near approach—the horror of their speech—to look on the gleaming heavens and the black waste of waves—to watch the anxious looks of those into whose charge we have given ourselves, our guides over trackless oceans—to hear the shouting of commands—to catch the tones of terror in them—to stand up in the face of those warring elements, and know that our last hour has come!—to look up into heaven, and see no sign of mercy there—down into the yawning sea, and behold no pity!—into the awful depths, and with the "second sight" to gaze upon the monsters there!—to think, in the last desperate moment, on the home far away, and on the prayers of the prayerful for those who go forth in ships upon the ocean—to look in an instant through the mysteries of eternity—to be thrown forth on the fathomless waters—to struggle—to drown—TO DIE!

It is glorious for one who has learned his lesson of sunheat in the light of a July noonday, to go panting in dreams over the trackless desert, the feet of your camel stumbling against the bones of the dead who have "gone before"—to behold, as it comes from afar, the simoom!—to lie down on the burning sands, thinking to die there—to rise again, that enemy cheated of its prey—and on, and on, and on, parched, fainting, perishing with thirst, until the waving palm trees appear, and you drop before the fountain, and repose in the garden of Sahara!

Or, to be hemmed in among the resistless icebergs in the heart of the Northern seas! To face the King of Terrors thus. To see the sunlight falling on those mighty towers of ice, bound in the "desolate horror" of such a prison house. To watch the aurora as it flashes and glows with marvellous radiance over the marvellous brightness of the northern sky. To discern in those gliding figures fearful ghosts; to be haunted by them day and night—ghosts of old joys, ghosts of dead friends, ghosts of dear hopes, and those other fearful ghosts that haunt the awakened conscience! To encounter the piercing frost and cold—to know that you will be destroyed by them. To look upon the mighty palaces of ice, and recall the fairy tales of childhood in which the strange, and beautiful, and terrible were combined to fashion one short story for the amusement of a child! To think upon those winter evenings which such tales beguiled, contrasting them with all this dreadful reality! The child at last the tenant of a palace! here, in this Northern Ocean! thus in this ice-bound region! To be borne along by the iron horse through and over mountains,

along the lovely valleys, past cities and lonely wildernesses, by grave-yards, over rivers, over bleak and barren moors, swiftly, impetuously, breathlessly, on, on, the native of the Far-West bound for the city of life that lies by the sea-board! Pushing on, impatient of delay, fearlessly, eagerly, until a tumult, a cry! confusion! horror! you follow the iron horse—he bears you! he crushes, tramples, destroys you! Victims of speed and folly! you lie far down below his usual course, a shapeless mass of ruin!

Or, to stand in the court of justice, accused of a monstrous crime, on trial there for your life! To hear the story of your guilt, this crowd has come together—to listen to your pleading, they are here—to listen to your sentence! They are the friends you have known since childhood. Your father, mother, are before you; you see them when at last your eyes lift the ponderous weight that presses down upon their lids and look around upon the mighty concourse. They believe that you are innocent—what could convince them that you are not? Only your own confession; and that you are resolved not to make. You also believe, with them, that there will be no conviction; that when your mother leaves the court room, rejoicing in your untarnished honor, she will lean upon your arm, and smile upon you as she would smile now if you dared to look an instant steadily upon her.

But your dream goes on, and then suddenly, at an impassible moment, your judge arises; he wears the cap of doom, and from the high place where he stands he seems to shriek the words, "Dead! dead! dead!" and the room and the world grow black before you. You do not think to look while he speaks for your mother's smile; you fall senseless upon the floor! and peacefully and quietly you slumber to dream on still—perhaps of a living love who is the angel of your dreams!

Or, to lie starving in chains, doomed to a life-long captivity in a subterranean dungeon.

Or, to be smitten with pestilence; and, in a city of strangers, to be borne away to the hospital, to die according to the belief of careless eyes, and then to be buried alive!

Or, to stand, disembodied of this present form, speechless amid the thunders of an irrevocable sentence, gazing into the "deep profound" of the bottomless pit—to behold, with Miltonic or Dantean vision, the worm that dieth not, the quenchless fire!

To one whose life is a tame succession of eventless hours, a dawning of day and a folding of night—to you, my country neighbor, if you do

not live in mountain or tropic regions, is it not refreshing to dream dreams "horrible and strange?" and do you not delight in them in proportion to their strangeness and their horror? Is it not desirable to awaken occasionally to your monotonous labor, drunk with fright, beside yourself with horror?

My most recent dream, alas! had nothing of terror in it to commend it. It was but a poor bit of absurdity, a nonsensical, ghostly affair, fit for a mid-summer day-dream, which every reader not in the region of one hundred and twelve degrees is advised to pass by. But if any one ventures perusal, and closes his eyelids before he does the story, may the most terrific dreaming follow! For an angel told me this. A good angel? Certainly!

THE SNOW-BIRD.

Why do we shudder, and shrink away, and hide ourselves from the blast of the winter storm? More than prudential caution, more than a "lady-like" nervous dread, more than a physical weakness is implied in the shuddering, shrinking, and hiding.

Why do we haste from the window, and draw the heavy crimson curtain between us and the cheerless sights without, that tell of frost and storm, and weary travellers and hungry beggars, and shoeless, ragged children, and the thousand miserable miseries of poverty, choosing to sit down close beside the pleasant fireside? Why do we prefer the dreams born of smoke-clouds, sparks of fire that vanish into the chimney depths, the dreams born of flame-gazing instead of those by frost-work, snow-banks, and icicles suggested? Because we have not only a seeing eye, but a seeing mind as well.

"Aha, I am warm!" the builder of the fire says when he reposes before the cheerful blaze; and a certain heat and glow are in the very tones of his voice as he speaks. You must study another science than that of acoustics if you would understand the difference between these tones and those of the wandering, ragged beggar, who rubs his cracked and bleeding hands together, and says to himself, looking down on the handful of crusts charity has doled forth to him, "I shall starve; I shall freeze!"

Should the ghosts of the forgotten poor be quiet, purposeless, and speechless ghosts?

Ought the miserable, the unappreciated, the world-ruined, the world-forsaken, the forlorn, starved, oppressed, abused, to go from the scene of unrequited, unsuccessful labors, uncommunicated misery, and leave the world at peace? not

a record remaining on earth declaring that they have been; not a deed wrought on earth to stand fast as a memorial of them; not a token of their sometime existence, save in the inequality of the surface of the grave-yard, where room, strangely enough, was found for them? In my dream I thought these thoughts: you know one waking has no time for such! They troubled me, and as I cast them in my mind, and fain, poor sinner that I was, even in my sleep, would have cast them from it, then an angel told me this:

The spirit of one who was dying, a starving leper at the gate of Mammon, would not receive the thought that he could die and still be to earth and the world as though he had never been. He could not receive the thought in peace. The idea that his departure would only end the story of his own sufferings; that he must die and effect nothing towards insuring the relief, or in behalf of the myriads like him, on whom what seemed to him the *curse* of existence was imposed, was bitter and dreadful. He rebelled in his thought, and otherwise could he not rebel, against the necessity of lying there forsaken; the necessity of dying thus unheeded, unavenged.

He was forsaken. The minions of Mammon went to and fro; he heard them and saw them, and unutterable thoughts, such as he had not thought before, were with him when he watched them while they danced and laughed, as they basked in the sunlight and strolled through the shade. They were clothed in purple. Earth had been rifled of her treasures for their adornment. Their apparelling was glorious; their diamonds flashed and glowed; and furs and silks and satins made rare splendor for the eye—a gorgeous show. He saw them at their feasts; beheld the pouring forth of choicest wines, of rarest brands and finest vintage; and saw their tables groaning with the fatness of the land. They feasted daintily. He heard them in their revellings, and knew how the very dogs of Mammon turned satiated from the luxuries that fell to them from their master's table. And there he lay meanwhile, unsheltered from the fury of the storm, A MAN DYING OF HUNGER—A STARVING MAN!

He looked, and saw, and thought; and fiercely in those hours did his mind battle with his human nature; fiercely, when conscious of that change which laps the Christian in a sweet repose, the philosopher in the calmness of a silent resignation, which convulses the sinner with the terrors of remorse. But neither repose, nor fear, nor resignation marked this hour for him. A far mightier idea than that which is productive of such emotions possessed him. Wildly he

looked, and yet with a consciousness so intense, into the face of Death, that for once the voice of the speechless one was unsealed at mortal plea. And he who in his supreme majesty leads away his grandest charge unmoved, in silence, looked his compassion on this poor leprous beggar, and said to him:

"What wilt thou, man?"

That word MAN gave life and strength anew to the dying. It was perhaps the first recognition of his manhood ever given, for he had lived as a dog, and not as a God-endowed immortal, among his fellow creatures. With eager hope, unquailingly, he looked on Death, and the desire, the misery, the sorrow of a lifetime was in his words; they burst from him as the lava-flame from the long pent-up volcanic cavern:

"Must I go from this strange, accursed earth, and leave not a single token or record behind me? See what I am—what I have suffered! I am deserted of all but Misery and thee. I have borne the bitterest cruelty and wrong; shall I be unavenged?"

Death was silent.

And the voice of the man, as he felt himself drawn closer and closer in the embrace of his friend, went forth with a still more frantic earnestness: "If not for myself then—if not for the sake of all that this body has endured—tell me, shall I go hence as a mere human being, and leave nothing accomplished for the millions like unto me? Shall young children die of hunger—great God! DIE OF STARVATION? Shall the helpless father and mother hear their little ones ask for bread, and have only a stone or a serpent to give them? 'How long, O Lord, how long' shall the young woman and man walk through the paths of vice and infamy towards that place the world points out to them as their house of refuge? Shall the slough, the deep sea of mortal pollution, forever be stirred by their passage through it? Shall the unharmed Pharaoh of the world pursue and overtake them? Shall lepers, such as I, live in the land, and encumber the land, and all because the hands of the rich will not unclasp for our aid, and the tears of the rich will not fall, and the hearts of the rich will not open? Must I die, and know that I have wrought nothing for all these? O Death, this is thy sting! Thy torments and tortures I do not fear, for all my life I have endured worse than thou canst inflict. But to know that I must leave this earth, where I have lived and starved; that it is no better for all I have endured—this is horrible! Oh, this moral filth, this wild waste of corruption, no better for all the breaking and broken hearts! They called thee, when I was a

child, a King of Terrors, Death. Thou art dis-crowned. I have seen a mightier King of Terrors. I do not fear thee, for to such as I am thou art beautiful. Oh, I have asked in vain! Then fold me—fold me closer, closer, Death! Thou wilt not now deny me, Death!"

The man fell in his rags before the king. His face reflected the pallor of the conqueror's; his head drooped; he only breathed in spasms. Then said he whom we are wont to call the voiceless, the speechless one: "Thou hast not lived and suffered by the will or the decree of chance or of fate. Nor hast thou done with earth. To all who suffer worthily, who endure patiently, this world is not a place for grief and endurance only; it is a stage for a triumphant drama also. And the successful actors of that drama are not the mortals who array themselves in glorious apparelling; who put on their ornaments of shining gold and glittering gems, their tinsel crowns and ermine robes; for such are blind, and deaf, and dumb. Put thou on the robe of the conqueror: thou art meet for a throne; thou hast triumphed gloriously. Thou hast not done with earth; no, for until this earth shall pass away, thou, and all like unto thee, shall be rewarded for the pangs of unsatisfied and still exalted aspiration, for patient endurance, for unshaken trust in God our Father. Thou art coming, thou art coming unto me. Come! I will send thee forth again, when I have blessed thee in my arms, and laid upon thy forehead my baptismal seal. Then will I send thee, as I will all like unto thee, who have preserved, through wrong and misery such as thine, human hearts, and patient souls, and generous love. I know thee who thou art. Thou hast given freely of the goods that were thine, of thy faithful prayers and sympathizing tears. Christ, the Expiation, requires of men that they should give to others in such measure as has been given to them. Therefore, thou, and for thy sake all like unto thee, shall live again upon this earth when the mortal form has vanished, and thou art seen no more. The voice of thy appealing shall be renewed, when thy own need and sorrow shall be done away for ever.

"When the storms and frosts of winter come, thou shalt alight at the rich man's window and at the poor man's door, blessing each by the charitable impulses, and child-like trust, and hope, and sympathy thy coming shall arouse in each and all. Thou shalt plead voicelessly, but the blast of a trumpet has less of power in the heart that would fain give shelter to the angel-winged SNOW-BIRD, the appealing spirit of humanity flitting through the storm and cold. Thou shalt

plead for all who are cast out from the sheltered places of the land; the old, and poor, and sick, the gray-haired pauper and the wailing child. The day of thy preaching, and the work of thy ministry, are at hand. Receive the oil of thine anointing! Blessed art thou!"

Gently as a mother would have done, Death laid his hand on the happy beggar, the starved and frozen man. He heard, he felt; he was lost to the unfaithful human shepherds, and the careless earthly stewards, for evermore. He lay upon the snow-drift a broken monument—the world's shame and terrible accusation, a frozen pauper—an aged beggar, dead.

Who of those that carried him at last into a

sheltered place, that a burial service might be read over the poor remains—who of them all believed that this dead *was* alive again?—who of them all thought to question concerning the spiritual result of the poor man's interview with Death?

And yet, like a dove from the covenant ark, came forth from the depths of heaven that day a SNOW BIRD to the earth! It alights at the gates of the city of Mammon. It pleads for the old and poor; for the tempted, falling, fallen youth; for the helpless, starving child. Woe! woe! woe to the human heart that will not hear its teaching—that scorns its gentle pleading!

FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

DAY-STARS that ope your eyes with morn, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dewdrops on her lowly altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers, who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a pure and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics, that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming in field and wood by day and night;
From every source your presence bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human powers!"

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer;

Not to the dome where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,

But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched along the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God;

Your voiceless lips (oh, flowers are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book)
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a "Memento Mori,"
Yet Fount of Hope.

Posthumous glories, angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Floral Apostles, that in dewy splendor
Weep without woe and blush without a crime,
Oh, let me deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY J. F.

ASPIRE to cultivate with judicious prudence the moral sensibilities. No one ever rose to a lofty eminence in usefulness who refused to regulate by a perfect standard the internal affections. To keep the heart with all diligence is the indisputable duty of responsible moral agents; but how emphatically essential for those who aim to exert no other than a salutary Christian influence! * * * * *

The heart is a moral garden, which we are appointed to cultivate and dress; on which we are untiringly to labor, till we destroy the noxious plants that deface its beauty and disrobe it of its moral excellence. What an earthly paradise might be cultivated within, were it not so crowded with the rank weeds of unholy affection! These must be rooted out before it will bring forth fruit unto holiness. Shall not the intrinsic worth of the heart, the moral affections, secure your most vigilant attention to defend it from the assaults of alien intruders, to keep it free from defilement, that it may prove a dewy, fertile, sacred inclosure, where may be nurtured the fruits of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance?" These are plants of immortal worth, that speak thine especial care, each of unequalled beauty; not of like admiration to the transient observer, not returning like precious odor to the stranger's careless pressure, but enshrined to compose for the pure in heart an unique and an unrivalled chaplet for the delighted gaze of the great Husbandman. These may constitute thy diadem, and enrich with admirable qualifications to sway to some purpose the sceptre of thy influence. How then will you rejoice in a heart "sound in the statutes of the Lord" and "right in the sight of God," which will carry with it a disposition for doing good, exhibit a love for wiping the tear of sorrow from the mourner's brow, and leading desolate, wandering lambs to the fold of Christ!

There is an excellence sometimes called *moral greatness, or true Christian magnanimity*, for which you should aspire. It is the occupancy of an elevated standard in advancing moral and religious objects, and the illustration of a magnanimity, which makes us independent of the unrighteous opinions of our perishing fellow-

beings, and renders harmless the innumerable vexations and disappointments to which we are constantly subject. It makes the spirit tranquil amidst the storms and dangers of life, and stimulates to do good to those who hate us, and to pray for the bitterest enemy. Such a trait supports its possessor in misfortune, and imparts serene heavenly confidence when foes suddenly multiply. It exhibits a nobleness of spirit in spiritual things which cannot rest short of divine approval. It appreciates and accepts the unequalled plan of the world's redemption, and choicely prizes the doctrines of revelation, the instructions of Providence, and the admonition of a well-trained conscience. It regards far less the hosannas of the multitude than the plaudits of an Almighty Friend. It will promptly forego sensual delights for the luxury of doing good. It will crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts which oppose our spiritual progress, and shrink at the thought of crucifying afresh the Saviour of lost men. It loves to forsake all for Christ, to lay riches, honors, and pleasures upon the common altar, that there may be no impediment to a running with patience the heavenly race. Such is true Christian magnanimity, and such the criteria by which it is to be tried. Endowed with *this and various other excellences*, you shall be eminently and permanently useful, and be adorned with a diadem as rich and distinguished as that which crowned a Harriet Newell, a Mrs. Judson, a Mrs. Winslow, and a long line of worthies, who shall shine brightly for ever as the stars in the firmament. With Christian magnanimity, holy boldness and heavenly zeal, they pressed on to compass their beneficent purposes, and to bless the world by the savor of their willing sacrifices.

Shall that sweet and benevolent spirit fill your soul, and the world rejoice in the train of happy influences that shall roll on through your humble instrumentality? True happiness flows from this unoft-visited fountain. It is a reality—a pearl drop for the pure in heart, the richness and glory of which you may participate if you earnestly endeavor to adorn your memory with deeds of benevolence and mercy, if you count not your life dear while engaged in the noblest service.

GOOD PRINCIPLES THE RULING MOTIVE.

BY REV. EDWIN R. NEVIN.

We derive benefit sometimes from comparing the different springs of action—*impulse* and *principle*—which govern mankind. The number who are governed by circumstances, impulse, or feeling, is not small; perhaps those who are ruled by good principle is less even. The man of impulse is *unsteady*. Acting from feeling merely, it is plain he will not act except when circumstances occur to awaken the feeling. He therefore cannot be depended upon. His stimulus is from without. He begins to act with ardor, but with the abatement of his ardor his resistance dies.

He is *inconsiderate*. He gives merely to relieve his own wounded sensibilities. He does not care so much about *sin* as suffering. Nothing affects him but the sight or tale of woe. He is not concerned to know the causes of things. He feels for the drunkard; yes, he heartily sympathizes with the poor, besotted, impoverished drunkard, and his family. But then he thinks the license system is right. He thinks it would be an infringement upon personal and constitutional liberty to adopt the *Maine Law*; and, as it regards advertising liquor, there can be nothing wrong in it.

In these respects, the man of principle is very different from the man of feeling.

The man of principle is *steady* and *persevering*. He has feelings—good feelings—*strong, warm feelings*. Sound principle is not only consistent with feeling, but is well fitted to produce the best, purest, and most permanent feelings. The feelings of the man of principle, however, are grounded in *intelligence*, in deep convictions of *truth* and *duty*—*duty* which he owes to *God* and to *man*. The man of principle has in his mind one great object—the universal establishment of the kingdom of God. This is what he lives for, and he is steadily pressing on in the accomplishment of his work. His action, his continual action, does not depend upon *certain feelings*. Whether he feels or not, he will act. His apprehension of living truths, eternal truths, his *faith*, *impels* him to action. If he feels, he will act. If he does *not* feel, he is ashamed of the fact, and

even then his principles drive him forward. His impulse is from *above* and from *within*. The man of *feeling* acts when all others act around him. But the man of *principle* will feel the most responsibility, and will frequently act with the most efficiency, when the multitude are lifeless, or moving in a different direction. The man of principle has a fixed, settled desire and determination to do the will of God and please *Him*. If he can please others, very well. He would be *glad* to please all men, but above all others, he *must* please *God* and his own *conscience*.

The man of principle acts upon a *plan*. He makes it his business to look all around him and see in what way, and how extensively, he can have any influence on the character and happiness of human beings. Then he considers what objects ought to be aimed at, and what is their comparative value, and how long life may be expected to endure. In a word, he feels that he has a great work to do, and he makes arrangements for doing it systematically and thoroughly, and he will persevere in doing it. Like the skilful mariner on the ocean, he expects storms and tempests, and mountainous waves; but instead of being discouraged by these, he will avail himself of their influence to quicken his speed and hasten him on to the distant port.

The man of principle engages in his work as a child of God, and a co-operator with him. Before we will be brought to act in harmony with God and for his glory, we must be brought to feel, in some sense, that we are his children, and that when we are doing good, we are working *with* as well as *for* him. When this conviction takes hold upon our minds, we feel a greater dignity, take a deeper interest in our work, and are inspired with greater confidence and hope of success.

We are created and redeemed by God for the grand purpose of doing good. If we live for this purpose, we will not be disappointed of happiness in the end. But if we cultivate a taste, and live for mere ambition and pleasure, we will be forced to discover in the end that life has been a failure. A friend complimented a wealthy mer-

chant in Boston, who owned his millions, on his success in life. "Sir," replied he, "my life has been a failure; I have accumulated a large fortune, but lost my soul."

It becomes every one to resolve to seek his happiness in those pursuits which tend to elevate and purify the mind, and dispose it to return with new zeal to life's great responsibilities. If we may judge of the design of God from the moral constitution of man as well as the teachings of revelation, we may safely infer that he intended that man should live not merely for his own happiness, but for the happiness of others. Indeed, such is the law of man's mind, that in seeking to promote the happiness of others, he effectually secures his own. Selfishness works badly in every way. Its tendency is beautifully illustrated by a story of two brothers. They had two farms, and two springs of water upon their farms. The one was extremely selfish, and therefore felt dissatisfied with the idea of any of the water that flowed from his spring running over on to the farm of his neighbor, and so he determined to surround it with a stone wall. The other was possessed of a large benevolence, and therefore was willing, when he had secured enough of water for himself, that the remainder should run and benefit and gladden all others whom it could reach. After some time, the selfish brother went to look at his spring, and he found it covered with green, and filled with frogs and snakes, and unfitted for use; while the benevolent brother went to look at his, and found it full, and fresh, and clear, and sweet as ever. Thus it is with the human heart when walled around by selfishness, or going forth with an all-comprehensive sympathy, and an earnest desire to benefit all whom it reaches.

Some time since, we read of a Frenchman, whose experience amply verified this deep, inward law of his spiritual nature. Through a selfish and persevering activity and industry, he had accumulated a large fortune, but in the mean time the springs of his happiness were all dried up, and life became a burden, and he resolved to bring it to an end by the desperate remedy of suicide. One beautiful, starlight night, he left his chamber and went to the banks of the river Seine, with a determination to drown himself. He felt in his pocket and found some golden pieces of coin, some sovereigns. He was unwilling that these should fall into the hands of some worthless individual, and so he resolved to hunt out some proper object of charity. He saw a light glimmering in the distance. He followed it; he came to a hut. He entered it. There was

a poor widow living in it with several ragged children. He told his errand. The woman's heart overflowed with gratitude. The little children shouted with joy. The man experienced new emotions in view of what he had done. He felt a tide of happiness which he never before had experienced. He resolved not to put an end to himself, but from that moment to live for the purpose of benefiting others.

The history of George IV. is an illustration of the emptiness of human ambition and honors. He was born a prince to inherit a throne. The golden hours of childhood passed away in the vigorous but salutary discipline of constant employment. At the age of eighteen, with health and a cultivated mind, and commanding person, and polished manners; with an annual income of about half a million of dollars; surrounded by obsequious and servile courtiers; the heir of the most powerful throne on earth, and with every court in Europe seeking his alliance, he was launched forth upon the world, here to find his pleasure. But with all his wealth, his expenditures were such that he was continually pinched with debt and poverty. Palled with pleasure to weariness and satiety; thwarted in his plans; stung to the very quick by the triumphs of political adversaries; and hoping in vain, month after month, and year after year, that his father would die, that he might ascend the throne; he was constantly harassed by mortification and disappointment.

And when, at last, the long looked-for day for regal coronation came, and he was decked in the robes of state, and felt the crown pressing his brow, and grasped the sceptre of British power, it was but to retire from the splendor of Westminster Hall to the sick chamber of premature old age, with the gout gnawing at his bandaged bones, his head aching with its shattered nerves. It was to sit in his armed chair in regal wretchedness, in the very lowest depth of mental depression, passing sleepless nights and woeful days; wrapped in flannels, and nurses and medicines constantly at his side. And thus he lingered, with the sick-room for his audience chamber, and a flannel gown for his regal robe, a bandage of wet towels for his crown, and a stuffed lolling chair for his throne, till he died, and was laid in the damp and vaulted tomb, to be the food of corruption and the worm.

And his painful story is left with millions of others, to warn all men of the folly of living for mere selfish, worldly ambition.

Now in contrast with this dark and humiliating picture, let us glance at Wilberforce, the dis-

tinguished philanthropist. He was introduced upon the stage of life with an immense fortune and talents of the highest order. All the saloons of fashion in England and on the continent of Europe were eagerly thrown open to him. He entered them. For a little while he revelled there as one of the most glittering stars. But soon he found exhaustion, weariness, and satiety. The illusion was dispelled. He found he was chasing the shadow, while losing the substance. He stopped. He looked to God for pardon for neglecting his Maker, and consecrated his life to his service. He went home, and recommenced life on totally new principles, and imbued his home with the spirit of prayer and piety. *He made it his happiness to do good*, to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of his fellow-men. In the bosom of a delightful family, which with himself bowed around the morning and evening altar, with placid hearts and bright anticipations of heaven, life glided away tranquilly; and then as he passed away from earth, it was amidst the benedictions of millions, who had been richly blessed by his public services.

Now why do we despise the character of George the Fourth, while we honor and admire, and wish to bear in everlasting remembrance, the character of Wilberforce? It is because one lived a life of base selfishness and low gratification, indulging in ease and sensuality, while the other yielded himself up to the demands of his higher nature and the law of God, which alone is fitted to develop the soul of man with all its varied susceptibilities, faculties, and tendencies, and lived for the good of others. Those persons who occupy this stand-point, and exhibit this character, are the ones whom mankind always truly respect and honor.

Recall to remembrance the character of a man who does nothing but sit quietly down to enjoy the bounties of God's providence. Think of a father who, instead of providing for the wants, the interest, the education of his children, spent his time and consumed his property upon his own pleasure. Think of a prince who employed his extensive power and the treasures of his country solely as the means of luxury and splendor, and forgot the rights, safety, and happiness of his subjects. Think of the man of taste, who expended his property and his time, not in relieving want, assuaging distress, but in adorning his mansion with rich furniture, the choicest products of painting and sculpture, and multiplying around it beautiful gardens and other objects of refinement, merely to secure admiration and ap-

plause, and enjoy the pleasure of eating and drinking.

We may go farther. Bring before your mind an angel who, if the language may be permitted, basked in the sunshine of heaven, and revelled in the bliss of immortality, forgetful of the service of his Maker, and regardless of the eternal well-being of his glorious companions. Would not *all* these be pronounced by the impartial judgment of your mind as mere drones in the creation, and blanks in the kingdom of God? Would their characters awaken any measure of esteem, or merit the least praise?

Of all the dead, whom do mankind remember with the most delight and cordial veneration? It is not certainly the host of Asiatic sovereigns, immured in their palaces, arrayed in splendor, bathed in essences, feasted on dainties, incensed with perfumes, fed, fanned, served, and idolized by numerous trains of slaves and dependents. It is not Sardanapalus, not Vitellus, not Charles II. No, it is none of these. Who, then, is it? It is an Alfred the Great; it is Gustavus Vasa; it is Gustavus Adolphus. It is a Moses, a Paul, a Howard, a Wesley, a Brainerd, a Martyn, a Washington, a Mrs. Fry, and a Miss Dix. It is not the *rulers*, but the *benefactors* of mankind that command the attachment and reverence of the heart.

This! this is the only character that will endure. The world passeth away and the lust thereof, *but he who doeth the will of God* abideth forever. "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," the wretched inversion of a selfish, worldly mind, find all their poor, though boasted gratifications, on *this* side of the grave. Their miserable possessors riot, and dig, and climb, during their passing day, and are seen no more. He, on the contrary, who by patient continuance in *well doing* has sought for glory, honor, and immortality, will lie down in the bed of peace; will fall asleep in the Lord Jesus, and awake with new life and glory beyond the grave. To heaven, which is but the legitimate sphere of light, and love, and liberty, towards which all pure and benevolent spirits necessarily tend, he will be an acceptable inhabitant. Glorified saints will hail him as their brother, and angels will welcome him as their everlasting companion.

Every object in the universe of matter, of mind, as it came from the hand of God, is fitted and designed to exert an influence for good on other objects outside of themselves. The sun, the moon, the stars, the ocean, the mountains, the forest, the green field, the beautiful flower, *all*, *all* are contributing to multiply human happi-

ness. And shall *man*, the only intelligent and immortal being, the chief recipient of Divine benefactions, sharing most largely in the greatness, and power, and glory of God his Maker, living in joyful anticipation of the loftiest honors that can dignify and exalt his nature—shall *man*, the purchase of the blood of Christ and the predestined heir of a throne, shall he throw around himself an iron casement of selfishness, and re-

fuse to send forth his warm sympathies and hallowed benefactions, and make every individual a temple of the Holy Ghost, every family a centre of purest joys and sweetest comforts, and earth's teeming population a brotherhood of kindred spirits, living beneath the benignant smiles, and within the hallowed embraces of one kind and everlasting Father!

THE STAR VISION.

BY CHARLEY HUNT.

A DYING boy lay on his couch of pain, watching the fading light of a beautiful day, and ever and anon turning to gaze upon his mother as she hung over him with aching heart and saddened brow.

Day by day she had watched him as he had paled and faded in the shadow of the angel of death. Her pride, her hope, her earthly idol was passing away, and the bright boy who had cheered her declining years lay struggling in the last conflict of life.

He was now lying gazing earnestly through the open window into the clear blue sky, as if the Chaldee's mantle had fallen upon him, and he sought to read the myriad stars of Heaven.

Spasms of pain would contract his brow and extort an involuntary groan, but as they passed away his clear blue eye would turn again to gaze in fixed earnestness deep into the vaults of Heaven.

Night came slowly on. One by one the stars came out, and he hailed them as the dewdrop greets the sunshine, or the summer flower the rain. A smile came over him and a more than earthly beauty lighted up his brow, as if angels were robing him in the celestial light of paradise before the cold breath of the destroyer should liberate the spirit from its earthly tabernacle.

His mother had watched his earnest gaze, and knew that thoughts of more than common interest were passing in his mind.

"Why do you look so earnestly at the sky, Frank?" she said, rousing him from his reverie.

"I was thinking of my dream last night,

mother. I had hardly fallen asleep, when I heard music. Oh, how soft and sweet! It seemed to come stirring my soul as the evening breezes now lift the hair upon my forehead. I could not tell whence it came until I looked up into the sky, mother, and the stars seemed coming nearer, and one brighter than all the rest came close to my window and said in a voice strangely sweet, 'You will sing our song to-morrow night.' Then I wished to be a star, mother—"

A spasm of pain came over him, and he writhed as the angel Azziel loosened one by one the cords of life. It left him, but as the mother gazed upon him she knew that he was dying, and she knelt beside him in an agony of grief as the soul bade its last farewell to its dissolving tenement. That noble eye was losing its light, and his raven locks fell over a brow cold with the damps of death.

His eye lighted for a moment, and he murmured, "The stars, again! they are coming! oh, mother, hear their sweet music! and that bright star is calling me. It says you will sing our song to-night. May I be a star, mother? a star! star! star!" His voice ceased, and the death-angel smiled as he broke the last heart-string. He had quenched a light on earth, but lighted a star in Heaven, and angel forms, on swift wings, were bearing a soul to the realms above; plucking a flower on earth that it might bloom in the celestial garden of paradise. And the beautiful boy who had heard in his dream the song of the stars, had gone to join their chorus, and to shine forever a star in the diadem of Heaven.

EXCERPTA—NO. I.

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

WHAT is the great want of the present age—the most absolute and pressing need of thinking minds in this nineteenth century? Money! Money! says the man of action, the merchant, the bank-stock speculator, the railroad and steam engine builder, the trader, the manufacturer, and the laborer. *These all* want a competence; they desire to be rich. One hundred thousand dollars is their "*summum bonum*," a heavenly El Dorado on the earth. Others of the same class, more moderate in their views, could fill alike their purse and their desires with *ten* thousand and a cottage.

But does this "*getting a living*" and "*having a living*" make up the whole of human life, and satisfy the inquisitive thinker who looks beneath the surfaces of things and strives to penetrate the hidden mystery of their meaning? Is a house to live in, and food to eat, and clothes to wear, the whole want of our humanity, all that a rational soul need to struggle for, or to aspire after? Oh no, reply a thousand hearts at once. To be housed, and fed, and clothed, is only the primary instinctive and animal want of man; but he has a higher nature. He is a social and intellectual being. He needs education, artistic and elegant culture, and social refinement and elevation, to make him truly happy.

Well, then, add all these to ten thousand a year, and superadd, if you will, all the titles, honors, and precedencies of a regal heirship or the highest chair of state; and if this favored child of fortune is not satisfied and happy *yet*, then summon all the nymphs and fays of Eastern fable, and let each throw their special gift into the nursing's cradle. Instead of acres, houses, titles, and domains, give him a *home*, a heaven terrestrial, with all its pure, and calm, and holy joys—a heart to *love* and *be beloved*—children to rise and call him blessed—kindred, and friends, and countrymen to reverence and admire him while he lives; and when he dies, to keep his memory with everlasting laurels green.

And is *this* all? Is this man's high estate? "his happiness, his being's end and aim?" all he can do, or know, or have, or suffer, or enjoy? If so, how poor and tame a thing is life! how mean

and gross a creature, man! If so, with Infidel Monboddo, we could believe mankind but a superior monkey tribe—a race of educated *apes*. And if there be one living man on earth who *could* be satisfied with earthly good—so buried up in sense, and worldliness, and time's pursuits—so blunted and imbruted in the spiritual instincts of the soul, that he does never, even in his secret thoughts and longings, identify himself with a hereafter and a heaven, we pity him. He has lost his manhood, which is Divinity itself within; and what God made but little lower than the *angel*, has made itself yet lower than the *brutal*.

Man is God's human child; and man's thought and wish is like the Infinite. It wanders through eternity; it asks and answers; it inquires and seeks; it longs to learn, to know, to comprehend, and to believe. Earth cannot satisfy, nor earthly ends and aims divert the mind from that eternal questioning which asks, Who am I? What is God? How came I here? from whence and whither? What shall I be when I am dead? a nothing—a thing that *was*? a happy saint? a "goblin damned?" a houseless, homeless, wandering, wailing ghost? When I breathe out my latest breath what shall I be? where shall I go? what shall I do? Shall I shrink up and wither into vacancy, and be put out in everlasting night, or shall I be a living, conscious, thinking soul? What is a soul, a disembodied soul? Has it a form, a substance, and a human shape? or is it but a smoke, a gas, an igneous vapor, a wandering thought, a viewless, voiceless phantom in the upper or the nether air? Is my own being, my own essential self, the individual *I*, a mortal or immortal? Immortal surely; but *where* or *how*? This I must know or be unrestful and perturbed. Nothing else can calm and satisfy. Talk of getting rich, or being great, or learned, or famous, to make one happy! What an impertinence! what a teasing, provoking, and painful insult to that divine faculty of reason which God has breathed into us, which ever seeks to penetrate and know the mystery of its own being—the *whereness* and *howness* of its immortal life a thousand years hence, when it shall have

shuffled off this mortal coil, and solved for itself the great riddles of life, and death, and immortality.

Assure me now of God, and Christ, and Heaven, and guardian angels, and happy saints, and glorious spheres beyond man's measuring line, and give me strength and energy of *will* to walk in Wisdom's ways, and I am calm and satisfied. I work, I worship, and I wait. I love and I enjoy this life without the fear to *lose* it or to *leave* it. But without the faith that death is swallowed up of life, and that the grave and sin have lost their victory over men, how fearful, restless, and perturbed our life must be, unless we eat, and drink, and sleep, and *never think*!

How can we dare to sail, and walk, and talk, and laugh, and dine upon a boat between New York and Albany without this fundamental faith in God, and Providence, and the eternal issues of our life *beyond*? Who perished on the Reindeer and the Clay? Whose souls went gurgling, strangling out, mid fire, and steam, and smoke, and shrieks, and prayers, and struggling agonies to grasp God's hand and cling to heaven, or seize a plank to reach the shore—the calm, and moveless, and un pitying shore—which soon received the stranded, stiffened corpse? Who wakened up from deep and dreamless sleep to find an ocean torrent bursting on their beds, and gulping them before they reached the flight of cabin stairs, which led to upper air and doubtful safety on the Atlantic's sinking deck? Were they not men like you? and tender women, too, children and infants in their helpless innocence? The great, the wise, the rich, the reverend, the loving and beloved, the mean, the poor, the rude Norwegian peasant, the young, the old, the beautiful, the good, the bad, all perished there! And so may you and I founder, and struggle, and perish so; and can we see such things and hear the loud lament from mourning hearts and homes, and not think of our own mortality and those we love, and ask what is there *then* for them, for *us*, for *all* in that beyond—that "undiscovered bourne from whence no traveller returns" to tell, or waves a hand, or throws a signal out to show us there is life and being there?

See there, upon the ocean's bleak, inhospitable shore, a foundered ship, mid pelting storm and howling winds; and at its shattered mast Ossoli stands, her white robe streaming in the air. Husband and child are there, and in the ear of heaven she pours this prayer: "Oh, save us *all*, or save us *none*. Together let us live, or let us die!" And all the *three*—father, and mother, and their infant—perished there. And can soul cling to soul, and heart to heart with love so fond

and faithful, and yet die, forgetting and forgot, to lose the very memory of the sweet and holy tie which bound them in their mortal lives on earth? And that rich freightage! that woman's noble mind! that nobler woman's heart! oh, did it founder there? If not, then tell us *where* and *how* it lives, and thinks, and feels, and knows, and does, and what it is.

It is idle to say such questionings are vain, unwise, or curious, or impious. What the mind instinctively and irrepressibly seeks to know and to believe it *must* find out and be assured of. This involuntary asking admits of no denial or rebuff; for, on the answering depends its restfulness and peace. All meditative minds *must* ask themselves, "Is Religion true?" and, "What is true Religion?" And to them the question is more vital than, How can I make a *fortune*, or a figure in the world? Give us Christ and Christianity as an answer to these inquiries, these hopes, and fears, and longings of the soul, and it is satisfied. Allow us to believe God is a Father and a Friend, and Christ the incarnation of God and a Saviour; that Heaven is *real*, and that the voice which pronounced in the ear of man the divine beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and taught the sinful, timorous children of this earth to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," was indeed a voice from thence, and from the Father of the race; and with undoubting faith, allow us to receive the light, and hope, and promise which the life and words of Jesus give, and we are satisfied. Our theoretic questioning is done, and all that then remains, is *practically* to mould the habit of our life and thought by them, and we are ready for the race of life, for death, and everlasting destiny. Then to the man of action and worldly enterprises we can say, "I am ready now to play the game of business, and turn the lottery wheel of fortune with you, only strive uprightly and holily, for God sees and governs all chances and all change. I will strive with you and fill my purse and pockets, too, as you do, if I *can*, and if He *will*; but if His Providence disappoint me, and I fail, He is still my Father and my friend. He will provide, and counsel, and console, and safely lead me to my journey's end. There is a rest on earth, and here it is: the Christian's faith and trust in God. And having attained to this degree of practical religious experience, we have often thought that the pursuits of business, or of pleasure, so much declaimed against by exhorters, instead of being debasing and injurious to the soul, are healthful and purifying; and that an active, energetic, business life, is more favorable to religious trust and hopefulness, than the

reflective, dreamy, and speculative life of the philosophic or theologic thinker. Their faith is often painfully assailed and shaken—their minds perplexed, and often worn and jaded with the constant effort to make the truths of reason and the truths of faith give out a clear and consensual meaning; and then the turns, and twists, and quibbles of modern transcendentalism are so perplexing. Strauss, with his "Leben Jesu," takes away the Lord, and with mourning Mary they are compelled to say, "We know not where they have laid him." And even those of us who are neither profound philosophers nor reasoners, and strive to keep our little bark near shore, do sometimes paddle out beyond our depth, and get upset by some cross wind sweeping the great Dead Sea of German metaphysics, beneath whose bitter waters lie buried Godless Sodom and Gomorrah. But we do not sink. Our childhood's faith, the Gospel, is a life-boat, and brings us up all right again, and we sail back to our sure anchorage, the haven of our rest. But soon we get afloat again, and before we dream it, are drifting towards a whirlpool, to which Charybdis is but a tunnel in a bottle; a horrid, whirling, dark and bottomless abyss of Pantheistic skepticism. At first it lures us with the seeming of a wide and deep philosophy; but leaves us with a Godless and a Christless universe. It says that "*God is all*" and "*all is God*." Without is matter, and within is soul; and when we ask them how to comprehend this transcendental twaddle they answer, "Nothing easier: sure, God is magnetic force—Promethean fire—influx electric—the conscious *soul* which warms, inspires, upholds and animates the whole, and streams its vital forces *in* alike upon a rock, a tree, a dog, a horse, a man." Such shocking babble cures us of philosophy, and we go back again to creed and catechism, and feel our standing-place is *sure*. But soon we are assailed again, and our stronghold invaded. Some pleasant day we dare to give the mind an airing, and set it walking out, and thinking. We bid it range untrammelled, and say to our unbridled fancy, come and expatiate free o'er all this scene of man, a mighty maze, but not without a plan; and while we meditate unguarded on this field of thought, the new philosophy and its professors come to aid us, bringing in their hands some dozen yellow-covered manuals of Pathetism, Biology, and Mesmerism, and heavier octavos of Swedenborgianism and Jackson Davisism; and then, as proofs and illustrations, they give us raps, and knocks, and helter-skelter dances of footless boots and flying chairs and tables, and tiny infant souls, and great Ben Franklin's ghost, all crowding on us out of vacancy, beckoning and

praying to be heard and questioned; and strange, grotesque and witchcraft-like as such communications seem, we wait, and listen, and wonder, and surmise what they may mean, and who they are. Believe we *cannot*; and yet we will not join the popular hue and cry of humbug, remembering there are indeed more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has ever dreamed of. It would, it seems to us, be madness and soul-suicide to credit them as revelations of God's eternal Truth, man's destiny, and nature's mystery; but there is lower and less sacred ground on which these magnetizers and Pathetists and spiritual knockers may safely be allowed to stand, and spell, and knock, and stammer out their oracles for all who care to hear them, or love to play bo-peep with sounds which *say* they come from ghostland. To all who, in the spirit of philosophy, trace such effects to their true causes, we say, "go on"—prove to our senses there are spirits—prove that these spirits rap and spell, and lay their icy fingers on warm foreheads in the dark, and pull the table-cloth, and play the harp, and sparkle with electric fires when all the lamps are out; and we will say, "*all true*"—"all *proved*;" but what of that? we are not afraid of your Philosophy, it does not touch *our* Faith. Our Christ and His Evangel still remain. His words are truth and light divine, and lead to God and Heaven; but *you* are only Nature's students, learners in her school, discoverers in the natural history of man, Newtons it may be, reasoning on knocks, and dancing chairs and tables, instead of falling apples and prismatic lights. As he discovered the gravitating laws, and physical conditions of man's existence and relation to this solid earth on which he treads, so may you, perhaps, discover the psychical and vital. Perhaps you will find out the secret and tell us "what is life," and "what is death," and *why* we die, and *how*, and what the features, forms and modes of disembodied being are, and the relations of man's future spiritual corporeity, to the present, *material*, and *bodily*, and vital. Then, indeed, as philosophers and priests of Nature's mysteries, you have made your school immortal, and men will speak your names to other generations of the race, as those who lit a torch-light in the dark, and helped us on to explore the Troglodytic cave of Night and Silence, where man first emerges to the light, and that still darker and more mysterious gateway of the Grave at which he disappears and vanishes forever out of sight. But a scientific discoverer is not a divine revelator; and though these modern "*isms*" should all prove *true*, they are not the *sacred truth*, the everlasting, vital, saving truth, by

which men *ought* to live, or ought to dare to die. That truth was spoken eighteen hundred years ago, in a sermon from a hill-side of Judea, and confirmed by voices speaking from the sky, which

said, "*This is my well-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; Hear him,*" and angel choirs which sung of peace on earth, good will to man; and glory unto God most High.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

SHINING in the qualities of mind and heart, she had early consecrated herself to her Saviour. Her last illness was short and severe, and when death was stealing over her form, she seemed conscious of his presence, and with her last breath often repeated, with a touching pathos, "Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!" and thus passed from the scenes of this world, to enter upon the joys of heaven, in the eighteenth year of her age.

YE stood beside her dying couch, and saw
The lamp of life expire—caught the last fond
Glimmer of its earthly ray, till death's cold
Darkness came upon the heart with its deep
Weight of woe!

My thoughts are sadly with you
In this hour of sorrow, and my heart's warm
Sympathy, such as goes forth in tears, is
Stirred from its deep fountains! I know your
Anguish, and have felt the tyrant's power to
Crush the heart, and rob it of its joys.

That kindling eye, whose
Beaming was the spirit's joyous ray, is
Closed forever, and those soft lids, that veiled
The brightness of the glowing thought, are sealed
In death's dark slumber! The echo of that voice
Whose tone was music in its household words,
And in its tenderness and love sweeter than
Wind-swept lyre, shall never fall upon the
Ear again, but to the bosom it will come,
And almost startle with its own familiar
Sound, and in thy dreams thou'lt hear it oft,
As thou hast heard it in some strain of song,
Or in its tone of happiness, till it shall
Seem reality—then wake to a sad,
New consciousness that it has gone from earth,
And will be heard no more!

Death, ever busy
In this world of ours, has a strange power
Over the human form, turning the warm
And animated frame to *marble*; cold,
Motionless, and white as sculptured statue:
He gathers back the roses from the cheek—
Leaves no trace of life upon the features—
Freezes up the fountain of the warm affections—
Mocks the fond eye with a sweet smile left on
The features, as if 't were sleep—but, oh! vain

Hope, when naught is left but the *fair robe*, that
The sweet *spirit* wore! None but the bosom
Wrung with this painful certainty, can conceive
His giant strength to make the firm heart weak,
Even as helpless infancy—to palsy
For a season every other thought, but
That which yields itself to hopeless, piercing,
Lonely grief! Death in all forms has *terror*,
But never do we *feel* his sting, as when
He lays his icy hand upon the bloom
Of youthful beauty, snapping the buds and
Blossoms of our fondest hopes, and laying
Prostrate some *clay idol* of our cherished
Homes!

These are our earthly
Feelings, bound as we are by sweetest
Earthly ties; but when we look *above*—up
Where the Spirit *lives* in the calm light of
Heavenly love, of peace, and purest joy,
Conscious of bliss complete in its near intercourse
With angels—free from the sin and stain of
This low earth—if but *this hope* is ours, steadfast
And sure, what can we not renounce of our
Own selfish love, and bid our hearts "*be still,*"
Even beneath the stroke that slays them!

There is a better
World than this, free from the jarring strife that
Meets us here, where the pure soul shall bask
Beneath the rays of *uncreated mind*, and
Feel its cravings *satisfied*!

Let this sweet thought
Bring peace to the lone heart stricken with
Sorrow, and while it feels bereft of what
This world cannot restore, oh, may it
Be a heavenward link in that bright chain
That *draws the soul to God*!

DEATH IN THE MANSION,

AND IN THE LABORER'S COT.

BY E. A. IRWIN.

AMID gigantic trees, whose shadows played daintily on the well-kept sward and walks, stood a large dwelling, half castle, half cottage in its architecture, and emblematic of that transition period of our country, where the parvenue seems ever struggling with his chrysalis state, in his efforts to emerge a full-grown aristocrat. The trees encircling this fantastic mansion were planted by nature ere the red man passed away from under their shade. Now, as their wide boughs swayed to and fro, they sent delicious coolness into the chamber of a dying girl. Propped on her couch, so as to give her a view of the bay below, and of a cot on its shore, the sufferer looked calmly on the fair scene, from which she was so soon to pass. Upon that cot her gaze was often riveted; and when she looked away, it was to regard with a look of angelic sweetness, a bouquet of flowers placed on a little table beside her.

They were simple, native blossoms. The lily of the valley was most prominent among them; and he who sent the cluster, thought it a fitting gift to one they typified. His home was on the bay shore, and in the hut she seemed to love full well to look upon. Alas! that here, where nature thrills the heart, not callous to her touch, true love should meet with pride and crushing scorn. It is a simple story we would tell. They had grown from childhood to maturity together.

Neglected by a fashionable mother, Emma had profited well by this desertion, for it was a lesser evil. She was constantly in the society of her governess, a strong-minded, conscientious woman, who had educated her own heart as well as her head, and from the humbler walks of life, risen to comparative affluence, at least to independence. It was to her judicious physical training also, that Emma's fragile constitution had surmounted the ordeal of childhood. It was natural that Miss Franklin should be thoroughly democratic in her sentiments. It was an oft-repeated maxim of hers, that "Worth makes the man."

Her pupil imbibed these sentiments, rapidly rendered lovely as they were, by the gentle kindness of her governess. In their rambles in search of wild flowers, Victor Franklin, half-brother to the governess, was champion and guide. He inherited both the genius and poverty of his mother's family. She was highly gifted, but impulsive—and by an imprudent marriage with the cousin of her first husband, brought much suffering on herself and family. Yet the ordeal through which she had passed was beneficial to her character, for it was rendered more stable, useful, and reflecting. In educating her children, she had endeavored to make them strong where she was conscious of being weak. Her husband was a sot, thus the care of her family had devolved upon herself. Death had removed him and all but two of her children, ere Emma was old enough to need the services of Mary Franklin.

Emma was a frequent visitor at the cot, for such Mrs. Franklin's dwelling was. It stood in a small patch of ground, saved from a goodly farm that had been sold piece-meal by her improvident husband. It was formerly tenanted by a fisherman, and consisted of two rooms and a loft. Yet it was a pleasant little home. A grape vine nearly concealed one gable, and on the front a large rose clambered to the roof, and mingled its fragrant buds with the coarser and humbler clusters of a trumpet-creeper flung over the other gable. The narrow door-yard was redolent with the fragrance of lilacs, and syringas, while in the rear a larger spot of land was filled with vegetables, herbs, and thriving flowers.

To this place, escorted by Victor, Miss Franklin came daily on their route home from the woods. To her pupil the cot was a little paradise. The love denied her at home, touched, and awakened her own heart to a response. The strawberries were larger at the cot, the milk was sweeter, the bread whiter, and everything superior to similar objects at home. So beautifying is kindness to the unsophisticated.

Victor was from childhood a meditative boy; and when he later in life expressed a wish to fill a sacred office, his mother's eyes brightened with sympathy and joy. But as often happens, his health declined as his mind matured. Yet he still loved to accompany his sister in her walks during the short intervals of his absence from college. To her aid he owed his entrance in it. For years she had denied herself all but the necessities of life, to fit him for the vocation he loved. Amply she felt repaid as she watched him in his honorable career. Of love she never thought. Duty was the pivot on which her life revolved. She had no romantic visions for herself or for him. Her pupil was dear to her from constant association with her tractable, lovely spirit. Her pupil's parents repulsive; the father for his hard, violent nature, the mother for her folly and fashion; yet she bore much from them both, for they were Emma's parents, and they gave her bountifully from ostentation, thus furnishing her with means to aid her brother.

Emma's eighteenth birthday had arrived, yet her mother evinced no intention to dismiss Mary Franklin, or to introduce her daughter to society. She was not ready to submit to such rivalry, or to be old before her time, by producing such a tall, matured young lady as her daughter. She could not tell all the fashionable world that she was but thirty-four herself, and if she did, would people believe it? Then, too, how mortifying to confess to thirty-four, when Colonel Fauntleroy protested she was but twenty-five. No, it could not be. So she spent her winters in New York, her summers at the Springs, and left the castellated cottage to Emma and her governess, who received frequent visits from the lord of the mansion. He also had plans. For some time he had noticed with gratified pride that Emma was beautiful, but every attempt to show her off had been crushed by his wife. Yet Mr. Fauntleroy had urgent reasons to make the most of his daughter's attractions.

His affairs, in fact, were rather entangled. He was somewhat in the power of Colonel Mortone, who, having arrived in spite of himself to the discreet age of fifty, began to think of settling himself in life. A young nurse was desirable, for his right foot was easier in flannel than in leather.

One fine day in May, as Emma was returning from a ramble with Miss Franklin, she was met by her father, who was accompanied by two gentlemen. Her lovely countenance, blooming as it was with exercise, immediately attracted the attention of the strangers, and they had not passed far before one of them insisted upon turning and being presented.

The father gladly complied, and Colonel Mortone, after the first shock of surprise, was soon playing off, for Emma's benefit, all those little airs and graces that had so delighted her silly mother.

Miss Franklin watched her pupil anxiously, and felt relieved by the evident disgust the Colonel inspired. The father was all affection now, but to Emma it seemed hollow, and she was miserable at heart, except when she caught the kind glance of her governess.

After tea they stood on the balcony.

"Squire," said the Colonel, "I wonder you do not remove yon excrescence"—he pointed to the cot as he spoke.

Emma's face was crimson, and her heart palpitated.

"The owner will not sell it," replied Miss Franklin, who saw the embarrassment of her patron.

"Who is this mulish owner?" asked the Colonel.

"It is I!" said the governess, whose object was to end remarks that were so evidently painful to her pupil.

The Colonel turned and surveyed the speaker for the first time. He felt abashed, hard as he was, by the steadiness of her look. He quailed before the calm gray eyes that seemed to read his very thoughts, and he hated her, as he hated everything that was good and pure.

As they retired at night, Emma laid her cheek on Mary's bosom and wept bitterly, with a dim foreboding at her heart. Miss Franklin made an effort to cheer her, but finding it useless, relapsed into silence.

"Who is that *person*?" asked the Colonel as soon as the ladies withdrew.

"Miss Franklin, my daughter's governess."

"Governess!" cried the Colonel. "My dear sir, is not Miss Emma old enough to dispense with such a very disagreeable appendage?"

"She is company for my daughter, who would be too much alone without her."

"Wrong, my dear sir—excuse me, but I saw at a moment that she was an artful, plotting creature. You say her name is Franklin. Who is Victor?"

"Really I do not know. Why do you ask?"

"Only, because, when I asked Miss Emma who cut that fine vista through the elms on the lawn, she replied, 'Victor.' Your gardener, I suppose? 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'Miss Franklin's brother, a friend of ours.' 'So, so, thought I, there is a brother in the case; no wonder she is afraid to speak to me without getting leave from the sister's eyes.' Do you take, sir?"

"Really, you alarm me. I do remember a pale stripling, that used to lurk herabouts." The father sprang from his chair with a flushed cheek.

"To tell the truth," continued he, "while I was building here, the old lady vexed me because she would not budge; but after a while, everybody admired the cot so much, I was rather glad it was there, especially as all my visitors took it for granted that it belonged to me."

"Well, well, let the cot stay then, but can't you budge the people?"

"Really I do not like to turn off Miss Franklin too hastily, for the family stands well here. The mother's family was of some note."

"Mrs. Froth wants a governess badly; secure that place, then dismiss her, or there will be an elopement, depend upon it."

Mrs. Froth was soon notified, and the affair broken to Miss Franklin as a kindness on the part of her late patron, who needed her no longer.

Mary thought of her brother; the offer was a liberal one, but she could not decide at once to leave Emma.

Mr. Fauntleroy understood the cause of her hesitation, and informed her that in two days he should start for Boston and take Emma. Mrs. Froth would send her carriage the next day. This decided the question at once.

It was a melancholy morrow at the mansion, but both felt how useless was their grief. Mary went with Emma to take leave of the tenant of the cot. Victor had arrived but a few hours. His dismay at the tidings he received seemed too much for his fragile health. He was seized with a fit of coughing, followed by hemorrhage. They lingered until sunset, when Victor insisted upon returning at least part of the way with them. Near the hut they were met by the Colonel and his friend.

"Do you perceive now—" whispered the Colonel.

With unutterable rage the father snatched his daughter's hand, drew her arm within his, and said haughtily to Miss Franklin,—

"Mrs. Froth is awaiting you, madam. She feels herself ill-treated."

"We were detained, sir, unavoidably detained."

"So I perceive," said the Colonel, glancing at Victor.

"Yes," replied Mary courageously, "we were detained by him."

Victor explained why, and as the Colonel listened with curiosity, he felt more anxious to take Emma from such a dangerous rival.

Mary now understood the case thoroughly. She was also anxious to separate the young people, ere they became attached. The Colonel's intentions her pure mind had not discovered. She attributed his conduct to the insolence of wealth. "He feared," she thought, "that her brother aspired to Emma's love, and he scorned such a misalliance." It did not occur to her, that the Colonel wished to marry Emma himself. She felt at first that she could not return with Mrs. Froth, but the poor cannot often choose their destiny, so she met that lady cordially, and after an affecting interview with Emma, stepped into a landau, embellished with the Froth arms, and was whirled away to New York.

The following morning early, Emma hurried to a rustic bower she loved, to take a last look of the scenes amid which she had been so happy.

After a sleepless night, during which Victor found out the nature of his feelings for Emma, and the difference between his regard for his sister, and for her pupil, he walked out towards the mansion to catch a last glimpse of Emma. Of the Colonel's sentiments he judged more accurately than Mary, and of the enmity of both the gentlemen he was painfully aware.

"They scorn the son of a laborer," thought he, "and Mr. Fauntleroy would unite his pure child to that hackneyed routé, whose only merit is vast wealth, acquired by his father in a horrible traffic."

The thought was too painful to Victor. He leaned against a tree for support. Presently a white dress flitted through the underwood.

"Victor!"

"Emma!"

She wept.

"My sister's loss is regretted, no doubt," said he. "How will it be with my absence?"

Ere she could answer, the Colonel and her father stood before them.

"A trysting scene!" said the former.

Speechless with rage, the father felled Victor with a blow of his heavy sword-cane.

The cowardly Colonel sprang at the prostrate youth, and left him bleeding on the sward. Emma's cries attracted some laborers passing by, but ere they reached the spot, the assailants had disappeared, dragging Emma with them. She reached the bower, then fell insensible. She awoke to consciousness in her own room. It was partially darkened, and people were stepping softly about her. She felt that she was very, very sick, and soon after the doctor came, said she had a high fever, and must be quiet. After he went, she looked around, and saw Nora, her own warm-hearted maid.

"Dear Nora," she whispered, "have you heard from poor Victor?"

"Ah, darling, and sure it was I went yon to see him, for Jim tould me he was kilt quite, and they would not let me in to you, so I went to ax after him."

"How was he, Nora?"

"Ah, darling, he was kilt and bleeding, but he knew me, and says to me, tell Emma I'm doing well."

Nora devoted herself to Emma with true Irish fidelity, and aided in sending a letter to Mary.

As Emma grew worse rapidly, the Colonel, who detested sickness, left until he should hear of her recovery; and as her father was subject to ennui, he also departed after seeing her well provided for, requesting her attendants to let him know whenever there was a change for better or for worse. Her mother was purposely kept in ignorance of the Colonel's visit, and of Emma's illness.

Nora visited the cot daily, carrying and bringing all the comfort she could. The doctor alone knew the danger of the young people. Victor was rapidly declining, and Emma's delicate system had sustained a dangerous shock. Her recovery was not hopeless, his early death certain.

Three weeks passed away, and Emma grew weaker. One evening, as she sat in a large chair by the window, supported by Nora, she perceived a carriage approaching the house, and in a few minutes Mary leaned from the window and looked up at Emma's casement. A moment after, the poor invalid fell fainting in her arms.

Miss Franklin soon perceived her pupil's danger. Emma asked eagerly after Victor, and Mary, who could not equivocate, informed her that he had but a few days to live. Emma asked to be placed on her couch, so as to have a view of the cot; and as she gazed, she wept without speaking. On the morrow she entreated to be carried there in her father's landau. The doctor was consulted, and gave his consent, on condition of accompanying her. She was carefully placed by his side, and the landau slowly proceeded to the cot. Victor was prepared for this interview. They met calmly, saw that each was dying, spoke cheering words to each other,

and parted in the pious faith of soon meeting in another state of existence.

On the following day Mary returned to Emma with a bouquet, arranged under Victor's direction. She raised the invalid on her couch, who gazed alternately at the flowers and the dwelling of him who sent them.

"Can you bear it, dearest?" asked Mary, in answer to a whisper from Emma. "If you can, it shall be so!"

"I have resigned every worldly wish and hope."

Mary whispered to Nora, who left, and returned in half an hour.

"Remember, Emma," said her friend, "that he is hourly expected to die. You wish for a signal from the cot as soon as he expires. Your request will be granted, but try to be calm."

"I will, I will."

Thus was she looking for the signal, while her own life ebbed away. The valley was filled with a mild radiance that seemed to encircle the cot with a halo. Mary held her friend's hand, her eyes fixed on Emma's face; suddenly it grew more pallid. Her eyes gazed with intensity. Mary looked out of the window; a signal was waving from the hut door. The sister sank on her knees, and breathed a blessing and a prayer.

"I must go, Emma; bear up. When it waves again, all will be over. Farewell for the present."

She hurried out of the room over the lawn, and Nora soon whispered, "She has reached it." In three minutes more, the white signal was waved again.

But Emma in her own grief remembered Mary. She bore up bravely. When her friend returned and told her that he was conscious to the closing scene—that her name was the last word spoken by him—she folded her hands meekly, and without a murmur.

Softly she sank, without pain. Her mother came at last, and as she stood there by the dying girl, selfishness vanished, and the feelings so long dormant burst the barrier of egotism. She clasped her daughter to her bosom, and wept.

"My mother loves me!" faintly ejaculated the astonished invalid, and with a sweet smile she sank lifeless on the maternal breast.

THE RUNAWAY'S RETURN.

WELL! here am I, after my night's walk, once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now and shining brightly. Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at the corner; and where is Carver's cottage?

Three days ago I landed at Portsmouth. It was on my birth-day. For ten long years have I been sailing about on the sea, and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man now; but for all that, I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems but as yesterday since I ran away from home. It was the worst day's work that I ever did. I got up in the morning at sunrise, while my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been unkind to my dear mother, and undutiful to my father, and the day before he had told me how wrong I was. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it. I thought I would leave home. What is it that makes me tremble so now?

My father coughed as I crept along by his door, and I thought I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment with my bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every quarter of the world.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me; for my sister had kissed me over night and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was: she had been knitting me a pair of garters to give me on my birth-day. I turned back, opened the door of her little room, and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed-clothes, and I was afraid it would wake her. Half blinded, I groped down stairs.

Just as I had gently closed the door, the case-ment rattled above my head. I looked up, and there was my mother. She spoke to me; when I did not answer, she cried out loud to me. That cry has rung in my ears ever since, aye, in my very dreams!

As I hurried away I felt, I supposed, as Cain felt when he had murdered his brother. My father, my mother, and my sister had been kind to me; but I had been unkind to them, and in leaving them thus, I felt as if I was murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing that from them that the whole world could not make up to them; but on I went.—Oh that I could bring back that hour!

The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb up them. The rooks are cawing among the high elm trees by the church. I wonder whether they are the same rooks. There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel there is no home for me.

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat; but father is not sitting there. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bed-room window: my mother's not looking out of it now. That cry! that cry!

I see how it is. They are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor the thatch fall in; and my mother and my sister never stuffed that straw through the broken panes.

I'll rap at the door, any how. How hollow it sounds! No body stirs. All is as silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. It's an empty house, that's clear. Ten long years! How could I expect it to be otherwise! I can bear hard work, and hunger and thirst; but I can't bear this!

The elderberry is in blossom as it was when I ran away, and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running up to the window that my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she would hear me.

It's of no use stopping here! I'll cross the churchyard, and see if the clerk lives where he did; but he won't know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away; but the sun has made it of another color. How narrow the path is between the graves! It used to be wider, at least I thought so: no matter! The old sundial I see is standing there yet. The last time I was in that church my father was with me; and the text was, "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."—(Prov. i. 8.) Oh, what a curse do we

bring upon us when we despise God's holy word!

My uncle lies under the yew tree there, and he had a gravestone. Here it is. It's written all over now, quite to the bottom: "*In memory of Humphrey Hayercroft.*" But what is the name under? "*Walter Hayercroft!*" My father! my father! "*And Mary his Wife.*" Oh! my mother! and are you both gone? God's hand is heavy upon me! I feel it in my heart and soul!

And there's another name yet, and it's freshly cut. "*Esther Hayercroft, their daughter, aged 24.*" My father! my mother! and my sister! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was

wrecked! I deserved it. What is the world to me now! I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobedience; the words come home to me now: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and young eagles shall eat it."—Prov. xxx.

But yet I recollect how my dear father and mother used to point us to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.—"There is no refuge beside," said my mother; "Christ is able and willing to save you." I paid but little attention to these words once; oh, may I never forget them now!

WHO ARE THE HAPPY?

BY S. S. S.

IN the wanderings of life, this question frequently arises in the mind. When we look back to childhood, we consider that the greatest happiness earth could afford was enjoyed then. When children, our young fancy would paint in brightest colors the happiness we should enjoy if we were only arrived at maturity. Then, free, too free from care, we aspired to the responsible station of elder sisters or mothers, little knowing how the cares that come with years would bear down and make heavy the heart. Youth was to Sophia a bright, a glad, a glorious season. She trod lightly the path in company with a loved cousin, Eliza, whose age, thoughts and feelings were congenial with her own. But a few of those precious years did they spend under the roof of their parents, before their hearts were touched with the wand of a new, undreamed-of bliss, the joy which only youth, and youth only once experiences. They almost vied with each other in their adoration of their chosen ones. This was happiness! yes, how blissful! But did it long continue? Within a few fleeting months that loved cousin was laid on a bed of severe suffering, from which she was relieved only when death came and beckoned her away. With a disappointed heart she bade adieu to earthly friends and earthly happiness. But she had graciously granted her another kind of happiness. She was able to say in the face of all these disappointments to her Heavenly Father, "Thy will be done." There was no need

then of asking, "Whence comes happiness," for each said, "It is from above." Sadly and sorrowfully they laid her away, and oh! many hearts bled in pity for her parents, that their only daughter, the only sister of seven sons, should be torn from their arms; and for that mourner, her chosen one, who walked nearest the precious remains as they bore them to their last resting-place. How fleeting were his visions of happiness, how early blasted! Sophia's intended was spared to her, but there was a dread, a burden, a feeling that she must not call him all her own, for death might also sever them. This loss of her early friend and the fear for the loss of her remaining ones, was the beginning of sorrow to her. It was the first blight, and her heart almost withered under it. But the spirit of youth is elastic, and although there will remain a lasting, sad memory of the departed, it will spring back to its wonted buoyancy again, and so be prepared for the coming conflicts of life.

Twelve months and more passed, and Sophia went forth to make glad the heart of him she loved, while she left sorrowing hearts at the parental fireside. How is the cup of bliss mingled with the bitterest drops! how nearly do the broken and the most joyous hearts meet at such a time as this! Sad, almost cruel it seemed for her, the youngest and the last, to leave the home of those aged parents. Yet, my readers, there was a principle there of true happiness, living in their bosoms, which made that separation tol-

erable. That principle was certainly not of an earthly growth. It was that religion which teaches us to love God with all our hearts and our fellow creatures as ourselves. Acting upon this principle, is felt in the pain of separation, a willingness to submit to the guidance of Providence in all things. She carried this living principle with her, for a bride cannot be too happy to need the assistance of religion to complete her happiness. She learned early the truth that happiness could not be complete without the foundation principle for a basis. And well it was for her that she had made herself familiar with this lesson. For a year all passed as the vision of a beautiful dream to her. Then, to add to the pleasure, was given her a sweet little daughter. Two months glided by, during which time she bore the loved title of 'mother' with pride; but then, O! then! came her second trial. Her child was ill, *very* ill; *must* she part with her! "O! God, spare!" cried she, "spare me the pang! Spare my first-born, for the *thought* of her dying seems to tear my heart-strings." At the first she was almost inconsolable, but soon saw that the separation was inevi-

table, then she bethought her, that the Lord's hand was performing His will; then came her consolation. "O Lord, if it be thy will, take her though it break my heart, for thus will I learn the more earnestly to trust in Thee." She learned that if she allowed her affections too strongly to be placed upon her cherished ones the Lord would not spare them, but would take the lambs and carry them in His bosom, that the mother might more closely follow Him. She gave it up, and then she felt, after the little cherub had put on its spirit wings and flown away, that she had a tie to bind her to heaven that she had never before felt. Religion was her happiness then. Since, bright and prosperous years have flown over her head, gladdened with the presence of other little smiling faces, and also, sore adversity has visited her; but with all this experience so varied, written in the history of her life, she says that true happiness is to be found alone in having at all times the presence of a heavenly spirit, daily sought in prayer, from the Blessed Saviour, and that they who thus live *are the happy*.

REST.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

WHAT unavailing search hast thou!
Remediless the doom that presses on thee!
Unconquerable fate hath will'd and won thee!
No Lotus flowers shall ever bind thy brow,
And with a soothing influence fold thy Thought
From weariness like this to-day hath brought!
Cry not, look not, for Rest.
Cry thou no more for rest,
Let earth, Unfortunate! in agony
Give utterance, she must, to the sad sigh
Which is her Law of Motion:
Her heart may well grow faint, throb wearily;
But oh for thee, 'tis worse than weak for thee
To totter towards the notion
That thou canst ever find in SILENCE, Rest!

Stand fast, ye tremulous Hopes!
Be still, distracting Doubts, and nameless Fears!
Closed be this fount of weak and worthless Tears:
From wandering down the slopes
Where, in sweet vision, vanished childhood stands,
Come, truant Thought, and grasp the stalwart hands
That wait to lead thee far
Where Toil's rewardings are!

Come thankfully, and on!
Behold, the morning sun
Is mounting to his throne, and all that height
So sweet to dream of, and so grand to climb,
Is rising up before thee full in sight!
Woe to the laggard of this trial time!
Cry MISERERE, soul, o'er work undone!

Oh Rest! what dreaming! Rest?
ESCAPELESS CURSE! that on the centuries
Fell at their birth, and was not stay'd for cries
That human nature rais'd, we only dream
Of a redemption from thee!

In the West
We look rejoicing—lo—a setting sun!
And then we say, so shall our work be done!
But while the mighty hope
Glows through our being scope,
Behold, oh weary one, the eastern gleam!
Behold the dawning of another day!
So can we only cry, Great God! . . . and say
SHALL WE NOT REST FOR EVER?
It was my spirit's cry in desolate need—
I only heard, take heed, brave soul, take heed,
God's Spirit answer, "NEVER!"

NIGHT AT MISSOLONGHI.

A SKETCH.

THE sun had sunk behind the dark waters. The golden light that bathed the hill-top and vale, and the sparkling waves, was quenched. Night had thrown her many-gemmed robe over the heavens, mirrored in all its beauty by the sleeping sea. At length a yet darker pall began to overspread the earth. The clouds, as they slowly rose above the dark horizon, pile upon pile—the lightnings glancing across their dark edges, and revealing their massive folds, plainly betokened the approaching storm. The wind swept in fitful gusts across the now heaving waters, until the roar of the surges mingled with the howling of the storm in awful harmony.

Such was the evening of the 19th of April, 1824, and on that eve it was, that Missolonghi contained the death-bed of one whose name shall not cease to live until the earth shall cease to roll its round, and the music of the spheres shall be hushed. On a low couch, surrounded by one or two weeping friends, lay the pale and dying sufferer. He was a peer of England, and in his veins flowed the blood of the proudest of her aristocracy. He had revelled in wealth; he had drained the cup of pleasure; he had bound upon his brow the laurel wreath of fame, and now an exile from the land of his fathers, without mother, sister, wife or child to soothe his dying pillow, he is writhing under the cold hand of death. His had been a soul of no ordinary stamp. Not content to be known because his fathers were, he had aspired to taste the cup of fame himself, and he had drained it to its dregs. It was not the bloody wreath of the warrior that encircled his brow; the statesman's civic crown he had never worn; but he swayed a power that the sword can never win; he had reached an eminence where kings might be proud to do him homage. He had courted the muses. In his youth he had been a devotee at their shrine, and when the merciless lash of criticism was laid, he quailed not. He met insult with insult, and scorn with scorn, until the haughty reviewers cowered before the demon they had raised. And then, as one brilliant production after another flashed from a mind

though nations gazed, as upon a meteor flashing athwart the darkness of the night with a splendor too glorious for mortal sight. But the loftiest mark is most exposed. The towering mountain is hoary and bare, while the vale below is green with verdure.

As the storm sweeps by, the lordly oak is stripped and shivered, while the sapling blooms unscathed.

The noble bard could not escape the meed of greatness. His conduct was not unexceptionable, but the cup that was presented to him was filled full and running over. A tempest of calumny and reproach was poured upon his devoted head, and he, who had been the idol of admiring myriads, was made a scorn and a by-word. Did he quail then? His mighty mind manned its energies for a fiercer opposition. He went forth from the land of his fathers, and flung his defiance in the teeth of a persecuting world. Then surrendering himself to the dominion of his dark and terrible passions—his mind, like some mighty ruin, over which the storm had swept until everything beautiful and bright had passed away, and nothing left but the massive walls, scorched and blackened by the lightning's scathing power—he poured forth upon the world those numbers, the offspring of his bitterest agony, scorn and misanthropy. Men looked upon him as a comet, throwing its bloody tresses across the heavens—an omen of war, pestilence and death. His poetry was never the picture of beauty, innocence or happiness.

Every portrayal of loveliness was shadowed with the sombre tint of misery or guilt. Whenever a landscape bright with the glowing colors of beauty meets the eye, hovering in the distance are seen the dark forms of scowling demons, eager to blight and destroy. Nature he would paint, but it was amid darkness and storm that she seemed most lovely. Man stands forth upon his canvas in bold relief. But it is the same demon form we everywhere behold—a being of the fiercest passions—an embodiment of intellectual power that gods might envy—of high, unconquerable pride, that the apostate angel might copy,—of reckless daring and fearful guilt, that the spirits of the damned might quail at. Woman,

"That stooped to touch
The loftiest thought, and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse,"

too, he pictured in his burning lines. But the skeleton form of death is dimly seen under the mask of beauty, and the dagger gleams amid the folds of the robe that floats around maddening loveliness. In the perusal of his works, the soul is often carried to a startling elevation; but it is not that towering, majestic sublimity which characterizes the greatest of England's bards. The forms of the latter are like the cloudless heavens—their clear blue depths glittering with the light of the rolling orbs in unmeasured distance. The works of the former are like those same heavens shrouded in the gloom of the tempest, and illumined only by the lightning's lurid blaze. All the creations of his fancy were colored with the hue of his own dark soul, but it was this very fact that in a great degree gave him his power. He was possessed of the noblest talents, the finest susceptibilities, the strongest passions, and pride that brooked insult from none. Such was his character, fitted alike for the most exalted happiness or the most profound misery. The latter had been his lot. His works had been sneered at, his love had been slighted, his wife and children torn from his bosom, without the least opportunity for explanation or reconciliation, and he spurned from society. What course should he now pursue? Should he bend to the storm and kiss the rod that men had raised over his head? Others might have done so, but not he. His noble spirit scorned to crouch to a fellow-worm, and he, within his own mind, sought for sympathy and companionship that were denied by his fellows. His was a life of misery. He scorned the world, and he wrote that scorn in letters of fire. His passions were untamed and untamable, and he depicted those passions with a power that causes every cord in the human soul to thrill with horror. His own character and situation it was, then, which continually forced upon his mind the idea of being possessed of the loftiest powers of intellect,

swayed by the most violent passions, trampling in scorn and defiance upon all the opinions and prejudices of mankind, and the prey of remediless misery; for such a being was himself. Men, indeed, learned to admire and bow before his genius, but they could not recall the past; and he lived on, pouring forth those wild strains—the music tones of that wilder harp, his own dark soul. But human nerves and sinews could never stand the fire that was burning in his bosom. His constitution was destroyed in the prime of life, like some ponderous machine racked and shattered by the power of its own jarring movements. He built his own funeral pyre, and flinging himself upon it, kindled a flame that threw its lurid gleams over the earth. At length, "binding the wreath of his lyre upon his sword," he determined to consecrate his life and fortune for the defence of Greece. He went to Missolonghi. A suffering and struggling nation hailed his approach with rapture. In four short months he was laid upon his dying bed. What must have been the thoughts that filled his bosom in that last hour, when the soul upon the boundary line of life turns to take its last farewell of earth, ere it plunge into the dark gulf of eternity! What must have been the agony that started the cold sweat on that pale and lofty brow, as the ghosts of departed years flitted before his view, and the herald phantoms of a coming world danced like spectres of fire around his soul! Still the same proud spirit was there. He defied the world while living—he defied death while dying. And amid the war of elements and the roar of the tempest, in darkness and storm, the dark and stormy spirit of BYRON winged its way to the bar of its Maker. His remains were borne across the dark, wild seas to his native land, and there, "amid pomp and splendor, his bier emblazoned with the trappings of heraldry, they laid his gorgeous coffin in the tomb of his knightly fathers."

FAIRY LAND.

When violet odors fill the air,
When May is pink in hedge and lea,
Wild-yearnings seize me unaware,
And dim old longings wake in me—
And I believe in fairy land.

When sunset fades along the west,
In blue, and green, and lilac bowers,
I hear the trumpets of the blest,
Blown from those old forgotten towers—
And I believe in fairy land.

When summer comes with bloom and leaf,
And looks and laughs through wavering trees;
When crimson peach and golden sheaf
Hang ripening in the sun and breeze—
Then I believe in fairy land.

When kindness half would look like love,
In eyes that give, yet veil their light;
When song and fragrance float above,
And casements open on the night—
Then I believe in fairy land.

COUSIN MARY ROSE;

OR, A CHILD'S FIRST VISIT.

BY GEORGIANA MAY SYKES.

How capricious is memory, often retaining through life trivial and transient incidents, in all the freshness of minute details, while of far more important events, where laborious effort has been expended to leave a fair and lasting record, but faint and illegible traces frequently remain!

Far back in my childhood, so far that I am at a loss where to place it, is a little episode, standing so far apart from the main purport of its history, that I do not know how it happened, or whether the original impression was deepened by its subsequent recurrence. This was a visit to the village of W——, the home of my Cousin Mary Rose.

I remember distinctly the ride; short it must have been, since it was but four or five miles from home, but it seemed long to me then. There was great elation of spirits on my part, and no particular excitement, but a very sedate pace on the part of our old horse, to whose swinging gait a monotonous creaking of the old-fashioned chaise kept up a steady response, not unharmonious, as it was connected in my mind with the idea of progress. I remember the wonders of the way, particularly my awe of a place called Folly Bridge, where a wide chasm, filled with many scattered rocks, and the noisy gurgle of shallow water, had resulted from an attempt to improve upon the original ford. Green fields, and houses with neat door-yards, thickened at last into a pretty village, with a church and school-house, stores and workshops. Then, turning from the main street, near the church, we took a quiet lane, which soon brought us to a pause, where our wheels indented the turf of a green slope, before the gate of a long, low dwelling, half buried in ancient lilac trees. This was the home of Aunt Rose, who, though no veritable aunt of mine, was one of those choice spirits, "to all the world akin," around whose memory lingers the fragrance of deeds of kindness. Here, by special invitation, I had come on a visit—my *first* visit from home.

I had passed through no small excitement in the prospect of that event. I had anxiously

watched every little preparation made for it, and my own small packing had seemed momentous. I felt to the full the dignity of the occasion. The father and mother, the brothers and sisters, the inseparable and often tedious nursery maid, Harriet, were all left behind.

I stood for the first time on my individual responsibility among persons of whom I had known but little. The monotony of home life was broken in upon, and my eyes and ears were both open to receive new impressions. Doubtless the careful mother, who permitted me to be placed in this new situation, was well satisfied that I should be subjected only to good influences; but had they been evil, I should certainly have been lastingly affected by them, since everything connected with the house and its inmates, the garden, the fields, the walks in the village, lives still a picture of vivid hues.

What induced the family to desire my company, I do not know; I have an idea that I was invited because, like many other good people, they liked the company of children, and in the hope that I might contribute to the element of home-cheerfulness, with which they liked to surround their only daughter, my Cousin Mary Rose, whose tall shadowy figure occupies in my recollections, as it did in reality, the very centre of this household group. That she was an invalid, I gather from many remembered trifles, such as the constant consideration shown for her strength in walks and rides, the hooks in the ceiling from which her swing-chair had formerly hung (at which I used to gaze, thinking it *such* a pity that it had ever been removed), her quiet pursuits, and her gentle, and rather languid manner. She must have been simple and natural, as well as refined in her tastes, and of a delicate neatness and purity in her dress. If she was a rose, as her name would indicate, it must have been a white rose; but I think she was more like a spotless lily.

There was her father, of whom I remember little, except that he slept in his large arm-chair at noontide, when I was fain to be quiet, and that he looked kindly and chatted pleasantly

with me, as I sat on his knee at twilight. I found my place at once in the household. If I had any first feelings of strangeness to be overcome, which is probable, as I was but a timid child, or if I wept any tears under deserved reproof, or was in any trouble from childish indiscretions, the traces of these things have all vanished; nothing remains but the record of long summer days of delight.

Up and down, in and out, I wandered, at will, within certain limits. An old cider-mill (for such things were in New England) in the orchard, was the remotest verge in one direction; to sit near it, and watch the horse go slowly round and round, and chat with Chauncey, the youngest son of the house, who was superintending it, was a great pleasure; but most of my out-of-door enjoyments were solitary. I think this must have given a zest to them, for at home I was seldom alone. I was one of a little troop of brothers and sisters, whose pleasures were all *plays*, gregarious and noisy. It was a new thing to be so quiet, and to give my still fancies such a range.

I was never weary of watching the long processions of snow-white geese, moving along the turfy sides of the road, solemn and stately, each garnished with that awkward appendage, the "*poke*," which seemed to me very cruel, since, in my simplicity, I believed that the perpendicular rod in the centre passed, like a spit, directly through the bird's neck. Then, how inexhaustible were the resources of the flower garden, on the southern side of the house, into which a door opened from the parlor, the broad semicircular stone doorsteps affording me a favorite seat.

What a variety of treasures were spread out before me there! larkspurs, from whose pointed nectaries I might weave "circles without end," varying the pattern of each by alternate proportions of blue and pink and white. There were foxgloves to be examined, whose depths were so mysteriously freckled; there were clusters of cowslips, and moss pinks to be counted. There were tufts of ribbon-grass to be searched as diligently as ever merchandise in later days, for perfect matches; there were morning-glories, and noon-sleeps, and four o'clocks, and evening primroses to be watched lest they might fail to be true to their respective hours in opening and shutting. There were poppies, from whose "diminished heads" the loose leaves were to be gathered in a basket, (for they might stain the apron,) and lightly spread in the garret for drying. There were ripe poppy-seeds to be shaken

out through the curious lid of their seed-vessel, in which a child's fancy found a curious resemblance to a *pepper-box*; I often forced it to serve as one in the imaginary feasts spread out on the doorstep, though there were no guests to be invited, except plenty of wandering butterflies, or an occasional humming-bird, whizzing about the crimson blossoms of the balm. Oh, the delights of Aunt Rose's flower garden!

Then, there were the chickens to be fed, and the milking of the cows to be "assisted at," and a chat enjoyed, meanwhile, with good-natured Nancy, the maid, to stand beside whose spinning wheel when, in an afternoon, she found time to set it in motion, herself arrayed in a clean gown and apron, was another great delight.

But my greatest enjoyments were found in Cousin Mary Rose's pleasant chamber, which always seemed bright with the sunshine. From its windows I looked out over fields of grain and fruitful orchards, and green meadows, sloping all the way to the banks of the blue Connecticut. I doubt if I had ever known before that there was any beauty in a prospect. There was plenty of pleasant occupation for me in that chamber. I had my little bench, on which I sat at her feet, and read aloud to her as she sewed, something which she had selected for me. Though I never had an opportunity of knowing her in years when I was more capable of judging of character (for we were separated first by distance, and now, alas, by death,) I am sure that she must at that time have been of more than the average taste and cultivation among young ladies. Sure I am that she opened to me many a sealed fountain. My range of reading had been limited to infant story books and easy school-lessons. She took from her book-shelves Cowper, and made me acquainted with his hares, *Tiny* and *Bess*, and enlisted my sympathies for his imprisoned bullfinch. She turned over many leaves of the *Spectator* and *Rambler*, till she found for me allegories and tales of Bagdad and Balsora, and showed me the Vision of Mirza, the Valley of Human Miseries and the Bridge of Human Life; I caught something of their meaning, though I could not grasp the whole, and became so enamored of them that, when I returned home, nothing would satisfy me but the loan of my favorites, that I might share the great pleasure of these wonderful stories with my friends there. How great was my surprise to find that the same books held a conspicuous place in the library at home!

The little pieces of needlework, too, which filled a part of every day, unlike the tedious,

never-ending patchwork of school, were pleasant. Cousin Mary Rose well understood how to make them so, when she coupled the setting of the delicate little stitches with the idea of doing a service or giving a pleasure to somebody. This was a bag for Nancy. To-morrow, it was a cravat for Chauncey. Now, this same Chauncey was my special delight, he being a lively youth of eighteen, the only son at home, with whom, after tea, I had always a merry race, or some inspiriting game of romps. And then, feat of all, came the hemming of a handkerchief for Mr. Williams.

But who was Mr. Williams?

I had no manner of idea who he was, or what relation he held to the family, which entitled him to come in unceremoniously at breakfast, dinner or tea-time, and gave him the privilege of driving my Cousin Mary Rose over hill and valley for the benefit of her health. In these rides I often had my share, for my little bench fitted nicely into the old-fashioned chaise, where I sat quietly between the two, looking out for wonders with which to interrupt the talk going on above my head. Not that the talk was altogether unintelligible to me. It often turned on themes of which I had heard much. It spoke of God, of heaven, of the goodness and love of the blessed Saviour, of the hopes and privileges of the Christian. I liked to hear it. There was no constraint in it. They might have talked of any thing else; but I knew they chose the topic because they liked it. I felt that they were true Christians, and that it was safe and good to be near them. Sometimes the conversation turned on earthly hopes and plans, and then it became less intelligible to me.

One ride, I remember, which occupied a long summer afternoon. We left home after an early dinner, and wound our way over hills rocky and steep, from which we would catch views of the river, keeping always near its bank, till we came to Mr. Williams' own home, or rather that of his mother. What a pleasant visit was that! How Mr. Williams' mother and sisters rejoiced over our coming! What a pet they made of me! and how much they seemed inclined to pet my Cousin Mary Rose! I have an indistinct idea of a faint flush passing now and then over the White Rose. What a joyous, bountiful time it was! Such pears, and peaches, and apples as were heaped upon the occasion! How social and cheerful was the gathering around the tea-table, lavishly spread with dainties!

How golden and glorious looked the hills, the rees, and the river, in the last rays of the setting

sun, as we started from the door on our return! How the sunset faded to twilight, and the dimness gave place to the light of the rising moon, long before we reached the door, where anxious Aunt Rose was watching for us! How much talk there was with the old people about it all; for I suspect that, in their life of rare incidents, it was the custom to make much of every thing that occurred. What an unlading there was of the chaise-box, and bringing to light of peaches and pears, which kept the journey in remembrance for many days after!

When the Sabbath came, I walked hand in hand with her to the village church. There was much there to distract my attention, particularly in that rare sight, the ample white wig (the *last of the wigs* of Connecticut!) on the head of the venerable minister, who, though too infirm for much active service, still held his place in the pulpit; but I listened with all my might, intent on hearing something which I might remember, and repeat to please Cousin Mary Rose; for I knew that she would expect me to turn to the text, and would question me whether I had understood it.

I cannot tell how long afterwards it was, for months and years are not very different in the calendar of childhood, when I was surprised with the announcement that a change had come over Cousin Mary Rose. She was changed to Mrs. Williams, and had gone with her husband, I think, to the South.

I doubt if any trace of the family is still to be found in the pleasant village which was their home. The parents have gone to their rest. The younger members removed long ago to the distant West.

My Cousin Mary Rose, for many years a happy and useful wife, has at last found, in some part of the great western valley, a peaceful grave. I do not know the spot where she lies, but I would fain twine around it these little blossoms of grateful remembrance.

There is a moral in this slight sketch which I wish to impress on the *daughters* who read this Magazine. It is, that their influence is greater than they may suppose. Children read the purpose, the motive of conduct, and understand the tenor of character; they are attracted by feminine grace and refinement; they are keen admirers of personal beauty, and they can be won by goodness and gentleness. Never, dear young friends, overlook or treat with indifference a child thrown in your way. You may lose by it a choice opportunity of conferring happiness and lasting benefit.

Norwich, Conn.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

THE CLOSING YEAR.—The old year of 1852 is drawing to a close. Its dim shadows begin to curtain the east and spread their sable pall over all created nature. If permitted to live, we shall soon come to its tomb, to behold its issue, and to perform its last sepulchral rites, the closing up of its many joyous or sombre days, weeks and months, that have sped rapidly past, like shadows over the plains. How brief the interim of time that falls between the precincts of Anno Domini 1852 and 1853!

How crowded with events of vast moment to the busy family of man! How many pains and sorrows, how many conflicts and heart-burnings, and how many joys and comforts to many who have endeavored to lead a pure and holy life!

And should not the experiences of days past lead us to seek for the life that is practicable and profitable; to aim for higher and holier attainments; to learn our weakness and dependence and need of the wisdom that comes from above?

There is One who rules among the nations, and who will carry out His own plans and purposes, whatever human interests intervene or be overshadowed.

The finger of Providence marks the destiny of men, and strikes down the loved, the hopeful and the mighty. The past year is particularly noted for the demise of distinguished men—statesmen, philosophers and divines. The great, the gifted, the young and the old, as well as others, have been paralyzed by the power of the King of Terrors. He is no respecter of persons. We can hope they were prepared. We can pray that the living may be profited by the solemn and frequent admonitions.

How befitting to record the many mercies of the year, and note the divine and beneficent hand that has been extended toward us for our own personal good! Let us inquire what we have done, and what we have left undone; whom we have benefited, and whom we might have benefited.

Life has one aim and one object. This is plain to all. We will only say that it is so great and momentous that it dwarfs all other objects and eclipses every temporal interest.

Whether we have done well or done ill in our direction of a Christian Parlor Magazine our friends must judge. We hope our numerous

readers have been profited by their association with a literary and religious Magazine of this high character. Our unsparing efforts to make a good and profitable monthly, we trust, are not overlooked. We believe we have sent out some things tasteful, sparkling, and well adapted to American literary circles, communications from the best minds, from our most popular authors. We have sought to be safe, practical and useful; and from various sources we have evidence that our efforts are not unappreciated.

We may inquire of the readers of this Magazine whether the efforts we make to produce a rich, tasty, and useful monthly, will be duly appreciated, and those who contribute to its pages be rewarded with the satisfaction that their literary and moral labors in this department are making a practical and salutary impression upon the minds of others. The work is not only enlarged, but it is filled principally with articles of original composition from the pens of first-class writers, who expect a good reward, and who deserve full compensation for all their services.

We hope our list will be enlarged as it merits, through the influence of the press who notice us, or through the influence of friends who know and appreciate the worth of religious literature.

We would have another year open with brighter hopes, and extend the influence of this Magazine over a wider field of usefulness, as a matter of deep interest to the cause of purity and truth.

SCENERY IN THE MOUNTAINS.—The pleasure-loving and pleasure-travelling public are no where better feasted with the sublime, than in a passage on the Erie Railroad. Rushing up between the stupendous mountain gorges of this section of the State, the eye can hardly grasp a more beautiful scenery than fills it from an elevated position on the highest grade of this mammoth road. Looking from such a point of observation upon the vast mountain ranges and peaks of various sizes which rise like mighty ocean waves that sweep all around you, and then again bid you look into their chasms, you get a feeling of the sublime that awes you more than old Ocean's roll, or almost any spectacle the eye can witness. Casting a glance down the deep banks of the serpen-

tine silvery stream, you may see sometimes the bounding deer, waked up by the fiery chariot that dashes over its pathway, fording or bounding over the crystal waters for the opposite shore. You may sometimes see in this uncultivated region, rural districts of growing promise and of peculiar interest. For miles you are taken along the line of the Hudson and Delaware Canal, which sends down its thousands of tons of coal to our great city. You witness the passage of the canal boats, you see the evidences of human progress, the marks of skill and enterprise. All along the line of the road are changes and improvements for the better. The autumnal frosts have given a beautifully variegated aspect to the looks of the forest trees, and remind all of the sere autumn of life, and teach us truly that "we all do fade as a leaf;" while the evergreen that predominates teaches the immortality of man's destiny, whose spirit is never dashed by the dreaded influence of annihilation, whose active and energizing faculties are ever fresh and vigorous this side and beyond the line of his probationary state.

This road is a great highway between the western lakes and our mighty metropolis. While the Atlantic cities are enriched by such an Alpine passage, the western part of the State is wonderfully benefited, and made fat with abundant prosperity. Its stores of provisions here find a ready market, and her reciprocal interests are constantly promoted.

We like the generous-hearted President, the frank and out-spoken Superintendent, and the Sub-manager under their care. The whole road, with its co-operating branches, is now enjoying a tide of successful prosperity, and must continue to rise in prosperity till it becomes a fancy stock difficult to be purchased.

This Railroad Company have recently forbid entirely the sale of intoxicating drinks in any of the refreshment houses along the road, or on any of the grounds of the company, and absolutely refuse employment to any person who makes use of such drinks. This is a far more effective temperance measure than the passage of a Maine Law would be.

The friends of temperance will hail this as an omen of vast benefit to the cause of humanity, and all must feel themselves in safer and better hands than ever before. In addition to this, we hope every means will be used to prevent an unnecessary desecration of the Lord's day, which soulless corporations are so willing to neglect and profane.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—Concerning the death of this great man—this man of high intellectual endowments, and far-sweeping influence over the minds of men, over the destinies of other nations—the papers of the day have said much, and left little to be said. We simply introduce his views of the evidences of Christianity, by remarking that he seemed on all occasions to be well posted on all the doctrines of the Christian Religion. As to his love of holiness and fitness for heaven, we can say nothing.

A correspondent of the Congregational Journal gives an account of an interesting conversation with Mr. Webster, which we quote, as decidedly interesting.

"Besides the exhibition of his bold and impregnable position with respect to the evidence of Christianity, his remarks suggest a lesson to the clergy on an *effective* style of preaching which is greatly needed, and the value of which can scarcely be over estimated.

"Mr. Webster seldom introduces political topics, but generally such as are appropriately scientific, literary, or religious. He never seems more at home than when discoursing upon the lofty themes which employed the thoughts of inspired prophets and anointed kings of old. He quotes the sublime language of Job, Isaiah, and Solomon, and 'gives the sense,' too, with an emphasis and beauty seldom exhibited in the sacred desk. He admires the orators of Greece and Rome, but deems them

"Far beneath the prophets
As men divinely taught, and better teaching.
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unequalled style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome;
In them is plainest taught and earliest learnt
What makes a nation happy and keeps it so."

"A few evenings since, sitting by his own fireside, after a day of severe labor in the Supreme Court, Mr. Webster introduced the last Sabbath's sermon, and discoursed in animated and glowing eloquence for an hour on the great truths of the Gospel. I cannot but regard the opinion of such a man in some sense as public property. This is my apology for attempting to recall some of those remarks which were uttered in the privacy of the domestic circle.

"Said Mr. Webster: Last Sabbath I listened to an able and learned discourse upon the evidences of Christianity. The arguments were drawn from prophecy, history, with internal evidence. They were stated with logical accuracy and force; but, as it seemed to me, the clergyman failed to draw from them the right conclusion. He came so near the truth that I was astonished he missed it. In summing up his arguments, he said the only alternative presented by these evidences is this: either Christianity is true, or it is a delusion produced by an excited imagination. Such is not the alternative, said the critic; but it is this, the Gospel is either *true history*, or it is a *consummate fraud*; it is either *reality*, or an *imposition*. Christ was what he professed to be, or he was an impostor. There is no other alternative. His spotless life, his earnest enforcement of the truth, his suffering in its defence, forbids us to suppose that he was following an illusion of a heated brain. Every act of his pure and holy life shows that he was the author of truth, the advocate of truth, and the uncompromising sufferer for truth. Now, considering the purity of his doctrines, the simplicity of his life and the sublimity of his death, is it possible that he would have died for an

illusion? In all his preaching the Saviour made no popular appeals. His discourses were all directed to the individual. Christ and his apostles sought to impress upon every man the conviction that he must stand or fall alone, he must live for himself and die for himself, and give up his account to the omniscient God as though he were the only dependent creature in the universe. The Gospel leaves the individual sinner alone with himself and his God. To his own master he stands or falls. He has nothing to hope from the aid and sympathy of associates. The deluded advocates of new doctrines do not so preach. Christ and his apostles, had they been deceivers, would not have so preached. If clergymen in our day would return to the simplicity of the Gospel, and preach more to individuals and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. Many of the ministers at the present day take their text from St. Paul and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying: You are mortal; your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily, you are immortal too. You are hastening to the bar of God, the Judge standeth before the door. When I am thus admonished, I have no disposition to muse or to sleep. These topics, said Mr. Webster, have often occupied my thoughts; and if I had time I would write upon them myself.

"The above remarks are but a meagre and imperfect abstract, from memory, of one of the most eloquent sermons to which I ever listened."

FEMALES IN RUSSIA.—The following picture drawn from life in Russia will impress more sensibly the minds of our countrywomen with the lofty distinction between the same sex in the two nations, Russia and America. Our Christian institutions, so nobly achieved, so rich in their influence, lay the weaker sex under obligations of gratitude to the Being who distinguishes their lot, and should call them to labor for the diffusion of those sentiments which make a community religious, virtuous, and happy. Such is the contrast, that it is difficult to bring the mind to credit the inhumanities, the atrocities and crimes that are practised where Christianity has been shorn of its salutary influence, where beastly vices know no limit.

"Owing to the enormous consumption of the army, the female population of Russia greatly exceeds that of the males. Women are of little value; the banks will only advance money upon the male serfs, counting others as over and above. We are at a loss for words to describe, without offence, the demoralizing effect of these things. The master—not so often the lord as the agent or overseer—who tyrannizes over the wretched people—enslaves his own brother, sells his sister, and often his daughters, into a servitude worse than death. The lash—the universal punishment or stimulant—is not spared to women. A French gentleman, who was travelling through Russia, was thrown into prison at Moscow, without a shadow of pretext. Day after day, the wretched serfs, whose masters sent them to be flogged by the obliging police, were brought before the grating of his dungeon, to which he was drawn by some invisible attraction—some spell of terror. The sights he witnessed, and the sounds he heard, had such an effect

upon his brain, that he became nearly idiotic. One day, two young girls, milliners, scarcely twenty years old, were sent by their mistress to be flogged. They were torn with the rod. They writhed and shrieked for mercy. At the sight of the bleeding bodies of these unhappy girls, whose sinews were laid open with each stroke, the Frenchman could hardly keep himself from fainting. At length the flogging ceased, but not till one of the girls fell, bathed in blood, and dying, to the earth. Another traveller in Russia, hearing, one morning, the cries of intensest suffering from a number of women who were being flogged, could not restrain his tears. The lady of the house, finding him in this state, and not understanding that the sight of such torments could so move him, informed him that it was entirely from kindness and attention to a stranger, that she had ordered eighty of her servants to be flogged for neglecting to gather wild strawberries for his breakfast.

"The last instance we can find space to give of the utter disregard for the rights of humanity in the treatment of the Russian population is the forcible carrying off of young children. The Emperor sets the example, and carries off the children of Poles and Jews by hundreds, in pursuit of a remorseless policy directed against the two races. 'The nobles carry off children not only for pleasure,' says M. Michelet, 'but also as a means of speculation. We will cite as an example one who trained up whole troops of dancers, some of whom he exhibited in the theatres of Moscow, and sold others, at high prices, to those nobles who amused themselves with operatic performances in their own mansions.' We need do no more to demonstrate the universal corruption and debasement that pervade society under the most perfect form of absolute government."

USE OF TOBACCO.—No person has written more or better on tobacco, than Dr. Tabor, of Shelburne Falls. He has treated it in all its forms, and therefore the literature of tobacco has been a fruitful topic in his hands. We had thought that he had exhausted the subject, so that no more could be said not already familiar to the reading public. Somebody, however, has written what is called the diary of a clergyman who was greatly addicted to both chewing and smoking, which is excessively amusing, while it inculcates the inconvenience of the practice to the individual who is a slave to the habit. Not a word in regard to the effects on the salivary apparatus is introduced, beyond now and then an inference very naturally drawn from the narrative. At the close of the diary, is an appeal to the ladies, by the Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., respecting the wrongs they endure from the common use of tobacco, which are set forth in a new aspect. He argues that sleeping with a tobacco consumer actually affects the health of a person who does not use the article. This has not before occurred to us, but on examination of the facts, there appears some reason in the statement. There are so many anti-associations in New-England, having in contemplation revolutions in habits, morals and sentiments, that a mere catalogue of them shows that the chart of

their proposed reformation is immense. Those who have given in to half of them, must be very good people, if conforming to the requirements and demands of each strengthens one's claim to that distinction. Smoking and chewing are attacked with vigor, but with what success remains to be ascertained. Our climate is certainly unfavorable to the practise of these habits, and physicians have never hesitated to proclaim this truth. That various indications of bad health have their origin in the excessive consumption of tobacco, is not denied; but since reason is given men to guide them in the use of the bounties of Providence, to that monitor and the persevering efforts of reformers, we relinquish the field of the anti-tobacco crusade—with a simple expression of the belief that those who use the least tobacco are the best off.

FARMER AND MECHANIC.—This valuable weekly is in the hands of enterprising and business-like men, and enjoying increasing prosperity. It is filled with information suited to all families, and adapted to almost all the variety of wants of a reading public. The Farmer will find much to instruct and please him; and the Mechanic will therein increase greatly the store of his knowledge.

We are happy to find that the excellent editors and proprietors are encouraged in their literary and scientific labors in this department by the patronage of the wise and the good, by the members of our legislatures and of the honorable senators and House of Representatives, and some of the ex-presidents, who forward their voluntary testimonials of its excellence and great utility. May they and it long live and prosper.

MRS. L. G. ABELL.—We are called to record the death of this valuable Christian lady, whose wide circle of acquaintances and connections mourn her demise, and whom multitudes who have been familiar with her writings in various periodicals, will wish could have been spared yet longer to do good, as she loved to do it.

This highly beloved and respected lady died on the 4th of September, and her departure from earth will throw the sable pall of mourning around a bereaved and much afflicted family circle and other friends.

Several works from her pen we understand are soon to be issued, which will exhibit more truly her worth, and bless, we trust, more generally than in a less permanent form, the multitudes of this reading age.

We insert on another page of this Magazine a

piece of hers on the Dying Girl, which on this occasion will be read with no little interest. We refer our readers to the back numbers of our Magazine to her various pieces of composition, to show the shining qualities of her mind, and the noble and generous impulses of heart. May her mantle fall on another worthy of her honors and her fame.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING.—Exhibits the spirit of curiosity which is said to predominate among the weaker sex. If this is true, it is capitably depicted by the artist.

This faculty or talent may, if rightly used, produce great good, and be truly pronounced a most valuable gift. Moses was by this spirit led aside to behold the BURNING BUSH, and we can realize how he was profited by the circumstance.

We all need an appropriate measure of this blessing, and we are bound by good philosophy not to let it so far rule us as to lead us to pry into others' letters, secrets, or sacred rights.

We should be curious to know what objects are worthy of pursuit, and what the great and most valuable end and object of our being.

TWENTY DISSUASIVES FROM DESPONDENCY.—The *Weekly Instructor* says:—1st. If you are distressed in mind—live; serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul. 2d. If you have been happy and cheerful—live; and diffuse that happiness to others. 3d. If misfortunes assail you by the faults of others—live; you have nothing where with to blame yourself. 4th. If misfortunes have arisen from your own misconduct—live; and be wiser in future. 5th. If you are indigent and helpless—live; the face of things, like the renewing seasons, may happily change. 6th. If you are rich and prosperous—live; and enjoy what you possess. 7th. If another has injured you—live; the crime will bring its own punishment. 8th. If you have injured another—live; and recompense good for evil. 9th. If your character be unjustly attacked—live; that you may see the aspersion disproved. 10th. If the reproaches be well founded—live; and deserve them not in future. 11th. If you be eminent and applauded—live; deserve the honors you have acquired. 12th. If your success be not equal to your merit—live; in the happy consciousness of having deserved it. 13th. If your success is beyond your merit—live; in thoughtfulness and humility. 14th. If you have been negligent and useless in society—live; and make amends. 15th. If you have been industrious and active—live; and communicate your improvement to others. 16th.

If you have spiteful enemies—live; and disappoint their malevolence. 17th. If you have kind and faithful friends—live; to protect them. 18th and 19th. If you have been wise and virtuous—live; for the benefit of mankind. 20th. If you hope for immortality—live; and prepare to enjoy it. 21st. If you ever expect to reach the mansion above, don't quarrel with your minister about everything being foreordained, but love everybody, whether they be enemies or not.

STRENGTH OF PREJUDICE.—The vile and reckless partisan may have little mercy for the victim of his hate, for the rival he would transcend, or the unsuccessful aspirant for the seat of power. The infidel may cast the shafts of envy and malice against the humble believer in Jesus, and wish to rid the world of the humble and the faithful. They who are wronged by a fellow-man may scrutinize carefully the conduct of those who would set themselves up as conservators, as wiser or better than themselves; but the bitter prejudice which one Christian exercises toward another, originating mainly in dislike, calls for an epithet which our language has yet failed to furnish. From sarcastic and persecuting enemies we can endure the scathing thunderbolts of wrath; but how can we brook the deadly sallies of those who profess to bow around the same common altar, and refresh themselves by the same spiritual nutriment? The great Adversary blinds the minds of good men, and leads them at times to commit the most egregious blunders.

Pride of station, love of ascendancy, haughtiness in prosperity, and self-will, urge men forward to deeds that they seem to pray they may avoid, to transgressions so flagrant that if another should do the same, or say the same against a friend, they would promptly condemn as unfitting them for the communion of the saints. How some Christians, who have been elevated to an honorable station in the Church, as guardians of the truth, and examples of the flock, can tower above their less favored brethren, and refuse them the common courtesies of life, is a problem that they alone are able to solve. In this world of sin and pride there are some things hard to be understood. * * * * *

* * * We would not bind men to observe rigidly all the customs and courtesies of life. We would not have them over punctilious and symmetric in all their habits, and manifestations of civilities; but we think them bound to study that science which would lead them to know an inferior, if they bear the image of the Saviour. Oh! what a catalogue of sins

shall be found enrolled against the many who practise so few of the precepts which they would set forth in words, and demonstrate as a pleasing theory! The age in which we live tends altogether toward obliquity in Christian society, and, among the best, dereliction in duty; but the faults of men will appear less sinful and objectionable when by heartiness of repentance they shed around them the savor of a God-like spirit, and prove a willingness to do right, whoever may continue to do wrong.

True greatness consists in a magnanimity of soul toward a rival, an opponent, or an inferior. It is an excellence which brings the king from the cushioned throne to bless his less fortunate subjects. The Queen of England manifests this noble trait in her condescension to her household, whom on the Sabbath she meets regularly to impart a knowledge of the Divine Word. Washington had this excellence, and elevated himself by the overflowing kindness of his heart toward all who came within the sweep of his happy influence. The greatest, the wisest, and the best have had this grace in exercise, as the noblest trait of their being. It is the example of Christ. It is the spirit of the Gospel; and happy will they be who are found so enriched and so Christ-like; so embalmed in the memory of the honest and virtuous of every class and condition of our times.

NORWICH ROUTE TO BOSTON.—Is peculiarly desirable at this season of the year, in preference to any of the routes over the Sound, which necessarily take the passengers too much out to sea. We dread the storms and winds which have occasioned so many disasters, and destroyed so many precious lives. Keep nearer land, and sleep sweetly and softly till summoned to "arise."

THE CORONAL AND YOUNG LADY'S REMEMBRANCE.—Is presumed to be the most valuable gift book of the season,—price three dollars. Any of our subscribers who forward two dollars with their subscription for another year, shall have a copy (which contains 354 pages) on most beautiful paper, with nine fine steel engravings, and capitally bound in small quarto form. Some of the writers are mentioned in the advertisement on another page.

MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS.—We acknowledge our obligations to the *MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS*, published by Mrs. WHITTELEY, for the selected article *COUSIN MARY ROSE*. The article is worthy of a wide circulation, and the magazine of a generous patronage.

SUMMER NIGHT DREAMS.

A SERENADE.

WORDS BY J. H. BROWN—DEDICATED TO MISS ALICE J. H. GOULD.

MUSIC BY OTIS H. WILMARTH.

Allegro.

p

Summer night

dreams—to my fair la - dy sleeping, Bring thee, in beau - ty, thy vis - ions most

bright! Come with thy charms when the winds, softly sweeping, Bear her sweet o - dors—the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' and the dynamics start with a piano (*p*) marking. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system includes the lyrics 'dreams—to my fair la - dy sleeping, Bring thee, in beau - ty, thy vis - ions most'. The third system includes the lyrics 'bright! Come with thy charms when the winds, softly sweeping, Bear her sweet o - dors—the'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand.

SUMMER NIGHT DREAMS.

breath of the night; Whisper, sweet dreams, that her own faithful lov-er Thro' the long, long

hours a lone vi - gil keeps, Praying fair spir-its a - round her may hover, Guarding the

couch where his "ladye-love" sleeps. Sva.

II.

Summer night dreams! when the damp dews are falling,
 When the stars shine so serenely above,
 Tell her he lingers around her dear dwelling,
 Watching the home of the maid of his love!
 Fanciful thoughts! leave ye not this fair maiden
 Till the moon fades with her silvery beams;
 With robes of bright light let thy visions be laden,
 When thou shalt visit her, summer night dreams!

BOOK NOTICES.

THE MOSS ROSE.—By CORNISH, LAMPART AND CO., No. 8 Park Place,—is a fine gift-book for the season.

THE FOREST. By J. V. HUNTINGTON, Author of "Lady Alice." J. S. REDFIELD.

The fame of the author will induce many to read "The Forest." The secret of his popularity is thought to lie in his descriptive and dramatic power.

We cannot vouch for the theology of the work, so full of absurd and skeptical notions. The author's taste is tarnished, or made to appear to disadvantage, from the bad odor of his theology.

Some redeeming traits are the beautiful and graphical delineations of our glorious and sublime forest scenery, and in the nice portraits of human character in the many persons of the story.

It should be read with care.

DAUGHTERS OF ZION. By Rev. S. D. BURCHARD, D.D. Published by JOHN S. TAYLOR, 143 Nassau Street.

This work can be highly commended in a variety of aspects. It leads the reader to study the Bible descriptions of some of the most important personages that ever figured in this world of sin. These portraits of human greatness and human frailty are true to life and profitable to ponder.

Separate chapters are devoted to Sarah, Rebekah, Miriam, Rahab, Jephtha's Daughter, Ruth, Esther, Bathsheba, Judith, the Virgin Mary, the Woman of Samaria, Martha, and Mary Magdalene. Such Scripture narratives, in chronological order, such outlines of Biblical history, are profitable and valuable for all. They relate to the family, advent, and mission of Christ, and concern the well-being of the whole human family. Those who have read the "Women of Israel and the Women of the Bible," cannot admire less this interesting volume.

In the description of persons there is not so great a scope for the range of the imagination as is often sought by the readers of romance and fiction, but, nevertheless, they afford the most substantial pictures for the adorning of the gallery of the moralist and the Christian.

We commend the work as especially attractive to the daughters of our modern Zion, as presenting portraits unlike those of uninspired writers, whose sameness differs widely from the character of Scripture worthies.

The illustrations on steel are got up with taste and care.

REFLECTIONS ON FLOWERS. By J. T. HARVEY. JOHN S. TAYLOR, 143 Nassau Street.

This is a beautiful little 18mo, illustrated with a great variety of Flora's most charming flowers.

It is a fine little gift-book, and cannot but please and profit the young reader.

Such works do credit to both publisher and author, and should take the place of the sapless productions that corrupt the mind.

OUR FIRST MOTHER. CHARLES SCRIBNER, publisher.

The few notices which the Scripture contains concerning the mother of our race, are here made to subserve the purposes of rich and varied instruction. A Christian matron of great intelligence and piety is represented as conversing with her daughters and nieces, upon various topics more or less intimately connected with the history of our venerable female head; and her talks to them not only upon religion, but philosophy, and especially geology—subjects upon which "doctors disagree"—are so rational and consistent and modest withal, that we imagine very many will like to come in for a share in the benefit of her teachings. We detect no flaw in her orthodoxy, but she manifests no disposition to be wise above what is written. It seems to be a book for young persons; but we should like to see one so old or so wise, that he could not be interested in it or profited by it.

SONGS OF THE HEART AND THE HEARTH-STONE. By Mrs. REBECCA S. NICHOLS. Philadelphia: THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co.

We had often noticed the connection of the name of Mrs. Nichols with fugitive pieces of genuine poetry from the West, but were not aware of her high claim to a distinguished place among our female poets, until we perused this pleasant volume. The inspiration of home, of the domestic affections, of life in its gentler phases, is that to which her muse is most susceptible. Some of her poems breathe a delightful peace and diffuse a warmth which indicate the presence of both genius and heart. Their versification is smooth, and often elegant and artistic; and her thoughts free, unaffected and poetic. They dwell most fondly upon themes of which truth and moral excellence form the better and more poetic elements. Those who perceive the beauty of truth and love, will most readily appreciate these poems. In these respects, we hardly know where we should find her equal. We trust her muse will not long be silent.

RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY. By the Author of "Original Poems." THINK BEFORE YOU ACT. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS.

Two little books well fitted to render good service to childhood. The latter contains several of Mrs. Sherwood's tales for children, besides that indicated in the title page.

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FALISSE THE POTTER. By HENRY MORLAY. Boston: TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS.

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